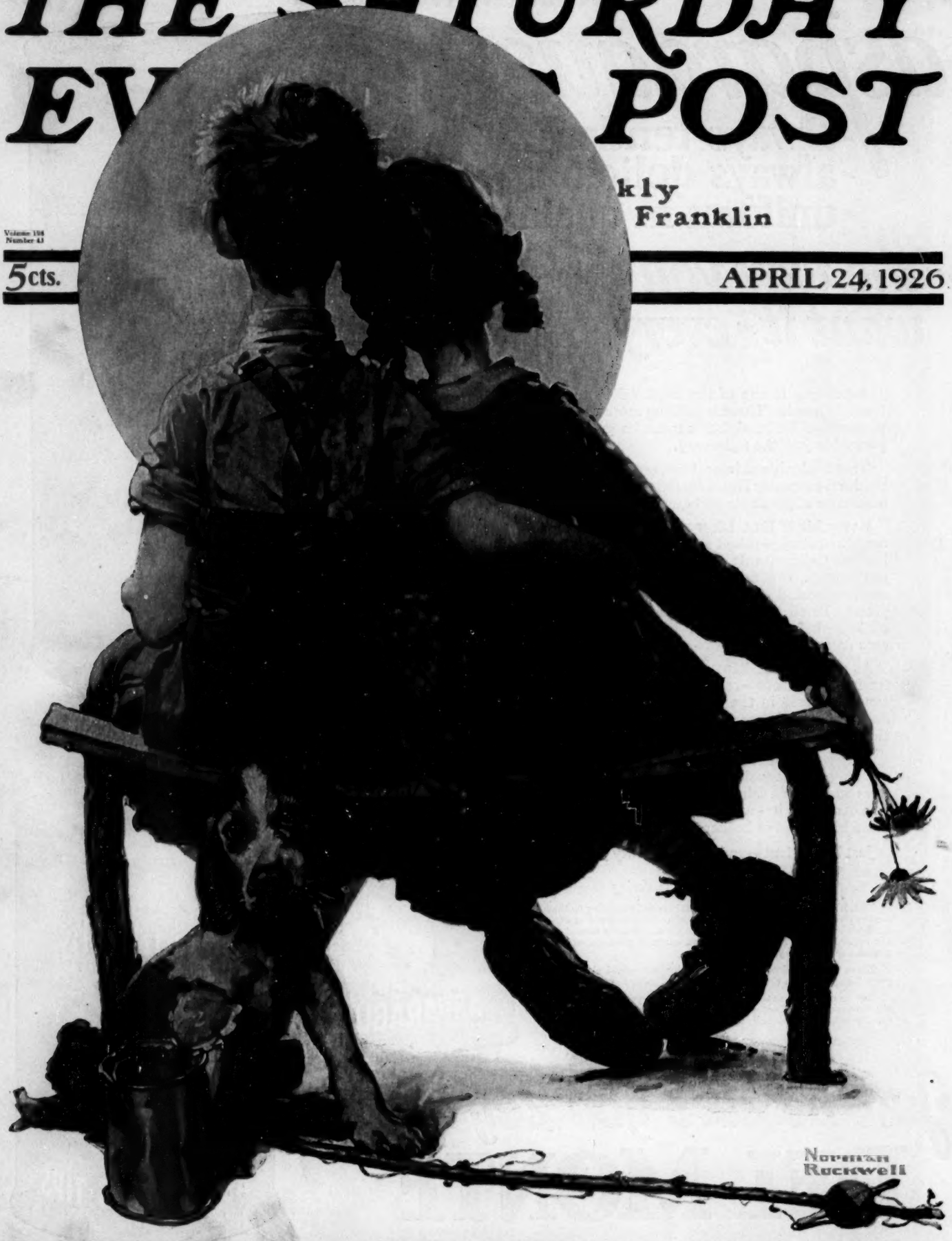
THE SATURDAY EV[illegible] POST

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Volume 198
Number 43

5cts. APRIL 24, 1926



Charles Brackett—Jesse Lynch Williams—Wallace Irwin—Ben Ames Williams
C. E. Scoggins—Richard Connell—Elizabeth Frazer—Richard Washburn Child

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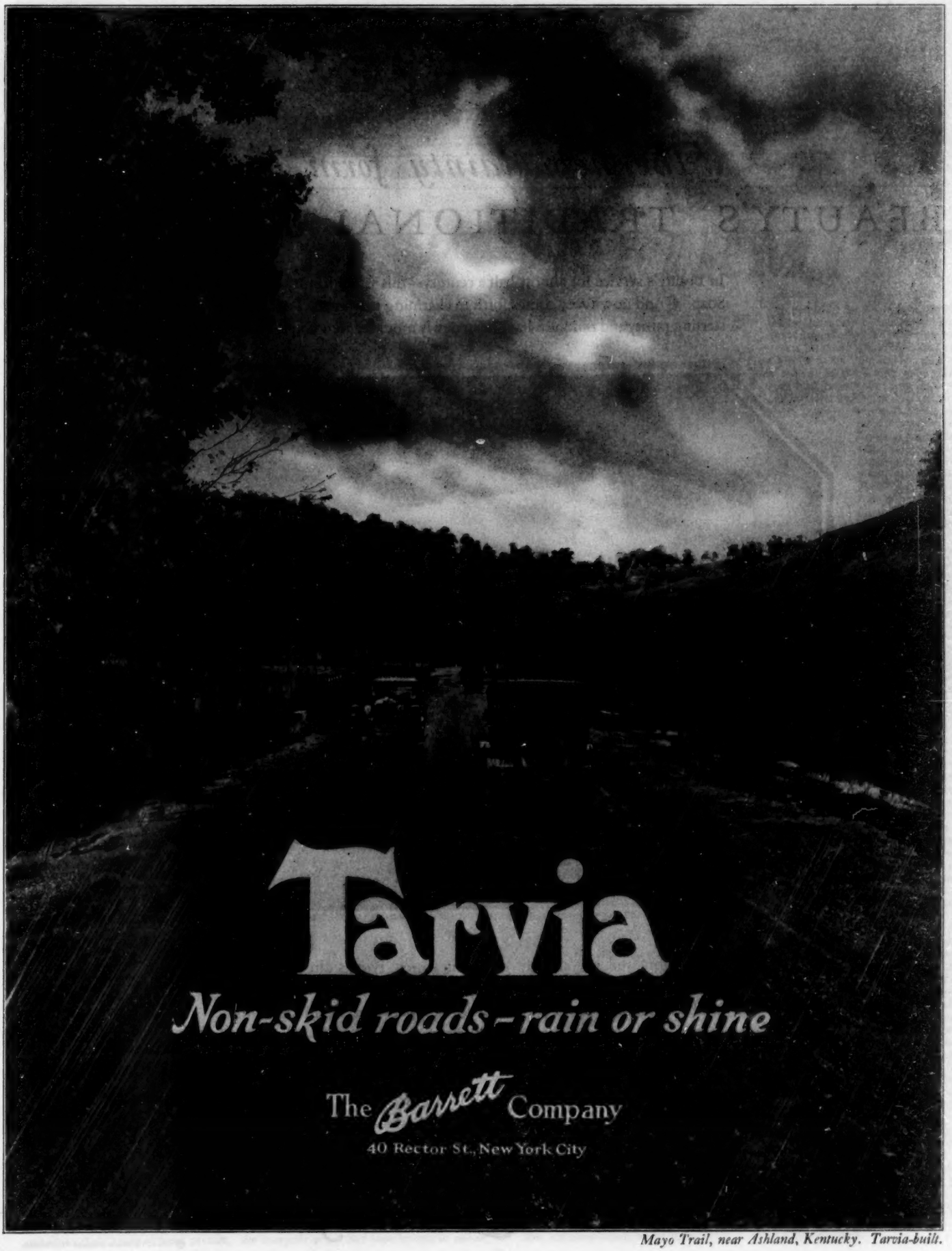
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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., and Richmond, Va.

Volume 198 — *5c. THE COPY* — *PHILADELPHIA, PA., APRIL 24, 1926* — *$2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription* — *Number 43*

THAT LAST INFIRMITY

The Epic of a Social Climber

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THERE was quite a piece in the paper about Mae McCarthy's dance. Mr. McCarthy handed it to her mother just before he went up to bed, with the quiet smile which said all that needed to be said.

"There will be numerous other festivities in honor of the Yule season. Mr. and Mrs. James P. McCarthy are presenting their eldest daughter, Mae, at a dance."

"Well, I suppose we'll have to tell the children now," Mrs. McCarthy said to Mae. The others were in the kitchen making molasses candy.

"Won't they be mad though," Mae remarked.

"And why should they be?"

Mae looked at her mother, and an expression of discouraged horror came over her face.

"You don't mean to say you're going to let them come!"

"And why wouldn't I?" her mother inquired.

"But I thought it was for me."

"So it is. But do you mean to say you'd have all that fun going on in the house and them shut up upstairs? I'm surprised at you, Mae McCarthy."

"They could go out and visit someone for the night."

"Send them away as if we were ashamed of them!"

"Well, if it's my party I think I might have it the way I want it. That's the difference with coming-out parties."

"If you're going to be a pig about it," Aloysia McCarthy told her daughter, "it won't be your party. It will be a party for the four of you."



"It's a Great Honor You're Doing Us. You've Spoken to Your Father and Mother, I Hope"

Mae saw that Alice, at least, was inevitable.

"But even the twins!" she wailed. "Why, the twins are just kids!"

"You wouldn't have liked it very well to have been called a kid when you were fifteen; and they can go to bed early if they get tired, and sleep late anyway. There's no school next day."

"It's just like us," Mae sighed.

"Well, I guess you don't have such a bad time."

They didn't. Few children in Syrchester had so good a one. The big, slipshod house, which Mr. McCarthy had bought years before at a great bargain, was run for them alone. Its freedoms had made visiting in more sedate homes seem infinitely dull to their juvenile circle. Any number could gather at the McCarthys' and do whatever came into their heads without protest. An energetic group had been known to collect every bed in the house into one big room for jumping contests. One hot August day the whimsey had come into the heads of the twins and some of their friends to set up a Christmas tree, and they had done so in the dining room, Mrs. McCarthy herself turning over the Christmas-tree ornaments. Mrs. McCarthy's clothes, even, weren't sacred to them, and none of Mr. McCarthy's but his Sunday suit. Such advantages would have made almost any girls numerous friends, but the McCarthys presented more integral claims to popularity.

With the exception of Fredericka, they were, and had been since birth, definite beauties. Fredericka was the physically inferior half of twins, and was lanky and ill-complexioned, but the three others presented such roses and dimples and black-fringed azure eyes as are rare in one smallish city, let alone one family.

When they were together they were so dazzling a picture that even Fredericka's plainness seemed dissolved in the general loveliness, and, of the other three, one would have been put to it to make a choice. As one got to know them, however, it became apparent that Nora, the other twin, was the great beauty.

Nora's nostrils alone lifted her to an eminence of loveliness, and the coral color of her cheeks melted into a white like the cool, thick petals of water lilies; and Nora's eyes were so placed, or so composed, that behind them seemed to be an actual light, a phosphorescent glow which shone if ever a shadow fell over her face; and Nora's hair fell naturally in thick waves of deep gold whose like Mae had to achieve by Absalom-like processes at a hairdresser's. Alice was different. Her smooth, blue-black hair and white skin and heart-shaped scarlet mouth spared her comparison with her two golden sisters.

In sheer prodigality, Nature, or possibly Mrs. McCarthy's method of upbringing or lack of any, had given the three the dispositions of three June days straight out of James Russell Lowell.

That statement would seem to indicate that Fredericka was ill-tempered as well as plain, but she was not. Only the necessity for asserting herself against the charms of her sisters had made her a little shrill for any such comparison.

Fredericka, for instance, would certainly have been more insistent on her point with her mother than Mae.

Mae adjusted herself sweet-temperedly to her mother's decision.

"Well, it probably will be more fun if it isn't as swell," she said, and went into the kitchen and announced, "I've got a surprise for you. I'm going to have a party a week from tonight, and momma's going to let you come, but I'm going to have the best dress, because I saw it myself and momma's promised."

Mae's prognostication that the party wouldn't be swell proved true enough. There were very few of the official debutantes of the year present.

Janet Congdon and Ella Marvin, who were on the outer fringe of the elect, and had guests for the holidays whose evenings had all to be crowded with gayety somehow or other, brought them, though they announced snickeringly at dinner that they were taking them slumming; and Joan Warren, who'd played with Mae McCarthy when she was a child, left the Allerdice ball after a few dances to come to Mae's, bringing Bunny Harper—who was the city's great catch that year—from that perfectly human mixture of emotions, the desire to be kind and loyal and at the same time to parade her own triumph.

One thing the McCarthy party did have, however. It was a stag line. In fact, before it ended, most of the stags from the Allerdice ball were there. The stag line was so long and so energetic that even Janet Congdon and Ella Marvin had every dance taken, and one had only to know the furious expedients to which most hostesses were driven to get them on the floor at all to appreciate what that meant.

It was at the very height of the gayety that Mae went to the little room where her mother, and her Aunt Ada McCarthy and Father Sullivan sat. Mrs. McCarthy refused to be perched somewhere watching the dancing.

"There's no need for a lot of old fogies to keep staring when my girls are giving the party," was her theory. "If any funny business starts I guess I can trust them to let me know."

"Can I speak to you, momma?" Mae asked, peering in the door.

"Don't you see I'm talking to Father Sullivan?" Aloysia McCarthy reproved her daughter in her elegant manner.

Mrs. McCarthy was dark, like Alice, but her fair children, too, had drawn from her early good looks in resources of skin and eyes. She was now fifteen pounds overweight, and she had long since given up bothering about being pretty for things she felt were more important; marketing, and church work, and keeping the awful expense of four daughters within something like reason.

Her black hair, which had had a streak of white in it since she was in her late twenties, was knotted up in a housewifely twist; all she'd had time to give it after she'd finished with the girls. Her black georgette gown had been made by a local dressmaker from a pattern which had proved not quite right, and traces of the panic it had caused were visible in the filled-in neck and added sleeves. Her heavy silk stockings proclaimed the durability for which she had purchased them. Her shoes were of stout satin. She looked forty-eight or nine, instead of the thirty-seven to which her forty-two years entitled her.

"Oh, that's all right, Mrs. McCarthy." Good Father Sullivan beamed his permission for Mae's interruption.

"If I could, just a minute," Mae pleaded.

Aloysia McCarthy disengaged herself from her chair.

"Has there anything gone wrong?"

Mae beckoned her away from the door and put a lovely red mouth to her ear.

"Momma, dear, I had to tell you. I'm engaged to Billy Denin."

"Darling!" Aloysia cried, and enfolded her. "Oh, baby darling!"

"He's out in the pantry for you to speak to."

"Oh, baby, it's a grand thing for you, but it scares me."

Mrs. McCarthy went into the pantry. Billy sat on the shelf by the sink, glowing like a church on Christmas Eve.

"Say," he said, "isn't it great?"

"It's a great honor you're doing us. You've spoken to your father and mother, I hope."

"You bet I haven't. Think I wanted to get the laugh if she turned me down?"

"They're very high-up people for my little girl to be marrying into."

"Don't worry. They're smart enough to appreciate what they're getting."

"May the good Lord bless the two of you, you darlings," Mrs. McCarthy said, and she cried, and Mae cried, and Billy Denin blew his nose and asked if he shouldn't speak to Mr. McCarthy.

"I wouldn't disturb Mr. McCarthy if the house were on fire, unless his room was in peril," Aloysia declared. "He comes home that tired at night it would break your heart. It's this new contract he's got."

Then Aloysia went back to tell her sister-in-law and Father Sullivan.

"You could have knocked me down with a feather," she said. "Why, I'd call the Denins the first Irish family in Syrchester, wouldn't you, Father Sullivan?"

"They're surely the richest," Father Sullivan agreed. "And say what they will against Patrick T. Denin, there's no one can deny the kind deeds he's done."

The three then had some refreshments, and laid plans for the ceremony.



"You've Got to Get Hold of Yourself, Alice Darling," She Said. "It Seems to Me You Grow Sadder as the Months Go On"

II

IT IS probably a literal fact that James P. McCarthy's days were shortened by his duties at Mae's wedding. A shy little man, he had never appeared in public with any real comfort since the days when he spent hours in the most eminent places with entire lack of self-consciousness, dressed in overalls and an apron. There was no avoiding giving his daughter away, and he faced it like a hero; but Mrs. McCarthy insisted on a top hat.

Science tells us that a few drops of blood taken from a man who has been under a nervous strain for several hours and injected into a rat will kill the animal in a few seconds. For weeks before Mae's wedding the veins of James P. McCarthy ran sheer rat poison. He rallied for several months after the event, but the occasional family dinners at the Denins', at which his presence was essential, always brought on relapses.

Not that there was a grain of snobbishness in the whole Denin connection. The attitude of the three Denin boys toward society of the local variety was one of hearty amusement and studious avoidance, which they had caught direct from their father. Their delicate mother went out seldom, and never protested at their disdain. The trouble was that they were simply too grand, in Mr. McCarthy's eyes, for him to be able to breathe comfortably in their presence.

The boys were college men and Mrs. Denin had taught school. Mr. Denin had been important in politics. Mr. McCarthy found the very house in which they lived overpowering, and in that view Mr. McCarthy was not alone.

Unkind tongues had been heard to say that the Denin house had been built from municipal graft. Whether that were true or not, into it there seemed to have seeped something of the portentous quality of municipal architecture.

Even Miss Josephine Harper, who, when she was in Syrchester, wielded indisputably the unkindest of the local tongues, and who had once been forced by circumstances to a dinner there, had found it appalling. She had said afterward that her conversation wasn't suited to a place where every trivial remark echoed through the rooms like a point of order or a motion to adjourn. Small wonder that such surroundings awed James P. McCarthy to acute indigestion.

He died in the April following Mae's marriage, and he only requested that he should not be buried in his Sunday suit and that his coffin should be kept closed during the funeral services. It was the first time sorrow had come to the McCarthys' house and Aloysia took it dreadfully. The thunderous void quiet Mr. McCarthy's going left in her life was beyond belief.

"If only it was recognized what a fine man he was," she said. "There's so many talked about in tones of glory, not worth the black of his finger nail. Oh, things will be very different for the girls now! We moved into this house when they were little mites, so they'd have sun and air and a yard to play in, and by God's grace we've kept it going; and when I've gone to their father for something they needed or wanted, never once did he say no; but that's all past. What will happen now I'm afraid to think."

She literally was afraid.

She began economizing furiously on food and electric light and ice; and as she had no idea of business, or of how such things happened, she simply waited for something to happen, for a mortgage to be foreclosed, or an insurance man to come around.

The person who came, eventually, was Mr. Thomas Slattery. Mr. Slattery was a lawyer. He was dressed very handsomely and he looked alarmingly grave as he made his consolatory remarks.

The Slatterys were quite grand people. Not to be compared with the Denins, of course, but if Aloysia hadn't had the Denin connection she would have felt humble indeed before Mr. Slattery; as it was, she felt only nervous.

Mr. Slattery produced a long envelope from his pocket.

"I have Mr. McCarthy's will," he said.

"Should I read it?"

Mr. Slattery nodded gravely.

"He leaves you everything, of course."

Then he went on to talk about probating and administering and other mysterious terms. By listening intently Aloysia could tell whether to answer yes or no.

"I'm, of course, always at your service," Mr. Slattery said.

Aloysia thanked him. He rose. She gathered her courage.

"Can you tell me, Mr. Slattery, should we be staying on here?"

"Just as you please, Mrs. McCarthy."

"There's no mortgage on the house or anything, any more?"

"Oh, no."

"We'll be able to afford it?"

Mr. Slattery looked at her curiously.

"You don't know about the estate, then?"

It sounded horrible.

"No, sir."

"It's a large one—very large. You're a rich woman, Mrs. McCarthy."

"I'm what?"

"Mr. McCarthy left over a million dollars. There's enough insurance alone to far more than cover the inheritance taxes."

He went into the thing elaborately, almost tenderly. Before he left, Aloysia had asked him a great many questions and made an appointment with him, so that he knew his office would have the handling of the business, and was happy.

When the door had closed on him Aloysia went back into the parlor with the bad copy of a detail from the Sistine Madonna, and the upright piano with its shabby scarf, and the sofa which needed upholstering and which she'd delayed having done until Mr. McCarthy should be able to recover from the strain of Mae's trousseau.

The twins had some friends upstairs; she could hear them chattering. She drew the double doors shut and sat down.

Over a million dollars! Over a million dollars!

"Oh, Jim, how could you?" she said aloud, suddenly in a bitter voice. "How could you? To me!"

She was thinking of the past fifteen years, when he must have been growing rich in secret from her, of how different they could have been; of how much better times the Slatterys had had, and the Noonans; of all the things she'd wanted and put out of her mind, thinking that it was wonderful to be able to give the children as much as they did. Hadn't he trusted her? Had he thought she'd be too extravagant if she'd known? It was bitter thinking.

"You've left it to me now," she said, "but I've lost all the years when I was young and should have had things."

Her picture of herself at the moment was as of a woman of eighty.

For a long time she didn't know whether she hated James P. McCarthy for it or not.

Finally she took up a photograph of him and looked at it hard. After a few minutes' scrutiny tears began rolling down her cheeks.

"Oh, Jimmy, darling," she said, "I can't go on without you—I can't."

She knew all about it by then. He hadn't distrusted her; he'd only been afraid of the very things she'd have wanted. He couldn't ever have been a dressed-up doll man like Mr. Slattery.

"As though I'd missed anything," she said. "As though we hadn't been the happiest on earth."

She heard the twins let their guests out with a great gust of giggles; then she saw an eye appear at the crack of the double door.

"What's the matter, momma?" Nora's voice asked.

Aloysia wiped her eyes.

"I don't know how you girls can enjoy yourselves so, with your father not cold in his grave. The daughters of a grand man like him, who died saving and slaving so they could be rich."

She was quite like Phedre, and the twins were cowed.

That very afternoon Mae called and imparted some interesting information, and when she got embarrassed at her mother's carryings on, in order to change the subject, she said, "When are you going to have Miss Lizzie come around and make you some decent black clothes? That dress is terrible, momma."

"I'm not going to have Miss Lizzie any more," her mother replied.

"Do you mean to say you've got to make your own things?" Mae asked in real trepidation.

"And is that all you think of your father?" Aloysia turned on her. "The smartest and best father a girl ever had! Oh, it's enough to break my heart."

"Are you going to Haydon?" Mae brightened. Haydon was Syrchester's best.

"I'm going to New York," her mother answered. "I'm never going to have anything cheap or common again. Your father wouldn't wish it. Could you come with me, this day week, Mae? You'll be wanting to get the darling little dresses and booties."

III

IT WAS not the first time Aloysia had been to New York, but it was the first time she had experienced a crack hotel, with flowers everywhere until the lobby was like the great hall in a country house, and period elevators which were simply flighty boudoirs from Versailles, and bathrooms with a warm rod to keep towels at a delicious temperature, and breakfasts brought on narrow tables, in dishes over flaming braziers.

Before she had taken busses, or, charily, taxis; this time she rented by the day a vast warm car with a moleskin rug and enamel and gold appointments.

Mae, who'd been to New York on her honeymoon, showed her about things.

Also Mae had from Mrs. Denin the address of a shop for mourning specialties.

In its window sat a little waxen widow with a white crêpe bride under her chin, and a faintly repressed smile on her curly lips—a widow, one fancied, who had attained that estate by some rare good fortune; a widow whose relations with her waxen husband had been precarious when some happy chance melted the cereous thread of his existence; a widow who had just opened his safety-deposit box, with the aid of a rather handsome state appraiser, and found such neat yellow and red printed bundles of Triple A securities as she had never dreamed it would contain.

The sight of her amirk affected Aloysia McCarthy very unpleasantly, as though the change in her own manner of life intended some such attitude to the late James P. She was quietly crying when Mae tugged at her arm to tell the saleswoman what she wanted.

The saleswoman led them to a Louis Seize salon in pale gray with calla lilies about—the whole atmosphere of the

(Continued on Page 104)



"Why, What've We Done, Momma? It Sounds Like a Reformatory"

WAR ANTIDOTES

An Interview With Owen D. Young

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

WAR, as a scourge of the human race, has many of the characteristics of disease. If we knew more about the causes of it, we could certainly prevent some of the outbreaks and perhaps in time nearly all of them. At present we have developed only to that point where, emotionally, we oppose the horrors of war, which in itself is no small achievement. The civilized world wishes most earnestly and prayerfully to abolish this scourge, but thus far we haven't done a great deal more than to adopt resolutions. Their chief value is to show that the will for action exists if only we can discover the right course. There has probably never been a better time than the present for organizing this great emotional demand for peace and directing it into useful expression through action. Beyond doubt we desire to outlaw war. But how?

Not so long ago we desired to outlaw yellow fever, also typhoid. For centuries men had prayed for relief from these diseases, but all their suffering and prayers availed them neither cures nor prevention until they learned how to help themselves. Patient research in the laboratory, seeking facts, building theories and testing them by experiments, tireless devotion to the task, sometimes self-sacrifice resulting in death, finally led to victory. First, the germ had to be isolated, the nature of it learned, then the cure evolved; and after that, practicing physicians adopted the fruits of research and administered this treasure of knowledge for the public benefit.

Now, war has its germs no less than disease. Already we know at least a few of them. Perhaps we should be astonished at the extent of our knowledge on this subject if we should assemble all of it in one place; but that has never been done.

Among the very few general truths about war that we can accept on the basis of undisputed historical facts is one that supplies us with a point of beginning for profitable investigation. It is, briefly, that the original irritation begins in a small area and spreads over a very large one. For instance, there may be a dispute about a boundary line between two countries. The government of each then sets itself the task of winning the territory in dispute. As time goes on the irritation spreads and new centers of infection appear. Emotional forces come into action, and the area of the dispute becomes so wide that it enters into virtually every phase of the relations between the two countries. They no longer remember where the row started, but each is certain it hates the other. They are then ready for war.

Facts as Stepping-Stones to Peace

NOW let us transfer this procedure into a scientific field—medicine, for instance—and see how absurd and injurious its effects. The physician, instead of seeking to diagnose the case and effect a cure at the original point of infection, would be engaged in an argument relating to it. He would devote so much time to the argument that eventually his patient would be diseased from head to foot. By that time diagnosis would have lost its importance. The physician might then call in a surgeon and it wouldn't make a great deal of difference how crude his implements and methods, since the patient was apparently doomed anyway.

Nevertheless, in the field of international relations this has been just about the usual course. Early diagnosis has seldom been attempted on a scientific basis of fact finding. Eventually the infection spreads until the situation seems to demand the rough surgery of war. That is the historic status of international relations, and except for the emotional demand that this condition be changed, it is still the status of international relations. Utterly unscientific.

From time to time the world is startled by provocative statements of members of Congress or the British Parliament or the French Chamber of Deputies or some other legislative body representing a great nation. If it happens, as it often does, that the statements are absurdly inaccurate, the man who made them is rebuked by informed public opinion. But if the public lacks information on the point in question, or is so prejudiced as to be eager to believe, then great harm may follow. Here we have a frequently recurring situation that ought to guide us toward preventive measures against war. This situation has arisen scores of times, and invariably when the facts were known the public based its judgment upon them just as soon as they could be disseminated. We ought to use such experience as a guide. How? By employing facts as a prophylactic. Not only are they effective in safeguarding the public from inflammation but I believe they would also prevent men in responsible positions from making inaccurate declarations.

Let us be fair to the men who provoke these international disturbances and examine their motives from their own point of view. If a member of Congress, for instance, should sincerely believe that he had unearthed a conspiracy between various other nations to drive American shipping from the high seas, he would quite naturally regard it as his patriotic duty to disclose that fact and warn the nation. The essence of his offense would lie in the inaccuracy of his facts and not in making the declaration. It is only reasonable to assume that the man is not deliberately trying to provoke war. On the contrary he probably hopes to prevent war. But hopes and good intentions are not enough. We need the facts. Even if every nation on earth were immediately to bind itself by the most solemn compacts to arbitrate every imaginable dispute, we would still need the facts. We couldn't even begin to arbitrate without them. But, one may ask, hasn't every great nation elaborate machinery for providing itself with these facts? Is not that one of the functions of diplomats, ministers, consuls and the higher officials to whom they report?

It is not enough to have government departments of administration. They constitute only an industry of foreign relations. We must supply a science, a systematic body of things known, if we desire to make our aspirations for peace effective. One will naturally inquire whether research or science, in the sense in which I am using those terms, could be advantageously applied in this field. My answer is that there can be no doubt of it. Facts can be applied in any field. Our curse is ignorance.

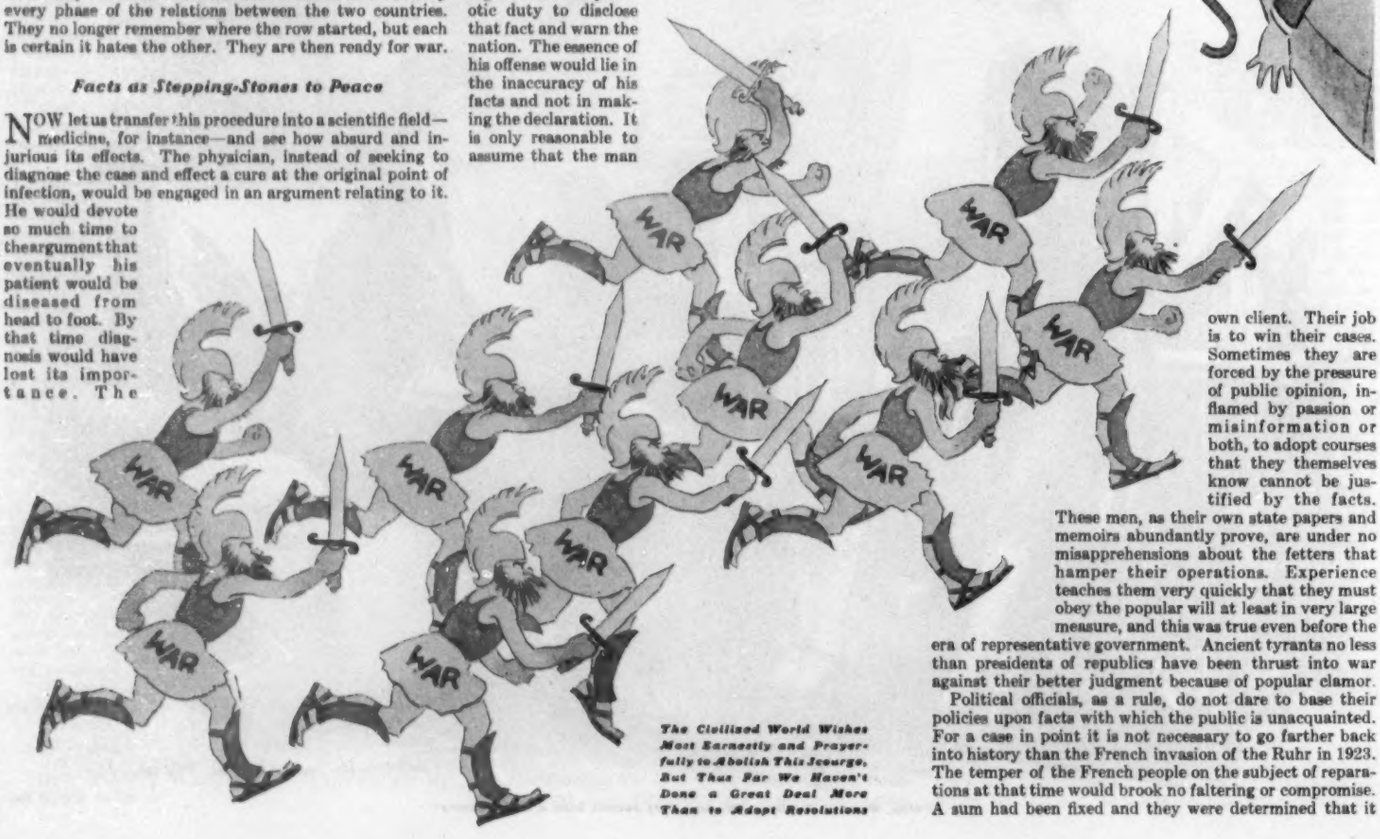


Fettered Leaders

AMBASSADORS and departments of foreign relations do the best they can, but they are not fact-gathering organizations in the scientific sense, nor do they dare to direct their policies solely upon a basis of fact. They are attorneys, each representing his own client. Their job is to win their cases. Sometimes they are forced by the pressure of public opinion, inflamed by passion or misinformation or both, to adopt courses that they themselves know cannot be justified by the facts. These men, as their own state papers and memoirs abundantly prove, are under no misapprehensions about the fetters that hamper their operations. Experience teaches them very quickly that they must obey the popular will at least in very large measure, and this was true even before the era of representative government. Ancient tyrants no less than presidents of republics have been thrust into war against their better judgment because of popular clamor.



Political officials, as a rule, do not dare to base their policies upon facts with which the public is unacquainted. For a case in point it is not necessary to go farther back into history than the French invasion of the Ruhr in 1923. The temper of the French people on the subject of reparations at that time would brook no faltering or compromise. A sum had been fixed and they were determined that it



The Civilized World Wishes Most Earnestly and Prayerfully to Abolish This Scourge, But Thus Far We Haven't Done a Great Deal More Than to Adopt Resolutions

should be paid. To express that determination was therefore politically inescapable. Germany protested that it was utterly impossible to meet this demand, but there was at the same time a considerable German opinion opposed to the payment of any sum, so the issue was somewhat clouded. The men comprising the French Government at that time were very well informed. I came to know those men personally. I think it highly improbable that they were not aware of the situation in Germany. But they had internal political problems to deal with, as well as international. So the French troops marched into the Ruhr to collect a sum that at least some members of the French Government must have felt reasonably certain could not possibly be collected.

Eventually this problem came before a conference and the Dawes Plan was drawn up. The whole European public knew that the men who undertook that task went after the facts. Their feelings were still inflamed and doubtless most of them waited confidently for a decision that would uphold their views. But when finally the report was ready for presentation to the conference of London, not one of the interested nations could say, "This is a complete victory for us." In each country the report was received with disappointment by all those who held extreme views. Therefore it could not be greeted with acclaim by the political representatives of the nations interested.

They assembled for the conference, feeling doubtful as to the outcome. The conference lasted many weeks. During



this time the people of Europe had an opportunity to think it over. They knew that this plan was evolved by a process of fact finding and that the men who drew it had no political motives. They had come to Paris to do their best to get at the truth and suggest practical means for using it. Little by little the extreme views which would have made adoption of the report impossible melted away and finally the Dawes Plan was accepted. Here was a notable victory for this form of procedure, because it showed that a sincere effort to arrive at the impartial truth would be appreciated even when public opinion was feverish. Such a demonstration of the reasonableness of the masses—not only in one country but in several simultaneously—ought to serve us in the future as a guide in our efforts to prevent war.

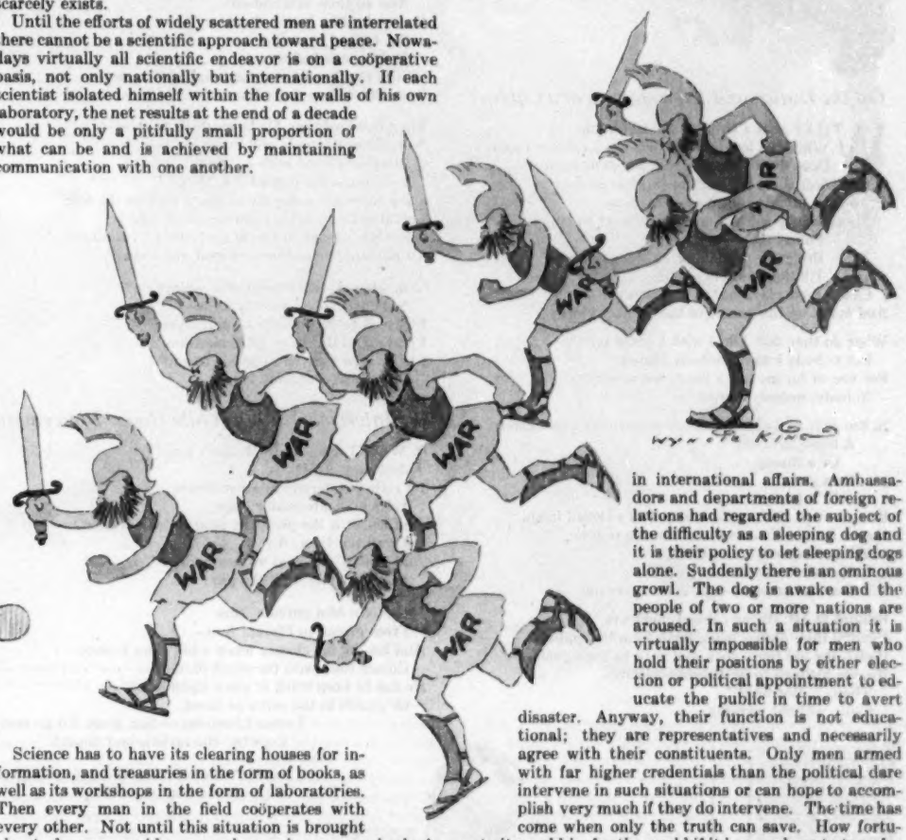
The Best Armament Against War

THE great difficulty is that we have only an industry of foreign relations, but no art. We have a trade, but we have no science. Consequently we have misinformation and half truths where we should have information. We have a desire for peace, but we have not yet established an agency whose exclusive duty it is to study how to achieve peace. Facts are our scarcest raw material.

Once you arm the public with the facts, the area of each international dispute narrows down within limits that readily suggest peaceful means for settlement. War is brought about usually by enormously wide areas of irritation. If the dispute is about shipping or immigration or a boundary or a colony, and the facts are furnished, it retains the precise dimensions with which it started, until eventually the facts suggest the remedy. But without this treatment the dispute goes on and on into new fields, until finally the people of each nation feel that those of the other are complete scoundrels and that to wipe them off the face of the earth would be a blessing to mankind. Then we have war.

It is not enough to summon a small group of impartial men and intrust them with the task of getting at the facts after an emergency has arisen and passionate nationalism is aroused. We ought to have permanent organizations to carry on this work in season and out. In nearly every country there are now and for years have been at least a few men engaged in such efforts; their observations would probably be extremely useful, especially if studied as a whole. The value of their work, however, is depreciated by the fact that in this field of investigation correlation scarcely exists.

Until the efforts of widely scattered men are interrelated there cannot be a scientific approach toward peace. Nowadays virtually all scientific endeavor is on a coöperative basis, not only nationally but internationally. If each scientist isolated himself within the four walls of his own laboratory, the net results at the end of a decade would be only a pitifully small proportion of what can be and is achieved by maintaining communication with one another.



Science has to have its clearing houses for information, and treasuries in the form of books, as well as its workshops in the form of laboratories. Then every man in the field coöperates with every other. Not until this situation is brought about do we consider a modern science organized; in fact, without these facilities its very existence is open to question, for it is still staggering through the fog. Today it is organized science that achieved the victories of which we boast, whether in medicine, chemistry, metallurgy, electricity or engineering. It seems to me that our best chance of accomplishing anything practical in the campaign against war is to develop scientific organization. Then we can hitch up this tremendous emotional force and use it for power instead of permitting it to dissipate itself in mere words.

A great reservoir of facts on subjects that cause irritation between nations could be assembled and placed at the disposal of the public as well as those who have to deal with those problems in the administrative field. Once such a reservoir of facts was known to exist, it is only reasonable to assume that public officials who receive alarming rumors would make use of it before committing themselves by public utterance or taking drastic action. No man willingly risks the ridicule that comes from spouting ignorance if he knows that there is in existence an agency that can and will overwhelm him with the blunt truth.

I believe it is possible to establish such an institution, and that it can perform the assigned task of fact finding so much better than any other agency now in existence that the people will beat a path to its door and listen gladly. Being free from political influence and depending solely for authority upon its store of truth, scientifically ascertained, I believe it would be respected throughout the world.

There are no higher credentials than the truth. The sort of institution I have in mind would not need any other credentials. The right body of men functioning efficiently cannot fail to achieve a position of tremendous influence. Not in a day, of course, for the world is not reformed so quickly. But there would be no lack of opportunities to serve, and time would bring prestige through service. The men at the head of such an institution would have to win the world's regard by proving their worth. I would not give them authority by decree even if that were possible. By superiority of information and clarity of expression let them win such public confidence as to become a power throughout the world. It ought not even be necessary for them to engage in propaganda. If they perform their assigned task, the people will come to them, and they will not have to beat a tom-tom to draw a crowd.

When Only the Truth Can Save

LET us imagine such an institution, staffed by a small but able group of men, justly distinguished by ten years of useful service, suddenly confronted with a crisis in international affairs. Ambassadors and departments of foreign relations had regarded the subject of the difficulty as a sleeping dog and it is their policy to let sleeping dogs alone. Suddenly there is an ominous growl. The dog is awake and the people of two or more nations are aroused. In such a situation it is virtually impossible for men who hold their positions by either election or political appointment to educate the public in time to avert disaster. Anyway, their function is not educational; they are representatives and necessarily agree with their constituents. Only men armed with far higher credentials than the political dare intervene in such situations or can hope to accomplish very much if they do intervene. The time has come when only the truth can save. How fortunate it would be for the world if it knew where to turn for guidance at such a time!

The establishment of such a seat of authority is not only possible but fairly easy. Moreover, it is going to be established. I have outlined here, briefly, the thought behind the proposed Walter Hines Page School of International Relations which is to function in connection with Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore. Scientific effort does not call for large numbers of men or great expense. In addition to carrying on their research work, the faculty of such a school can also instruct. Experience has shown that teaching and research, especially in a field such as this, go very well together.

What will they teach?

Why, the science that they practice. They will gather the facts about international trade, racial psychology, commercial and military geography, diplomatic usage and experience, effects of artificial economic barriers, effects of new inventions, and all the hundreds of things that enter into the contacts of nation with nation. Consequently they will teach younger men, their selected research assistants, how to do this. Their assistants will inevitably become experts in international problems. Some of them will continue their service in pure research as a life career. Others will be teachers of the science. Others will be drafted into the government service. Such a school should achieve three things:

1. It will develop a science of international relations;
2. It will ascertain the facts so far as they can be found on any particular problem;
3. It will produce a continually growing body of men trained in that science and available for service in the fields of education, government and business.

(Continued on Page 104)

The Cabinet of Doctor Calcooly

His Daily Dozen

By Wallace Irwin

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON



On the Duties and Prerogatives of a Cabinet

WHAT does a President's cabinet do
When it's locked tight away in a cabinet room?
Does it pull the affairs of a nation in two
And piece them together in surgical gloom?
Or, on the other hand, do you suppose
Those twelve learned gentlemen meet to enjoy
Poker, mah-jongg,
Bridge or ping-pong,
Till the sound of a gong
Closes their playtime, as if to annoy
And break up the game ere their offices close?

What do they do? Oh, I wish I could tell;
But nobody knows, nobody knows.
For you or for me not a peep, not a smell—
Nobody, nobody knows.

In the days of T. Roosevelt we sometimes could catch
A howl
Or a thump
Or a growl
Or a bump
From behind that mysterious portal's closed latch.
But in Doctor Calcooly's conserving régime,
Where they work as a team,
Saving their steam,
We hear not an echo—not even a scream.

Prompt at 10:30 the cabinet members,
Bearing their dinner pails, fresh from the embers,
Punch the old time clock and rush to their chairs,
No one inclined to be caught unawares.
Then, "'Morning!"
Quite without warning
The Chief plants his feet in their place on the floor,
While White House attendants
And all their descendants
Busily, hastily, fasten the door.
So, bathed in mystery,
Making our history,
Sit the Big Twelve—not a cough, not a snore.
Sometimes they stay till a quarter of four.

Then outward they file in mysterious style—
Sometimes Calcooly will linger a while
Blasting a hope with a "Nope!"
Reviving some pep with a "Yep!"
Then reporters come down like a wolf on the fold,
Catching the cabinet members dead cold
Till mighty heads shake in protesting "I can't, sir,"
To numerous questions without any answer.

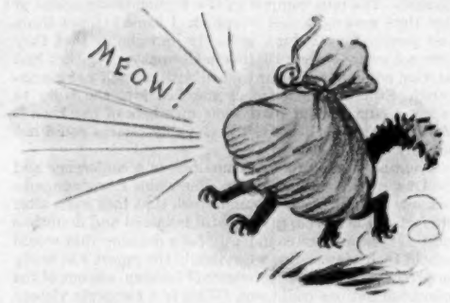
Yea, what does a President's cabinet do?
Nobody knows, nobody knows.
I leave it to Postmaster-General Noo,
I leave it to Borah or Bill MacAdoo,
I leave it to Fate or I leave it to you—
But nobody, nobody knows.

II—Interview With a White House Policeman

"I WON'T take Andy Mellon's job,
Not even if I starve.
I'd rather commute in a parachute
With ex-Ambassador Harv.
And where is the pleasure, guardin' the treasure
Of all the U. S. A.,
And shakin' an ax at an income tax
What nobody wants to pay?

"Just lookit him pursuin' rum
From Maine to Florida Key—
And his big fat chance when a bill from France
Comes back with the mark N. G.
He has to keep track of stack upon stack
Of wealth in the cellar at times.
I wasn't born lazy—but, gosh, I'd go crazy
Countin' the nickels and dimes!

"I wouldn't have Frank Kellogg's place
Or wear his handsome shoes.



I rather believe, away up his sleeve,
He's envyin' Charlie Hughes.
While Charlie is stormin' around and reformin'
Nations and states and lands,
Frank don't attract us, a-settin' on cactus
With Mexico on his hands.

'I wouldn't wear Herb Hoover's pants
Or coat or shirt or vest.
Sure, he gits lots of daisies and honors and praises
And everythin' else but rest.
That big rubber-tire man lives jest like a fireman,
Sleepin' upon his arm.
At the gong's lightest toil quick he slides down the pole
In answer to Cal's alarm.

"No, I wouldn't trade jobs with all of them nobs,
The Davises—Jim and Dwight—
Postmaster New and Wilbur boy—whew!
Or Work—and his name fits right.
I'd rather look silly, jest swingin' my billy
Each morn when them gentlemen pass.
They can slave for ambition. I'll keep my position—
Hey, fella, git off the grass!"

III—Scene in the Anteroom During a Cabinet Meeting

'TIS Friday, superstitious tide,
Involving fate and doom,
And Everett Sanders tries to hide
In a White House waiting room.

He tries to hide, but there and here,
With many a frown or grin,

(Continued on Page 66)



NOT SO, BOLIVIA

By C. E. Scoggins

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER



A Big Torch Burning Like a Candle by the Dead, and the Princess Naya Kneeling by Him, Fanning, and Staring at Him With Her Big Black Eyes

HELLO, Jimmy. What did you think when I pretended like I did not know you? I did not want them to find out you was my partner. Did you notice that thin fellow with the black-rimmed specs? Excuse me for laughing, Jimmy. They brought him in to see if I was lying. They think I am too drunk to see straight, but not so, Bolivia! I am an old fool and I talk too much with my mouth, but I got out of it all right. If they get to thinking about it and come fooling around us out home, you can just laugh and say I am an old fellow that is always talking through my hat, and I will prove it to them. I will just feed them the wildest yarn I can make up, and then get mad and run them off because they think I am a liar.

They will not get anything out of Concha, that is a sure thing. She will just look at them like she does not understand their brand of Spanish, and does not know anything worth saying anyway. You know how Indians are.

It was all right till they run in this doctor on me. I cannot figure him, Jimmy. He does not act like a doctor; more like a school-teacher or something; and the other two are both tenderfeet, but he knows what he is talking about. He knows about the Aztecs and the Nahua empire. He cannot talk Spanish very good, but he could read the Aztec writing on that piece of gold, or claimed to; and he pretty near went crazy when I told him I had seen Guatamo's cave.

Hold your horses, Jimmy. I am not claiming I was not a fool. But after you and Gene and the baby got on the train, I felt kind of lost and low in my mind, because I will miss the little devil. Did he do anything cute on the train? Did Gene make her connection at Irapuato all right? I bet A. T. will sure be proud to see his grandson. I hope he teaches him to say grandpa, so maybe he will call me grandpa too.

I did not know what to do with myself. I do not hardly know a soul in Guadalajara. I do not like cities, Jimmy. They make me lonesome for the hills. Strangers whizzing around you till you cannot rest—you feel like it does not matter what you say, because they do not know you and you will never see them again. I will be glad to get back home where we do not have to fool with trains, but just get on our horse and go.

I stayed in bed till pretty near eight o'clock. I walked around all morning, and got my shoes shined two-three times so I could talk to the bootblacks. I dropped around to old Juan Murphy's store to get him to have a drink with me, but he was busy with some customers. So I walked around the plaza and had my shoes shined again, but it was lonesome sitting there just looking at the palace and the cathedral and a thousand people going by, and nobody to talk to after the bootblack found another customer.

So I thought I would step up here to the American Club, because I might as well get some good out of the money you made me spend to join it. But there was not a soul I knew. I had to show my card, because they did not think I was a member. There was a poker game going on, but they were all city men and looked like they was afraid I would put my foot on their chair. I would have walked out, but they would have thought I was embarrassed.

So I sat down at a table by myself and had a drink or two, but it did not do me any good. It was sure lonesome, Jimmy. Along about sundown the game began to peter out because some of them had to go home to supper, but they did not ask me to take a hand. I reckon they thought I did not have money enough. I could not help thinking how they would look if I told them about that cave full of gold idols and silver herons and curiosities like that.

Finally there was only two of them left, and the bartender. This big fellow says he will buy one more drink, and he took to showing his friend something out of his pocket, which he said he was going to ask this Doctor Somebody about it. He said it was a piece of Aztec money, but of course you know ——

II

EXCUSE me, sir. I could not help hearing what you said. That is not money. The Aztecs did not —— Huh? Let me see it and maybe I can tell you. Yes, it looks like the real thing all right. This ring is not welded on like white men do it; it is all hammered out of one piece. But it is not money. More likely it is a thing they wore on their foreheads, on a wooden band around their hair, and showed whether they was nobles or priests or warriors or just laboring men. Huh? Because they did not have money. They used turkey quills full of gold dust, with cacao beans for small change.

No, I reckon they did not have as much gold as people say. Most of their big statues are just gold plated. No, not like we do; they made a mold out of clay and charcoal, and covered the inside with gold dust and poured in melted copper or a mixture of gold and copper, and the gold dust melted and made it look like solid gold. Huh? Because I have seen them. Some of them are hollow and you can see the copper inside.

But the statue of Huitzilopochtli is pure gold. That is their war god; he is the one Guatamo prays to all the time, asking Huitzil' to tell him when it is time to kill all the white men and bring back the day of Nahuatl glory.

Guatamo? Oh, he is a crazy old Indian out in my district that claims to be their king. He claims to be descended from Guatemotzin—the *tzin* Guatamo; maybe you call him Guatemoc—the prince that killed his uncle Moctezuma to save him from the Spaniards. The walls of his cave are covered with writing like on this gold piece, which he claims it is the history of what has happened since the Spaniards —— Sir?

No, sir, I did not say he had it; I said he prayed to it.

Excuse me, gentlemen, for butting in. I —— Sir? Well, you can see them for yourself in the museum at Mexico City. Yes, there may be some of them still scattered around the hills. No, sir, I—I could not say exactly. I am just telling you what the Indians claim. I ——

Well, sir, I do not mind. Much obliged; I take it kind of you. Drink hearty, gentlemen!

No, I have not got anything to do. I am just waiting for my partner, which he is shipping his wife and baby to the States and has gone with them as far as Irapuato. I admit I was right lonesome. You ought to see that baby, gentlemen. He is sure a buster. He is not much bigger than a minute, but he will grab anything you give him like a bull pup, and you can hoist him right out of his cradle and he will just hang on and grin. A regular gringo, he is. His eyes are blue and his hair is yellow, what there is of it; he takes that after Jimmy; his mamma's hair is nearly black.

But she is pure American. Gene Ward, her name was; Eugenia Ward, but everybody calls her Gene because her

hair is cut short like a boy and she wears pants riding horseback. It made quite a scandal when she first came down from the States, but they have got used to her and now they think she is just what the doctor ordered.

She is the daughter of old A. T. Ward. Know him? Well, he is one of the vice presidents of Siete Minas, out in my district, and owns stock in our mine too. I understand he is quite a fellow in New York. Quite a rich man, I reckon; but Jimmy is not his son-in-law. Not so, Bolivia! It is the other way about. People just put up with A. T., out our way, because of Jimmy marrying his daughter, which A. T. will be a tenderfoot as long as he lives. He never comes down here if he can help it. He thinks Gene is crazy to want to live out in the hills.

Not that he says much. It would not do him any good. Gene, she knows her own mind—yes, and yours too, if you start arguing with her. I do not know how she does it, but she makes you feel like you have been agreeing with her all the time. She can just —— Huh?

Sure the Aztecs knew how to alloy gold. They knew some things no white man knows today. Like making copper hard as steel. Like their vegetable dyes, still bright after five hundred years. Like the way they lacquered wooden boxes—nobody knows how to do that now but one old man down in Morelos, and his son, and you could kill them and they would not tell you. It is a great pity when you come to think of it. They would have showed us what they knew, but the Spaniards called them savages and burned their books, and burned a good many of the Indians too; and now they are everlastingly afraid.

Yes, sure they had books. Yes, on paper. They made it out of maguey pulp. Huh? You must be newcomers in this country. What we call century plant. Have you ever tasted pulque or mescal? No, it is not much of a drink for a white man; but that is what they make out of maguey. Once it was more useful to them than even cotton—they made a hundred things out of it; but now they only use it for cheap liquor. That is what white men have done for them.

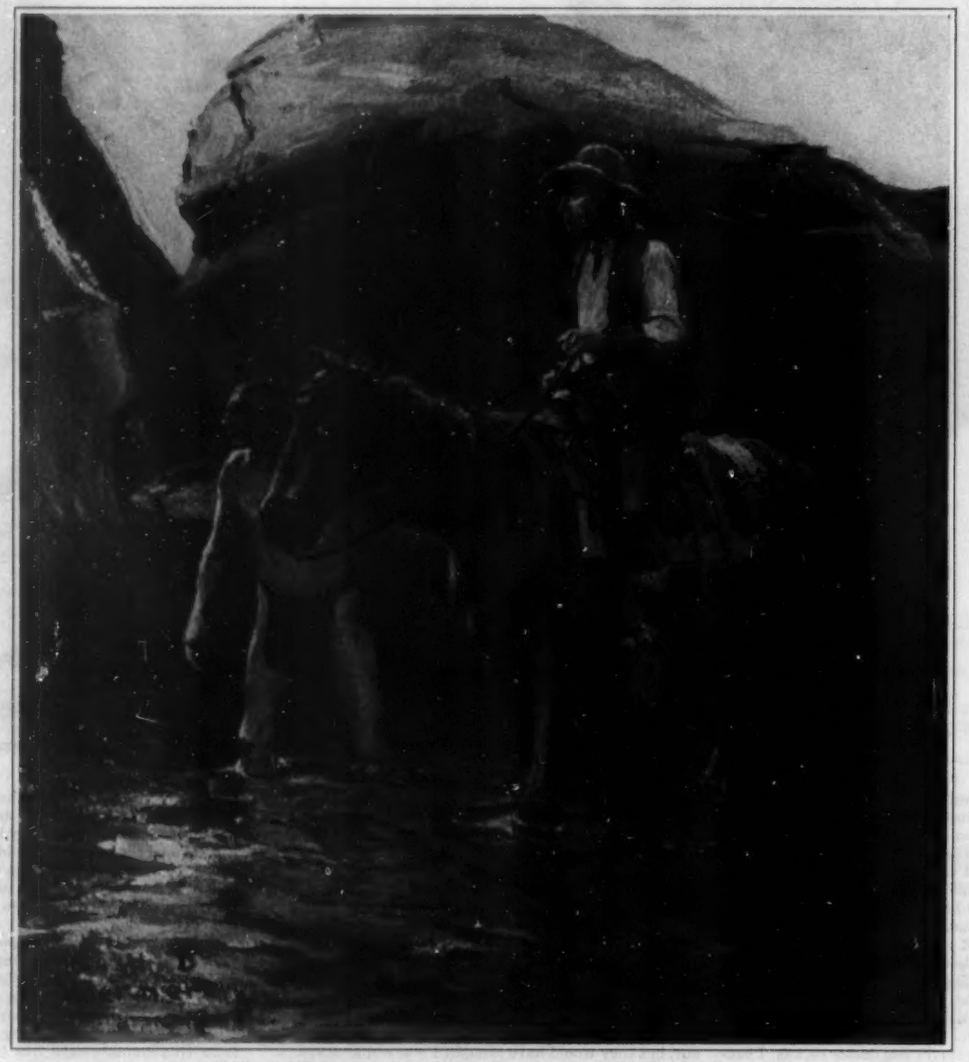
Sir? Well, maybe I am kind of partial to the Indians. I married one of them.

Oh, that is all right, sir. I am not ashamed of it. I am not saying it is a good thing for a white man or an Indian either; but a young fellow gets lonesome out in the hills, and does not see things like he will when he gets older. I am not kicking. I am just as much of a foreigner to her as she is to me, and she puts up with me. I do not make fun of what she believes, and she found out thirty years ago it was no use trying to understand a white man's notions.

Like the time she found out Gene's baby was coming. Concha, she thinks Gene is the finest girl God ever made, and she was not willing to risk it with the American doctor from Siete Minas and the Spanish priest from Hosto. Concha is a Christian all right, but she was not taking any chances. She had to go and pray to Centeotl, and that is how I happened to get to see this —— Huh?

Oh, Centeotl means the earth gods. It was the name of a man god and a woman god too; the woman Centeotl had charge of the fruit crops and the harvests and the babies that were born; she was the one the women prayed to when a baby was coming. And if a woman died, Centeotl took her to heaven with the warriors that were killed in fighting.

And when you come to think of it, that is a fine thing to believe. Even if we know it is not so. A woman is just as scared of dying as a man, and in this world there are some risks you cannot get away from; and it helps, to think we are going to get rewarded for being brave. And how do we know it is not so? I do not know about you, but I have tried being scared and I have tried standing up to it like a man; and I know there is something, somehow, that makes me feel better, even if I get hurt worse.



White Fox Waded Out About Twenty Feet and Shows Me Where to Turn

Gene, she was not scared. Not so, Bolivia! That kid does not think much about herself; she is too busy just—just being alive; I can't explain. She likes the hills, though she was raised in cities and just happened to come down here with her papa and meet Jimmy. She is not very big—she looks more like a little boy in her riding clothes, but there is sure something about her. The way her short hair bushes up around her face, careless and eager somehow. The way she moves, like she was happy to be doing it. The way her gray eyes look at you, not laughing always, but always honest and clear and brave. I can't explain.

The only time I ever saw her lose her nerve was once when Jimmy rode out into the hills and was missing for four days, and then come staggering in on foot, his right arm broken and an arrow hole through his left shoulder, and says he has found the cave where old Guatamo lives.

No, no, I will buy this one. H-e-s-t! See what the gentlemen will have.

III

THAT is bad country to get lost in, gentlemen. It is not only hills; it is cut up with canyons and *barrancas* a mile deep, all running into each other every which way, and if you get lost in one of them you never know where you are going to get out. And some of them have got water in them, but not many. If you get hurt and cannot travel, the chances are nobody will ever know what became of you but the buzzards.

Yes, Gene was sure scared that time. We did not even know which way he started; you cannot pay attention every time your partner gets on his horse, especially a human steam engine like Jimmy, that is always doing something that pops into his head. The first night she said he was all right, just staying somewhere, which he never did without telling her. But she took to walking the floor, and every now and then she would stop and look around her like she was lost herself. Like she had never seen that house before. This was when they was first married, and their house was nice and new, all furnished with a piano and things packed in by mule; but she would sure not feel at home if he was gone.

So I shut down the mine and told the men to scatter, hunting him. I stayed with Gene to keep her pacified, but the second night I could not stand it. So I fixed up a heavy block shot and told her to fire the fuse if he showed up. Two days and nights I went hollering up and down *barrancas* like a crazy man; and then just at daylight I saw buzzards flocking over the river about five miles up a canyon from where I was, and they was picking the fresh bones of a shod horse. The way the bones was busted showed he had come bumping down that cliff two thousand feet.

And it was Jimmy's horse; I knew the way our blacksmith shod him; and finally I found his saddle, what was left of it, because that horse had hit the rocks a dozen times before the cinch had broke. Well, sir, I was just crazy. I could see places where he might have lodged, but could not climb to them. I yelled myself black in the face, and I would hold my breath and listen, and everything was still as death for about a minute; and then my own voice would come bellowing back like fifty giants laughing. All of a sudden I saw a naked hill Indian watching me, but when I yelled at him he just went out like smoke. I could not even find the place he had been standing.

You get queer notions, out there by yourself that way.

So I rode back a few miles to where I could climb out, and up on the mesa I picked up Jimmy's trail. He had been riding along the edge of the *barranca*. There was an Indian pueblo a ways back, but I could not get anything out of them. They just looked at me; you know how these hill Indians do. A good many of them do not know Spanish, and if they are scared you cannot be sure any of them do. And they was scared, all right. A dozen of them trailed me to the place the horse had fell, watching me like a hawk, with bows and arrows.

Yes, some of the hill tribes use them still. Too poor or too ignorant to buy guns. Think of it, gentlemen; a million dollars' worth of gold idols and featherwork and jeweled altars right there under their feet, and them looking and living like the tail end of hard times!

Sir? No, sir, I did not find the cave. I am just telling you about my partner. Any other white man would have got himself killed for finding out what he did, but not Jimmy. Not so, Bolivia! But do not let me keep you from your supper, gentlemen. I am afraid I get pretty talkative when I have a drink or two.

No, much obliged. I have not finished this one.

Sir? Yes, I thought sure the boy was gone. You could see where his horse had been standing, fidgeting like horses do, and where he made a jump and slipped and fell. And I felt sure those Indians knew what made him jump. And I felt ugly, I am telling you. It did not seem like it was any use if a fine, upstanding, likable young fellow could get killed, which he had everything to live for, and I am just a useless old hard-shell that has done everything wrong but get him for a partner. I felt like killing me a few Indians and getting them to kill me, because I could not stand to look Gene in the eye and tell her.

You could see bushes broke where he had fell. You could see ledges where he might have lodged, but you could not climb down to them; and likely he would never live to hit them. Just down and down in jumps of fifty to five hundred feet, the river looking like a little silver branch and the green bushes turning blue, and a few black dots moving. Those were the buzzards that had looked so high down there.

Calling and calling to him, and never a whisper but your own voice ha ha-ing up again. Like the hills mocking you. Empty they look, but they have seen men crawling here like ants—fighting like ants; they have seen armies of two hundred thousand men, that could kill each other with arrows and spears and flint-studded war clubs just as well as we can with guns. God knows how many thousand years. We think Aztecs are old, but the Chichimecs was here, already civilized, when Aztecs was just savages from somewhere north, hiring themselves out for fighting men. The Toltecs was already dying out. The Mayas had gone south so long ago that nobody knows when they was here, but they have yarns to show they came this way—about the Long Night, and the sun that came up like the moon and circled low on the horizon, and water that froze to let them walk across.

Always and always from the north. From Tlapallan; but nobody knows just where Tlapallan was. All they remember is the Seven Caves they lived in, and Big Water, and the herons. That is what Aztec means—Heron People. That is why they have these gold and silver herons. That is where Guatemotzin was making for, four hundred years ago, after the Spaniards tricked them and wiped out their armies. He was trying to lead his people back to Tlapallan, but he got so far and died.

Races and kings and centuries crawling by. Praying and fighting; loving, hoping, trying—dying and vanishing. What for?

Sometimes you feel like these blue hills could tell you. You think of it at night, out there, seeing them stand so big and calm against the stars. You think God must have put them there to make a man think big. You think it must mean something when a man can feel so much—so many things besides just hungry or afraid.

But sometimes, gentlemen, they are too big for you. Like nightmares. Monstrous and deaf and blind and everlasting; like a man does not amount to anything—standing there on the edge of a *barranca* like a flea on the edge of hell, and nothing but your own voice cursing back at you.

And then I heard that block shot go. Not loud; I was full twenty miles away; but no gun makes a noise like that. You hear it through the ground. Bung! And then a long slow booming afterward. Well, sir, I gave those Indians a lesson in disappearing. I bet I burned a streak across that mesa. I bet I jumped that horse across *barrancas* a mile wide.

And there was that durn Jimmy safe in bed and raving with high fever, which he had no business traveling with an arm broke and an arrow through his shoulder.

Out of his head and cooing like a calf.

"Naya!" he says. "Naya! Where art thou, sweetheart? Come!"

IV

THERE is no woman at our place named Naya. And once in a while he muttered something about Ixtaccicoyotl. . . . Huh? Why, there is nothing tricky about it. Ish-toc-cee, white; co-yotl, fox—White Fox. It is a man's name. Concha—she is my wife—she did not know anything about this Naya woman, but when he said White Fox she pretty near turned white herself. She tried to make him hush, and said a prayer to Huitzilopochtli, and crossed herself, which Concha gets her gods mixed up sometimes.

"Who is White Fox?" I asked her.

But she just give me one look and threw her hands up like we are all ruined, and went off praying to Huitzil'. There are some things they will not tell you, even if you are married.

Neither would Jimmy. He was all right next day, but pretty sick, and did not know he had been talking; and he had a fish story all made up to tell us. He said he had been hunting one of our mules that had broke out and strayed, and had picked up her trail and was following it when he run into these Indians.

"I saw your trail all right," I says, "but no mule tracks."

"Not up on the mesa," says Jimmy. "I lost her trail in the canyon and climbed up there to see if I could catch sight of her. And the first thing I knew, these arrows started whizzing."

And he tried to look innocent and surprised. But he is not a good liar. Not so, Bolivia! There is not a dishonest bone in that boy's body; it does not come natural; he is too durn careful about it.

"I didn't know those Indians were hostile," says he.

"They did not shoot at me," says I.

"I must have startled them," says Jimmy.

"Just riding along?" says I.

"Yeah," says Jimmy.

"Your hoofprints showed," I says, "your horse was standing quite a while in that one place."

"I stopped to admire the scenery," says Jimmy.

"How did you startle them," I says, "standing still?"

He had to grin. But you cannot faze that boy.

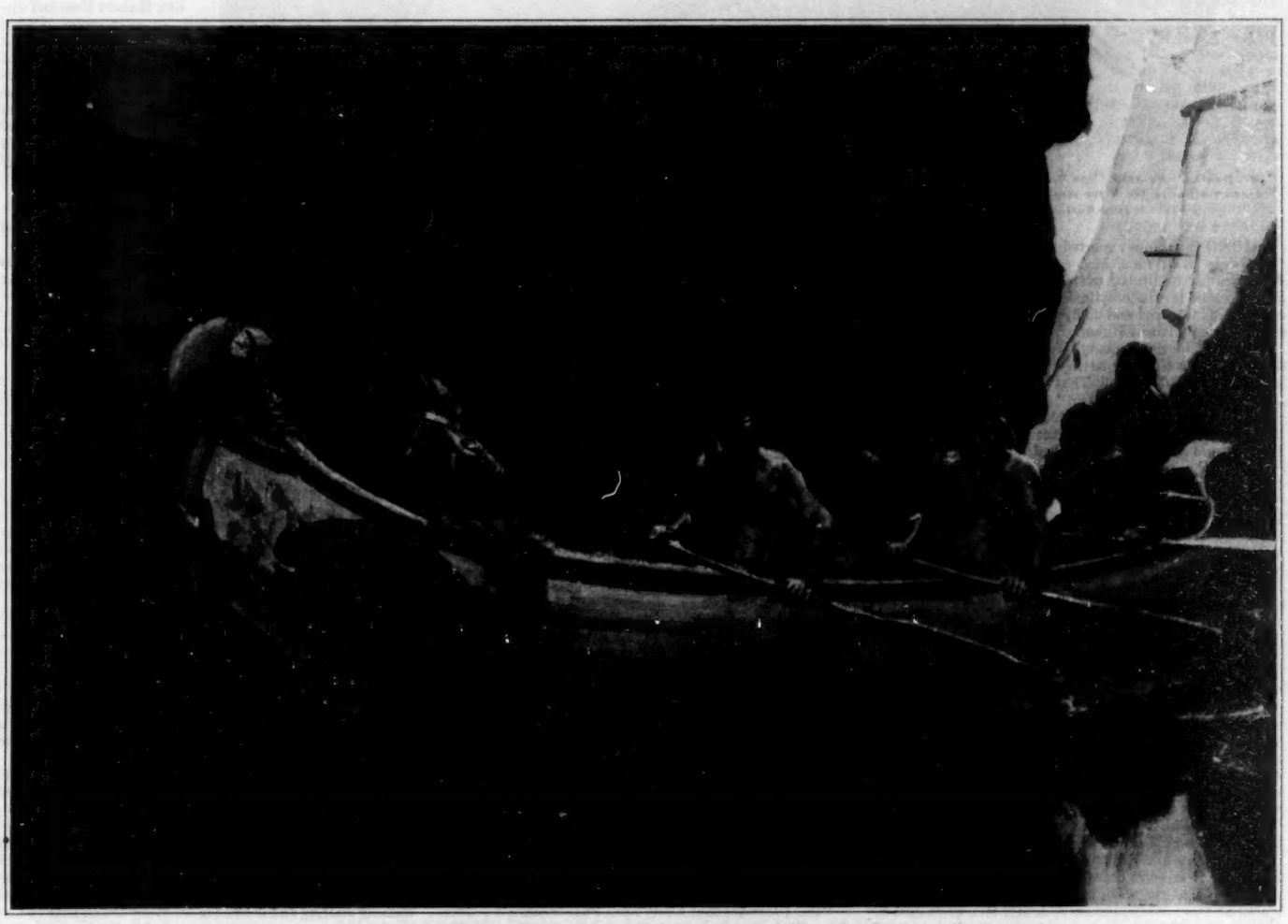
"Maybe they thought I was making faces at them," says he.

But I was mad at him. I always felt like he was square as the day is long; I could not stand to think of him running around and fooling with other women and calling them sweetheart, and a girl like Gene walking the floor and twisting her hands and feeling like she would die if anything happened to him. She was still looking kind of pale and young.

"All right," I says, speaking short. "What next?"

"Some of the arrows must have hit the horse," says he, "because he went over the bluff. I managed to catch a

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Jimmy Saw This Long Painted Canoe Go Slipping Along Down in That Canyon, Old Guatamo Huddled in His Huitzin Cape

JOB-SHY

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN



"Mr. Oakley," He Said, "the Truth Is I Don't Want a Job, Because I Don't Want to Work for Anybody. What I Want to Do Is to Go Into Business on My Own"

AMONG the things exported by the Brindorf Company were tools, fans, bird cages, clocks, silo blowers, drums, bathtubs, overalls, wedding rings, boots, dolls, scissors, incubators, tinsel, mirrors, tractors, needles, canoes and matches; and if anything went wrong with any of them, they blamed Hubert Foss.

In the Brindorf Company, Hubert Foss was all things to all men. His title, as inscribed on the pay roll, was Foss, H., shipping clerk, $32.50. That was one of the little jokes of Mr. Fred Brindle, the "Brin" of the company; and Mr. Otto Dorf, the "dorf." Actually, they did not confine Hubert Foss to the legitimate duties of a shipping clerk. They permitted—indeed, expected him to do everything from soothing irate clients to repairing the carburetors of their limousines.

Being a young man with a desperate anxiety to please, and being also not a little intimidated by Messrs. Brindle and Dorf, Hubert Foss was feverishly busy from 8:30 to 5:30 and not infrequently from seven till midnight. He appeared to be under the impression that Messrs. Brindle and Dorf were highly philanthropic gentlemen who, through sheer bigness of heart, allowed him to work for them at all; and this state of mind was not unnatural, for they had caught him young and schooled him in this belief. They had impressed on him the idea that a young man of his limited abilities was lucky to have a job at all, and the meals and bed that went with it. They liked to remind him that at a Jovian nod from them he could be plunged into the inferno of joblessness. As Foss, in his youth, had had more than a taste of what urgent want means, he made every effort not to incur the displeasure of Messrs. Brindle and Dorf. Yet, almost daily, he did incur it, and he trembled for his future; for Hubert Foss' chief function was one of which he himself was not aware—he was the office alibi.

If a shipment of monkey wrenches did not reach Yucatan on time, Messrs. Brindle and Dorf snapped plump white fingers for Foss and demanded of him what, how and why the devil. He stood there, apprehensively, on the office rug, like a smelt between two sharks, while his employers glared at him with aquarium eyes and leveled at him accusingly the cold halves of cigars they invariably carried. Especially if some aggrieved customer were present, they were witheringly severe with Hubert Foss. They openly discussed the advisability of firing him on the spot. Although this had happened on the average once a week for years, Hubert Foss was always genuinely terrified.

"I sent that shipment off in plenty of time," he would falteringly explain. "But the boat ran into a storm in the Caribbean and was held up four days."

"Humph!" would grunt Mr. Brindle.

"Humph!" would grunt Mr. Dorf.

Helplessly, Hubert Foss would look at them, expecting the ax of dismissal to fall on his defenseless fourteen-inch neck; for they, somehow, contrived to make him feel that he, personally, was responsible for that storm at sea.

On those rare nights when extra work—without extra compensation—did not keep him in the dingy old-fashioned office down on South Street, Hubert Foss summoned up any energy and courage left in his slight stock and went to call on Miss Karma Vine, *née* Sarah Lutz, in the Picasso Studios, *née* Finnegan's Stables, in Cherry-Blossom Lane, *née* West Market Street.

Sarah Lutz had heard the call of art while milking a cow in Coleytown, Connecticut, and had come to New York to paint lamp shades in Ye Olde Art Shoppe in Greenwich Village. Having discovered by the science of numeralogy that her real name added up to faith, hope and charity, she spurned it for what the numbers told her was her true psychic name, Karma Vine, which totaled up to dominance and soul strife.

She harbored her dominance in a large, loose physique and expressed her soul strife by holding a salon to which came very minor poets and excessively lesser painters, and Hubert Foss; for Karma had read French novels and saw herself as a new Pompadour, as a wicked but witty duchess enchanting and dazzling a roomful of Counts de Framboise.

The presence of the poets and painters might be due, in some measure, to the fact that she served free coffee and sandwiches at eleven; but there was nothing mundane in Hubert Foss' reason for being there. To him, Karma Vine was a star, distant and unattainable, to be gazed at with a respectful yearning.

He had met her while buying hand-painted lamp shades for export.

When he was not present, she had been known to say: "Oh, I tolerate that funny little Foss because it is amusing to have in our group, by way of contrast, one of those ridiculous tired business men. He does something absurd in trade downtown."

She managed to convey the notion that Hubert Foss was a power in big business who, infatuated by her charms, stood ready to lay pearls, motors, mink coats and all the spoils of Wall Street at her feet should she consent to give up her art for a wedding ring and a duplex apartment on Park Avenue.

Privately, she regarded him as something to save for a rainy day, a nice, if unexciting, young man, with a good steady job, to be married provided nothing better appeared on her horizon. She accepted his modest offerings of flowers and candy with a queenly nonchalance. Now and then she let him take her to the theater. To make such red-letter nights possible, Hubert Foss cheerfully did his own laundry and limited his lunches.

Since Karma Vine had sailed majestically into his life, Hubert Foss had applied himself to his work with an even more intense diligence than he had previously displayed. There was this about Hubert Foss: The past he forgot, the present he endured; it was the future that interested and disturbed him. The mysterious fate that lay in wait for him around the corner of life fascinated him and, even more, frightened him. He thought much less of what he was at twenty-nine than what he would be at sixty. On his way to work of a morning his eyes were irresistibly drawn to the signs which screamed at him:

WHERE WILL YOU BE AT SIXTY?

He shuddered as he read that most men who attain three score years are invalids, dependents or failures, due, according to the signs, to their neglect in youth to invest in the proper bonds or use the correct tooth paste or eat the right cereal. He was haunted in his dreams by a vision of himself at sixty—a feeble, frustrated figure clutching in its gaunt hand a one-way ticket over the hills to the poorhouse. This complex, this fear of the future, which had its roots deep in his earliest days, had the effect on him of making him miserly of the present. He was much too concerned about tomorrow to enjoy himself today. His job browbeat him. He felt he must cling to it as a sailor to a life raft. He must do everything asked of him, and a lot more, and be infinitely respectful to his superiors; for it was plain to him that a man who gets fired at thirty must surely have even more dire misery in store for him at sixty.



Nora Quinlan

As to Karma Vine, it was only in his most optimistic moments that he dared entertain a hope that some day she would marry him. One seldom gets married, he knew, without first going through the formality of proposing; and the thought that he must propose some day always left his brow damp with dread. A proposal would be agony enough; and a refusal, he reflected, would crush him utterly. It followed that in Karma Vine's presence he was dumbly adoring and showed in his every action that he was grateful for any crumb of approval she might care to cast

him. The poets and painters made him something of a butt; he bore it to be near Karma, and sat in a corner, displaying every evidence that he was suffering from that faint-heartedness which is popularly supposed to be highly ineffectual when it comes to winning fair ladies.

Then came Monday, the twenty-ninth of March, a day of mean sky and nasty drizzle. It began for Hubert Foss with a slight touch of stomach ache. This was followed by his discovery that the heat in his furnished room was off again. He knew he should speak to the landlady about it. He contemplated this necessity with a wry face, for Mrs. Salvo was an amazon with a tart tongue and chilblain eyes. While shaving, he cut his chin a little. While dressing, he broke one of his shoe laces. On his way out he encountered Mrs. Salvo in the hall. It was high time he spoke to her, and pointedly, about the lack of heat. He didn't. Her stern and rock-bound coast of a face deterred him. At the cafeteria where he usually breakfasted, the Spartan who waited on him gave him a hard look and an egg that was not all an egg should be—or rather, more. Inside, Foss protested, but he did nothing more drastic than meekly eat the debatable egg and pay his check. Why make trouble? Who could tell what a row might lead to?

He was heaved into the Subway train by a guard with undue vigor, but he said nothing. The truth was Hubert Foss was saving all his nerve for a great demonstration which he had resolved to make that day. He was going to ask for two things—a raise in salary and the hand of Karma Vine. His plan was to march into the mutual office of Messrs. Brindle and Dorf and get it over with at once. He drew in his breath, tapped on the door and entered.

"Well?" said Mr. Brindle.

"Well?" said Mr. Dorf.

"There's something I want to ask you about," began Hubert Foss, fixing his eyes on the ceiling. Mr. Brindle shot an astute glance at Mr. Dorf. Mr. Dorf made an ever so slight downward gesture with a pinguid thumb.

"Wait!" interrupted Mr. Dorf. "We're in conference."

"When can I see you?"

"Five minutes."

When Hubert Foss had made his exit, there appeared on the faces of the partners what could be called smiles, if smiles were not supposed to have something pleasant about them.

"He's all set to touch us for a raise," said Mr. Brindle.

"Yeah," said Mr. Dorf. "What a chance!"

"We couldn't get anyone else to do his work for three times the money," remarked Mr. Brindle.

"Why spoil him?" queried Mr. Dorf. "No use putting fancy notions in his head. You know Foss. He's job-shy. He'll stick here. Get him in. I'll handle him."

Hubert Foss was buzzed back into the sanctum. He began again, more breathless than before: "There's something I want to ask you about ——"

"Yeah?" cut in Mr. Dorf. "Well, there's something we want to ask you about. What the devil do you mean, Foss, by sending that shipment of Grade B overalls to Lehman and Sons in Bolivia?"

"They—they always order Grade B," said Hubert Foss.

"Well," snapped Mr. Dorf, fixing a needle-point eye on Hubert Foss, "I just got a letter saying it was Grade C they ordered this time."

"But," protested Hubert Foss, "they didn't say so in their order. They simply cabled, 'Rush twenty gross overalls.' As for years they've always taken Grade B, why, I naturally thought ——"

"Oh, you naturally thought!" broke in Mr. Dorf. "Well in the export business, Foss, you are not expected to think—you are expected to know. Suppose this mistake of yours—and it isn't the first one, you know—loses us a good customer, what will you just naturally think then, Foss?"

"Yes, sir?"

"What are we paying you?"

Hubert Foss was confused. Mr. Dorf, as treasurer, signed the pay checks.

"Thirty-two-fifty," stammered Foss, "and I was thinking ——"

"Thinking again?" Mr. Dorf was stern. "Well, think about this: That's a pretty good pay for a fellow who gets orders all balled up. Now Mr. Brindle and I were just discussing our overhead, and figuring on some ways to cut it down. We ain't made up our minds in your case—yet. Maybe if you watch your step we won't—ah—take any action about a reduction. You can go now."

Hubert Foss went. Mr. Brindle chuckled. Mr. Dorf chuckled.

"You got to understand the psychology of handling men," observed Mr. Dorf.

"I didn't know," said Mr. Brindle, "that Lehman and Sons made any kick about those overalls."

Mr. Dorf said nothing, but his wink did.

Hubert Foss slumped back to his desk and for fully three minutes did absolutely nothing about the papers piled there. He morosely reflected that today was not the day to suggest an upward revision of his salary. He had hoped to be able to tell Karma Vine about a raise that evening and use this news as an entering wedge in a conversation which would end in his proposal that she share his salary from then on. His dejected eyes wandered out of the window and across the court and into the spacious offices of George Oakley & Co., Exporters, and stopped at a close-cut head of auburn hair which at that distance looked like a boy's, but which Hubert Foss knew belonged to Miss Nora Quinlan, secretary to Mr. Oakley. As his glum gaze rested on her, she turned and smiled at him, and he found himself smiling back.

Now this exchange of friendliness had occurred nearly every day for more than a year. Miss Quinlan wasn't exactly a friend—a business acquaintance, rather—and his conversation with her to date had been pretty well limited to the state of the weather and shipments of forges and safety pins to Peru; for now and then Hubert Foss was sent on business errands to the Oakley company. He often wished that business took him more frequently to her office. She was always so cordial, so friendly. He liked Mr. Oakley, too—a large, round, white-haired man with a young sunbrowned face. Mr. Oakley always gave him a cigar, inquired how he was, and once had actually said, "Mr. Foss, you've got a tiptop exporting head on your shoulders."

According to Messrs. Brindle and Dorf, George Oakley had no right to get on in business. He was too easy-going and good-natured. Some days he actually came to his office in golf clothes, and might be seen practicing putting on his office rug. On other days, when the windows were open, the somberness of the Brindorf Company was penetrated by sounds of laughter from Mr. Oakley's office.

"He calls it a conference," said Mr. Brindle, with some bitterness. "It's a minstrel show, that's what it is."

"Yeah," said Mr. Dorf, still more bitterly, "and the big stiff laughed himself into three times as much business as we did last year."

Somehow the smile of Nora Quinlan heartened Hubert Foss enough for him to attack his work. Some day, perhaps, he'd ask her to lunch. No, better not; she probably wouldn't accept. He worked furiously. It kept his mind off the ordeal he knew lay ahead of him that evening.

After circumnavigating Washington Square thrice, planning, rehearsing, he called at Karma Vine's very modern apartment that night. He sat, patient and perspiring, in his corner, staring at the advanced art on the walls—bulgy bare brown ladies sprawling under warped palm trees, scrambled eggs on the bridge at midnight, the auras of watch springs, phrenetic bird's-eye views of city dumps. At last the poets and painters used up the cigarettes, coffee, sandwiches and air, and went home. Then he ventured to speak.

"Karma?"

"Yes, my friend?" Karma Vine, in a Grecian robe, reclining on a divan like one and a half Madame Récamiers, spoke in the languid manner of the heroine of the last French novel, by Colette, she had read.

"I was thinking"—Hubert Foss' throat went Sahara on him—"I was thinking—well, we've been friends a long time."

"Friendship," remarked Miss Vine, "is a jewel."

Hubert Foss studied his shoe strings.

"Yes," he agreed, "that's a fact, all right."

"More precious than rubies," said Karma Vine, with the air of one coining a phrase.

"Or diamonds, either, I guess," said Hubert Foss.



He Cleared His Throat. "We've Been Friends a Long Time," He Said

(Continued on Page 178)

HIGH FINANCE

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

CHESTER CUSHION, thirty years old, five feet three inches tall and without striking features of any sort, sat on one of the benches placed round the grass plot in the Gettysburg Square. It was half-past twelve on the second of July and the temperature was rapidly rising to Fourth-of-July height. The square was deserted; business men had gone home, tourists were dining, and all the guides except Chester had forsaken their posts. He remained because the others had gone; in the absence of Crader in his new uniform and Wright with his glib tongue and Upshaw, who looked and talked as though he himself had won the battle alone, he hoped for trade.

Chester knew the story of the battle thoroughly; in the examination to which the guides had to submit he always received A. Moreover, he pronounced military terms correctly; he did not say "attackted" or "calvary," or "consecrated" when he meant "concentrated," and he made no such laughable errors as that of Upshaw, who spoke of "a fierce conflict between the regulars and the maneuvers." Nor did he exaggerate.



"Young Man, This Plate Will Never Get to James D. Green. This Is a Museum Piece"

His lack of success was due to various causes—he was too poor to buy a uniform, he had not enough assurance to thrust himself forward, and he bore no resemblance to the popular idea of a general. Another obstacle was a nervous inclination to laughter. Tourists who were about to accept his shouted offer, "Guide for the battlefield!" often changed their minds when he uttered a piercing "Ha! Ha!"

From his commanding and lonely position he looked toward Chambersburg, then toward York, then toward Carlisle, then toward Baltimore. It was true that guides were posted so closely at the outskirts of the battlefield that the most cunning scouts of '63 could not have hoped to pass uncaptured. Sometimes, however, a car forced its way through the cordon, because its occupants wished no guide. Many of these people changed their minds by the time they reached the center of the town, and it was for them that Chester and his companions waited. The securing of posts of vantage was not haphazard; the positions were appointed and changed in regular rotation. This was one of the best places, and at the end of the week Chester must resign it without material gain.

Seeing no car in any direction, he rested his aching head on his hands. Exhausted by the heat and worn by anxiety about the future, he reviewed his situation. All his poverty was due to the lack of a uniform; dressed in olive drab, with a visored cap and brass buttons, he would look large and imposing and would have many customers. Earning more money, he could buy extra beds and take lodgers. His old stone house, or rather his wife's old stone house, a mile from town, was amply large to accommodate many tourists, but he and Mary and the five children filled the three beds.

He gave little time to meditation; there was a car coming from Carlisle, and he stepped out into the street and lifted a signaling hand.

"Guide for the battlefield!" he shouted. "Guide for the battlefield!"

There was rude laughter; this was the car of a citizen returning from his dinner. Another car approached from Chambersburg, and Chester ran to meet it. He heard footsteps behind him, heavy, unmistakable; he heard a panting breath.

"Guide!" shouted Upshaw. "Guide for the battlefield!"

The driver of the car lifted his finger, the door of the car opened and Upshaw stepped in. Upshaw ornamented even this sumptuous car.

Trotting back to his bench, Chester sat down. Rage burned in his breast—rage against Upshaw, rage against the driver of the car, rage against fate.

"Fat lummox!" said he, addressing Upshaw. "Unjailed rich!" said he, addressing the occupants of the car. His remarks to fate were more lengthy. "If I had a uniform I could get customers, and then I could buy beds and put out a sign. Or if I could buy beds, then I could get lodgers and make enough for a uniform."

Again he looked toward the four points of the compass. A car was approaching from York; it was not a local car, because there was luggage tied on the side; it was not aiming for Florida, because the luggage was small. It was a five-passenger touring car containing four women, several suitcases and an old chair.

"Antique hunters," muttered Chester. "Tightwads." But he ran toward the car, calling, "Guide for the battlefield!" There was no other guide in sight and his hopes rose. The price allowed was three dollars, and three dollars looked large to one who had today earned nothing.

The car stopped with a jerk and Chester commented inwardly upon the awkwardness of women's driving. He had a single-seated flivver which he could have driven up the church steps without a jolt, if occasion required. The four women looked at him sharply. The two on the front seat were stout; those on the rear were thin, one of them had no hat on her short gray hair, the other, also gray-haired, wore a dress of a homely greenish-yellow material.

"What do you charge?"

"Three dollars." They couldn't get him cheap because he was small! "That's the regular charge."

"Do we need a guide?"

"The roads wind in and out; without a guide you'll soon find yourselves back where you started." He uttered his sharp "Ha! Ha!" but it had a certain appropriateness.

The women looked at each other, at the suitcases, at the old chair, rearing its legs impudently in the air. It had, Chester saw, only three legs.

"I stand on the running board," he explained.

"Come on, then."

Chester stepped aboard. His position was awkward, but he was too happy to mind discomfort. Sometimes rich people traveled humbly, but gave large tips, especially to men like Upshaw, to whom it seemed impossible to offer so small a sum as three dollars. Once mounted on the step, Chester forgot all but his task. There was a great difference in tourists; some were well informed, some were anxious for information and some did not care in the least which was victorious, Lee or Meade, but made love or discussed their own uninteresting affairs. These women, Chester was glad to see, looked intelligent.

But Chester was mistaken; that is, if intelligence was to be measured by an interest in the battle.

"Drive round the grass plot," he directed. "Then straight-away to the west." Seeing Crader come hurrying from the corner, he spoke with an air of triumph. "Now, ladies, it might be well to give you some idea of Gettysburg before the battle. It was a lit——"

"Wait a minute," ordered the chauffeur. "Are there any antique shops here?"

"I believe so. It was a little ——"

"Will we come back into town?" asked her seat mate.

"Yes, madam. It was a pleasant little ——"

"Are there many antiques round here?" asked the woman in the greenish-yellow dress.

"No, madam," said Chester. "I believe not. Now, Gettysburg was little more than a pleasant village. Yonder is the cupola of the Seminary." Chester was disturbed; by this time he should have described the village and mentioned that the Unionists came from the South and the Confederates from the North. "There is ——"

"That's an old building!" cried the woman with short hair. "There ought to be many antiques round here."

"There's a strange fact in connection ——"

"Where do your antique dealers get their antiques?" asked the woman in the greenish-yellow dress. Chester did not like her; she had an air of trying to prove him wrong.

"I think they're shipped here. There's a strange fact in connection with the battle. You see ——"

"Did you ever hear of Sandwich glass?" asked the driver.

"Never," answered Chester. The car was climbing the hill to the plateau on which the battle opened; the chance for introductory explanation was gone. "Here's the first day's fight." If people didn't want to learn, well and good. "The Union troops took their position along this ridge." There was a great deal to be said on this spot, and he determined that he would say it, whether or not it was appreciated. Under his breath, he murmured, "Dumb-bells!" "Early on the morning of the first of July scouts were sent out to the west and they had not gone very far when ——"

"I suppose you never saw anything like that," said the woman with the short hair. She had taken from her hand bag a small round glass plate, about four inches in diameter, smooth on one side and with protuberances on the other. In the center were two faces; looked at one way they smiled at each other, looked at the other they leered grotesquely.

Chester determined not to answer. He had seen such plates. In fact, there were some at home; his little girl played with them and sometimes they were used to cover a jar of milk. They were Mary's property. Only they were not round, but six-sided. Antique collectors were crazy; no doubt they would soon begin to talk about the old chair. So as to get ahead of them, he resumed his discourse.

"Soon these scouts seen a large body of troops coming and they dashed from one side of the road to the other and hid behind bushes, et cetera, so that ——"

"He talks like a machine," said the woman with short hair. She fingered the common little plate as though it were a jewel.

"Ha! Ha!" said Chester. His lips were even with the top of the car and the sound was lost. He bent his head. "Drive to the left." It was possible to address the empty air; he had done it a hundred times. "As I told you, General Reynolds was in command." He smiled inwardly; he had told them nothing of the kind, but it was their own fault. "The Confederates were advancing in large numbers and he was riding back and forth encouraging his troops when, zip, came a bullet from a sharpshooter's rifle and he fell from his horse. It was a great blow to the Unionists. Drive to the right. Here in this woods ——"

"Talk on," softly mocked the woman with short hair.

"Doesn't it make you sick to think of that hundred dollars?" asked the woman in greenish-yellow.

"A hundred dollars!" cried the woman with short hair. "I'd get a hundred and fifty out of him. If James D. Green wanted anything of mine, he'd pay for it."

Chester was only mildly curious. James D. Green was a very rich man in New York; he could not imagine him wanting anything owned by the woman with short hair. He proceeded with his speech—here fought the Iron Brigade, here John Burns was wounded, here were the statues of General Reynolds and General Buford, here the blood-soaked railroad cut. Another turn and the town came into view.

"You direct us to the antique shops," commanded the driver. Her cheeks flamed and perspiration beaded her lip.

"But you haven't seen the field!" cried Chester. "You haven't seen the Round Tops or Devil's Den or the cemetery where Lincoln made his address. You haven't ——"

The driver consulted her watch.

"We've seen enough. You take us to the antique shop and we'll pay you your three dollars. It's too hot to go all the way."

"Just as you have it." Chester felt both relief because he had earned three dollars and could now go and eat his lunch, and contempt for this ignorance and stupidity. They stopped in a few moments before a private house on which there was a large sign.

"Here's your shop."

His disgust showed in his face. They were far from the center of the town, the sun was intolerable, his stomach was empty and he would have to walk the rest of the way. The woman with short hair glared at him as though she read his thoughts. She held the glass plate under his nose.

"See that plate? That's worth twenty-five dollars. If you can find a plate like that, only with six sides, you can get a hundred dollars for it. James D. Green drove from Philadelphia to York yesterday and offered a hundred dollars in every antique shop."

"Ha! Ha!" Chester's hand grasped the machine as though it were a rope thrown to a drowning man. His laugh sounded mocking.

"A hundred dollars," insisted the stranger. "James D. Green, of New York City. He collects Sandwich glass, and it's known that this pattern was once made in a six-sided design. He offered a hundred dollars in York, Lancaster and all the roadside shops. He was at the Sparrow Hawk and the Blue Moon. He went out of his way to Ephrata."

"For one glass plate!"

"For one glass plate. . . . Here's your three dollars."

"Thank you."

Chester walked rapidly to the next corner, then, turning into a side street, sat down on a doorstep. A hundred dollars for a glass plate! James D. Green! He had heard of fabulous prices paid for old truck, but such good fortune could not be his. He was mistaken in the plates; they did not have faces on them; they were not six-sided. He felt so weak that he wondered whether he might die. But it was hunger—he had eaten breakfast at six and it was past one. His car was parked near the square; he must get to it and eat his lunch and go home.

Revived by Mary's thick sandwiches, he started. Crader and Upshaw would be glad he was gone and they would speculate all the afternoon about the reasons for his absence. But he gave no thought to Crader and Upshaw; he needed all his attention to keep his car in the road. A hundred dollars! He turned the corner with two wheels in the air. A six-sided plate—he narrowly missed a telegraph pole—with a man and a woman making faces at each other!

"Hi, you fool!" yelled a driver who barely escaped destruction.

"Ha! Ha!" answered Chester.

The old stone house which Mary had inherited from her grandmother was set on a hill and shaded by locust trees. If the foundations of the porch could be strengthened and the woodwork painted, it would be an attractive place from without; and if it could be furnished, tourists could be invited to remain within. The children were at play in the yard, all except the tiny baby, who slept in a wash basket on the porch. Mary was ironing; her stout young figure was bent and her cheeks crimson. When Chester drove in the gate her arm ceased to move. Was he sick? Would his earnings stop? She walked to the door, forgetting to put down the heavy iron.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

Chester stopped his engine, but he had the air of letting the car run loose, as one might a horse in a field. Without answering his wife, he approached his daughter, aged six, and, stooping, snatched something from her hand. He was a kind father and the child was at first too amazed to cry. He snatched another object from near by, and she burst into sobs, which were not angry but terrified.

Mary set down her iron and descended the steps. Chester was gathering up glass plates.

"What's the matter? What are you doing?" Mary's voice rose; along with her house she had inherited a temper. Usually she controlled it and often under most trying circumstances. It was hard to have a husband who was not strong enough to farm and who would not find work away from home because it made him unhappy to be parted from his family. With only a little more they might be happy; as it was, they were constantly anxious. "Why do you take the children's playthings?"

Without answering, Chester stalked into the house. On the kitchen table stood a jar in which milk was ripening for cheese. From it he snatched the cover.

"Have you any more of these?"

With her body still facing toward the yard, Mary turned her head, anger and fright glimmering in her eyes.

"Are you crazy, Chester?"

"Are there more of these glass plates?"

"I think there are. What are you going to do with them?"

"I'm going to sell them."

"Sell them! Where?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know!"

Chester stretched out his hands in an appealing gesture, two glass plates in each.

"Only hunt the plates," he ordered excitedly. "I must fix up the flivver. Have faith till tomorrow."

"Did you earn anything?" asked Mary.

"I did," said Chester. "But I must have that for gas."

II

TIRED from his labors on the flivver, which he almost rebuilt, weary from an almost sleepless night, Chester rose at five o'clock and put on his best suit. The sun had long been up, and except for the length of the shadows, the appearance of the world was almost that of noonday. The air was oppressive and there was no sign of relief in the cloudless sky. Mary stood, milk pail in hand, at the table when he came down the stairs. She looked at him with fresh amazement.

"What are the lumps all over you?"

"I have the plates wrapped separate so they won't break and I have them packed in my pockets."

"Plates! They look like sugar bowls."

"I said I wrapped them so they wouldn't break."

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"Go to it!" said He. "If it's to be Done, it's to be Done Quick"!

OUR SESQUICENTENNIAL



PHOTOS. BY C. K. JENSEN. JOHN MOLITOR, CITY ARCHITECT

A View of the Liberal Arts and Manufacturing Building of the Sesquicentennial Exposition, Which Opens in Philadelphia May Thirty-first

Celebrating the Nation's One Hundred and Fiftieth Birthday—By Elizabeth Frazer

YOU remember the fine, sonorous swing of those immortal words beginning, "When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another," continuing with august solemnity, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness" and mounting to that magnificent finale, "We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States," which ushered in the birth of a new nation upon this war-scarred earth and which, above all other words set down by human hand, have wielded the profoundest influence in shaping the destinies of the United States of America, and by that fact the destinies of the entire world since that time.

You remember also the early stage setting which produced that great document—but let me give you a momentary flash-back of the scene. The stormy Second Continental Congress had met, and Thomas Jefferson was chairman of a committee of five appointed to draw up the Declaration of Independence. That the historic document came solely from his pen is now generally recognized, the other members of the committee in later years having disclaimed any participation in its wording. It was, you see, a one-man job—as great human documents are apt to be. That is to say, the expression was his, but not the spirit; that existed not only in him but in the hearts of all those who had gathered for action and all those who had assented to such leadership; and Jefferson simply caught up and crystallized in eternal form the spirit of his times in those brief, magnificent phrases.

The Courage of Their Visions

YOU are to conceive him, a brilliant man of thirty-three, steeped in the atmosphere of his times, matured and tempered by the stirring events in which he was a conspicuous actor, sitting down to draft it in the room where he lived in Philadelphia, not piecing it together slowly and laboriously, phrase by phrase, but probably striking it off in a single, brief, highly concentrated heat, much as Lincoln later struck off his immortal Gettysburg speech on the train—both men noble human instruments whose minds and hearts and souls, deeply concerned with the fate of common men, were fused momentarily to harmonious perfection by the greatness and gravity of the events which they epitomized.

You remember Jefferson's draft was accepted as written, and one of the signers, Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island, an old man of nearly seventy, appeared visibly agitated as he appended his signature.

"Sir, your hand trembles," challenged a bystander, as Hopkins took up the pen to sign the Declaration.

"True, sir," came the retort, "but my heart does not!"

Stout hearts! Men who saw visions and dreamed dreams of a democracy for common men, with equal opportunity for high and low, and a chance at happiness for all which had never been realized upon this earth.



The Tower of Light. This Drawing Gives a Conception of How This Sesquicentennial Feature Will Appear at Night, its Glowing Dome Haloed by Varicolored Lights

But these founders who walked the streets of Philadelphia one hundred and fifty years ago were not visionaries, or pompous, cheap phrase slingers; they had bottom—a robust realism and steady common sense which in a crisis could say: "Keep your powder dry," "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes." A superb combination, that, of spirituality based on a full-bodied common sense. Just the right solid streak of earthiness to hold the spirit in bounds.

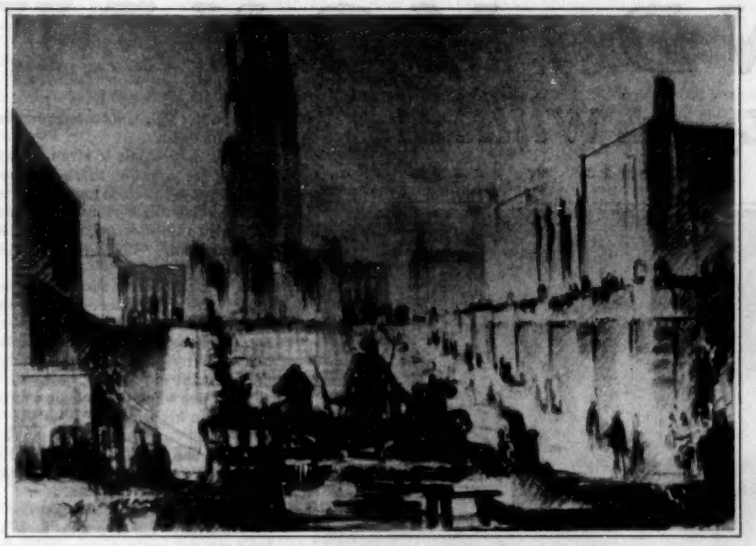
"I often used to wonder," said Benjamin Franklin, sitting wearily through the long, stormy debates which accompanied the birth pangs of the nation, "whether the carving on the back of the chairman's seat represented a rising or a setting sun." Now, it is pretty generally admitted, even by our enemies, that it was a rising sun.

Timekeepers of Progress

AND would they be astounded, those staunch old hardheads with a flame in their hearts, if they could drop in to the Sesquicentennial International Exposition which opens May 31, 1926, in Philadelphia, to celebrate one hundred and fifty years of American independence? Would not these simple men of the past be stupefied and overcome by the splendors of our material progress as exemplified in the exposition—the marvels of radio, of the telephone, the telegraph, aviation, steam transportation, moving pictures, the new architecture, the fiery writing on the sky by human birds, the spectacular, far-flung aurora of electric lights? Believe me, they would not be so astounded as one might think, for their brains were big enough to engender an idea which in scope and power infinitely outreached these material marvels of which we are so justly proud. And somehow, God only knows how, they had the stuff and were able to put the idea across, and it stuck. After one hundred and fifty years it has stuck and is still, on the whole, going strong. But it should not be forgotten that as the whole is greater than any of its parts, so the idea of freedom, begotten in travail and pain by our founders, holds in itself the seeds of all our later success.

"Expositions," said McKinley, "are the timekeepers of progress. They record the world's advancement."

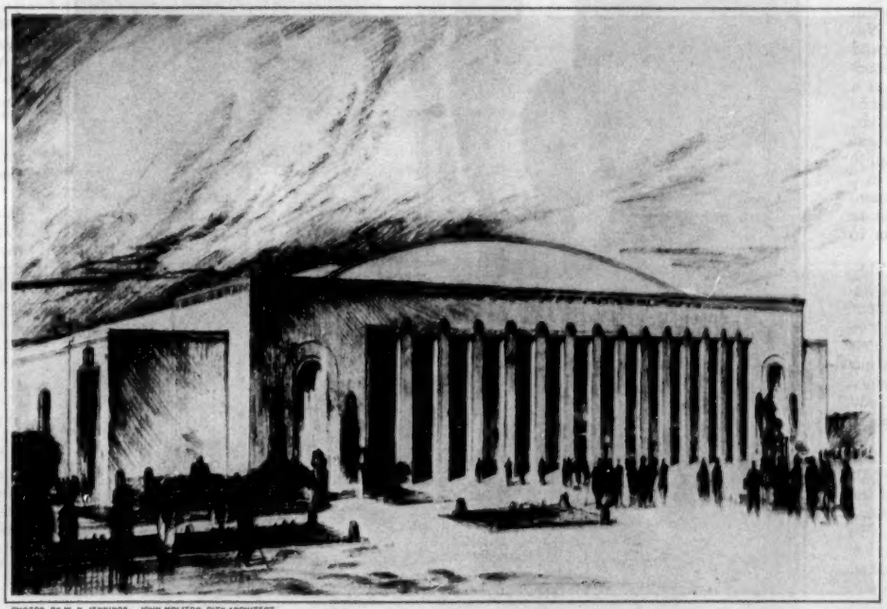
And it is good once in a while for us to pause at certain milestones in our development as a nation, to look back across the flight of years—brief by comparison with those of other nations—to our beginnings; to see concretely visualized in a great international exposition our amazing and magnificent development



A Night View of the Exposition Buildings From the Lagoon

in arts, science, education, commerce, industry, agriculture and the exploitation of our vast national resources; and beholding and marveling at the stupendous spectacle of spiritual and material wealth, to turn once more to those ideals laid down as basic principles by our founders without which we should now be, not a great, peaceful, unified power, but petty, warring congeries of Balkanized states.

On March 19, 1925, President Coolidge, in a proclamation, invited the nations of the world to participate in the Sesquicentennial International Exposition to be opened in Philadelphia May 31, 1926, "for the purpose of exhibiting the progress of the United States and other nations in art, science and industry, in trade and commerce, and the developments of the products of the air, the soil, the mine, the forest and the seas," and he requested that they coöperate with the exposition "by appointing representatives, and sending thereto such exhibits as will most fitly and fully illustrate their resources, their industries and their progress in civilization." For Americans, then, the occasion will have a dual character, being at once an international exposition and also the celebration of the greatest single event in their history.



PHOTOS. BY W. N. JENNINGS. JOHN MOLITOR, CITY ARCHITECT

A View of the Auditorium

Many nations have accepted that invitation. Some of them, notably China, Japan, Spain, Hungary, India, Persia and Argentina, will place their exhibits in specially constructed national pavilions; others are reproducing old and famous edifices of their native lands or cross sections of the life in representative communities; and still others have sent important exhibits of manufactures or products for which they are especially famed.

A Great Deal of Light on the Subject

LET us take a glimpse of the physical layout of the exposition situated in the city of Philadelphia, which for the past few months has been in a state of intense inner combustion preparing for the great event, and has called in the best experts and organizers of the country in order to make her celebration an unqualified success. Conceive yourself, in June or July or August, one of the hundreds of thousands of visitors in luxurious limousines or mud-daubed flivvers who have trekked all the way from Florida or Oklahoma or Wyoming to the City of Brotherly Love, the cradle of the nation, to see for yourself just what kind of show they have put on. Almost the first thing you observe at night while still afar off, say within bombarding distance by a Big Bertha, is the spectacular display of light.

The lighting of this exposition is one of its most beautiful and sensational features. The display has not been confined to the exposition grounds, but embraces and draws into one unit the City Hall, the Art Museum on the Acropolis at the entrance of Fairmount Park, the Parkway and the fountain in Logan Square. Behind the Art Museum fourteen superpower searchlights are combined into an auroral display representing the greatest aggregation of light ever gathered in one spot in the world's history. It consists of a concentration of 6,500,000,000 candlepower and will be visible as far distant as New York, many miles out to sea and far inland. Those black midges you see floating high in the air in a powerful ray are airplanes; they are laying curtains of smoke in the beams of searchlights while other colored lights play on them with an indescribably fantastic effect of weird beauty.

Speculating perhaps on what old Ben Franklin, who drew down the lightning on his kite, would think of all this stupendous electrical display, you arrive at Philadelphia and park your limousine, if you are lucky, in a private garage, or at a parking station on the grounds which will accommodate 50,000 cars. Or if you are gypsying it, you may prefer to halt outside the city limits, but within easy driving distance, and pitch your tent away from the superlatively madding crowd in a designated place arranged with facilities for automobile parties. And when one thinks of the congestion of the hotels, this open-air freedom is not such a bad alternative; and if you are a member of the Legion, with unlocked memories in your breast of the last war, you may decide one morning to step on the gas and roll over to Valley Forge, twenty miles away, where the buddies of the independence outfit in that first war stayed in winter quarters. You remember those boys wore bloody rags on their feet in lieu of boots, and when time came for chow they hauled in their belts a notch and growled. Oh, yes, you may bet your last dollar they growled; didn't you? But they stuck—or you wouldn't be here now.

Down the Avenue of Nations to the Court of States

IN ORDER to get your bearings, you stroll down Broad Street, which is the direct approach to the exposition grounds. This street, which has been transformed into an Avenue of Nations, is a glorious blaze of color, with massed flags and pennants and bunting blowing out in the breeze. Each block is given over to a nation, with insignia, banners and pennants decorating the façades and the lamp-posts. Out in front of the Administration Building, the first picture which greets the visitor's eye is the splendid Court of States, a spacious open square, hemmed in by forty-eight columns, one for each state, twelve columns at each corner, with state flags in between and seats at the base for the visitor to rest and feast his eye. This Court of States, which forms an impressive foyer to the exposition grounds, will doubtless be used as a place of rendezvous for gathering visitors. In the center of the Court of States are the massed United States flags, and suspended above them fifty feet in air is a great Liberty Bell, sixty feet across, illuminated by 60,000 electric lights.

From this foyer, the visitor on entering the grounds is confronted at the main portal by two great pylons over fifty feet high, surmounted by colossal figures called Heralds of the Dawn,

(Continued on Page 141)



A Jesqui Vestibule. The Outer Lobby of the Main Entrance to the Four Exhibition Buildings, Centering on Broad Street and Pattison Avenue

LOVE AND MONEY

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

IT WAS the first time he had ever been in her room. It would be the last. Tomorrow this woman he had loved so long and had avoided so steadfastly would be dead. He wondered if she knew that. Surely the others could not have been so unwise, so cruel as to let her know the full truth of his diagnosis. And yet she had sent for him. Why?

"It was so nice of you to come." Such a conventional remark to make him tingle. But the golden voice had always affected him so, even in the years gone by, when there was no thought of its being silenced. He made no answer. He seldom said much, this long, lanky man with the keen blue eyes which saw everything—everything except the most important of all—she loved him. She had loved him since girlhood. He had never seen that.

He stood towering above her, scarcely daring to look down upon her fragile loveliness. She was still too young, too beautiful to die. Nature had designed her for a strong and glorious woman. And then, years ago, this thing, as fortuitous as a cinder in the eye, had happened to her. It seemed so pitifully unfair. Without the operation now, she was sure to die. With it—well, not quite so sure. She had one chance in a thousand of living. He and Putnam, the surgeon, had explained that to her husband, leaving it to him to tell his wife what he saw fit.

And yet she seemed so girlishly gay. Perhaps her manner was assumed. He knew so little about women. She was the only one who had ever meant anything to him. That was why he had kept out of her way for all these lonely years since her marriage. He felt as shy as a boy here, surrounded by her intimate personal possessions.

He stole a glance at her now. She lay there, her face so white, her hair so dark against the pillow, and the long shadowy eyelashes downcast.

"It was cheeky enough of us in the first place to go to you the other day for a consultation—after you had given up private practice entirely. But if you will become the greatest expert in the world on pathologic lesions of the brain, you'll have to stand the consequences." He saw the long lashes lifting. She was going to look at him. And then she merely made a face and looked out of the window.

He was startled. Members of his profession are always surprised when laymen know anything. But if she knew that much, she must know it was not her mind that was affected. A cinder in the eye is not caused by bad vision. It is a mere matter of luck. But it must be removed. Undoubtedly she knew the seriousness of an operation on the brain.

He still made no comment. Upon the table he spied a copy of a technical magazine called Pathological Research, for which he often wrote. Perhaps that was the source of the scientific terms she playfully tossed at him. She was going to question him about the operation and her chances—that was it. This was not to be an easy interview. He would have to keep himself in hand. His embarrassed glances went scudding about the room as if to hide before her eyes sought his again. The nurse left the room and now they were alone together for the first time since her marriage. He took the chair she indicated, but he still remained silent. Inwardly he was saying, "There she is—right there." Her fragrant nearness and the nearness of death! He found it advisable to grip the arms of the chair for fear she would see that he was trembling.



"Then That's All Right." A Sigh of Relief Escaped Her, Which She Modulated Into a Little Laugh. "Can You Put It in Your Pocket?"

To her, observing him covertly, he did not seem much like the eminent scientist the world had heard of, the eminently unemotional Jerome Grant their friends knew and respected. Why, he was merely the enormously tall and rather awkward boy she had once known very well, until he ran away from her. She had not seen him again until called in to pronounce her death sentence.

She had no desire to question him about his diagnosis. She knew that only a miracle could save her. Her husband, usually so secretive, had for some reason told her the truth. But she was not sure whether the boy she once knew very well still cared for her. That was all she wanted to find out. This time tomorrow she would be dead.

"You may think it strange, my sending for you, but there is something I want you to do for me." She dropped her light tone now and turned her unbelievably large eyes full upon him. "You'll do it for me, Jerome, won't you?"

At last she heard the deep rumbling voice, which seemed to come from cavernous depths and to reverberate through her slender, weakened body: "Why, of course, Vera. What do you want me to do?"

What she wanted him to do was to take her in his arms and say, "I love you," just once. And then, she thought, she could die happy. He had never said that to her. What harm could come of it now?

"What would you like me to do?" he repeated. He hoped to look at her again presently, but as yet he did not dare. He was scrutinizing her dressing table, saying to himself, "Why, I always pictured it as being over there between the windows!"

Well, she had a plausible pretext for sending for him. "It would take time to explain," she said.

"Then you'd better begin," he replied, examining his knuckles. "I mustn't stay here long. I mustn't tire you out."

"I've already explained it," she said. "I have written out an explanation. Would you mind handing me that bag?" She indicated the dressing table.

He arose, unfolding his inordinate length in sections, it seemed to her. And as he crossed the room, she smiled. His old familiar awkwardness, amusing and so dear to her. Boyishly he handed her the bag, carefully avoiding contact with her fingers. They had not shaken hands when he came in.

She found a key on a ribbon round her neck and opened the hand bag. She took out a sealed package somewhat longer than a brick and about half as thick. She seemed a little excited as she handed it to him.

"There," she said, looking up with a smile. "Open it tomorrow. That will explain everything."

He smiled too. "It ought to. It's big enough."

"Oh, it isn't all writing. Most of it is—well, a lot of it is printing."

"I see," he said. He didn't see at all, but he would not tire her with questions.

"Will you follow my written instructions?"

"Of course."

"Absolutely?"

"Certainly, Vera."

"That's a promise?"

"Why, yes, naturally!" He wondered what all the mystery was about.

"Then that's all right." A sigh of relief escaped her, which she modulated into a little laugh. "Can you put it in your pocket?"

"I think so."

"Let me see. . . . No, in your inside breast pocket."

He obeyed with the docile seriousness of a child. It made her smile like a mother.

"That's good. Can you button up your coat with that big thing in there?" He tried it; he could. She laughed. "Splendid! But it spoils the fit of your coat."

"That doesn't matter."

"No. Your clothes never did fit very well, Jerome."

"Not very. Perhaps I'd better go now."

"No! Oh, no!" She wondered if he detected the emotion in her voice, and quickly changed to a lighter tone. "I may not see you again for some time, and before you leave I want to know"—again her eyes sought the

window—"I want to know about your work. How are the new experiments going, Jerome?"

He sat down again. "They're not going at all. They've stopped."

"Oh, but they mustn't stop! Everyone says that you're on the verge of something more important than ever."

He was pleased but puzzled. "What do you know about it?"

"Oh, I've read about you."

"Have you, Vera?"

"Your chief fame," she went on, gay banter covering but not hiding deep admiration, "rests on your research in pathological scars left on brain tissue by early poverty."

"I shouldn't think that would be interesting to you."

"It's very important to the world—the effect of undernourishment in infancy. You must go on with your new work at the laboratory," she said.

"It takes money," he said, "and I haven't enough. No one wants to give money to an unspectacular laboratory."

She who had followed his career so closely knew that he had tossed aside a large and fashionable private practice to go into unremunerative research work. She had always admired him for it.

"It's all wrong," she said. "You are willing to give up so much for the world, and the world won't even supply you with the means of working for it. All wrong."

What did that matter now? What did anything matter? Tomorrow she would be dead. He scarcely heard her words, so loud was the clamor within him of words he must not utter. He was not a mere romantic lover; he was a man of science. He knew too much to risk her one slim chance of life by any strain or excitement on the eve of one of the most difficult and delicate operations known to modern surgery. She would need every ounce of strength. He must let her rest quietly now.

And so these two sat in silence for a moment, each wondering what the other thought.

"There's the woman I love. I have never told her so. And now it is too late."

"He knows that I cannot pull through. I can see it in his eyes. If he still cares for me, why doesn't he tell me? Oh, please tell me you love me! Tomorrow I'll be dead."

Again he unfolded his rather grotesque length.

"I think I'd better go. I see that I am tiring you, Vera."

She was the silent one now. But her hands were fluttering, the fingers clasping and unclasping.

"This is our last meeting on earth," she said to herself. "I shall never see him again! Tomorrow I shall be dead. Oh, please, please, just once! Surely, if you really loved me you would have the kindness to tell me so. . . . He doesn't love me. This is the end." To him she said, "Have you the package?"

"Yes, I have the package." He patted his bulging breast pocket and tried very hard to smile.

"Open it at twelve o'clock tomorrow." She would be on the operating table by that time.

He nodded. "Good luck!"

"Good-by." Her hand went out to him and she raised the long dark lashes.

He could not refuse the hand; he could not avoid the gaze. There was that in her look which annihilated scientific thought and common sense. And with the feel of her small vibrant hand in his large strong one, the vital currents between their hearts brought forth the words he had sworn he would never utter: "I love you. Oh, I love you so! I think you know that."

It was the first time he had said such things to any woman, and he said them like a boy. His low voice shook. Color came to her pale face and the gladness and glory of life filled her eyes. She was loved by the man she loved.



"Jerome, Will You Give Me a Job—Here in Your Laboratory?"

"Oh, thank you," she said, her eyes still upon his; and she added, "It is good to know. I think I have loved you since that first day. Did you know that, Jerome?"

"No, I didn't know that."

They were not to have each other; there was no hope of it now. And yet love could make them happy enough to smile at death.

How could science explain that?

"I am sorry I did this, Vera."

"I am glad, Jerome."

"I'll go now."

"Good-by."

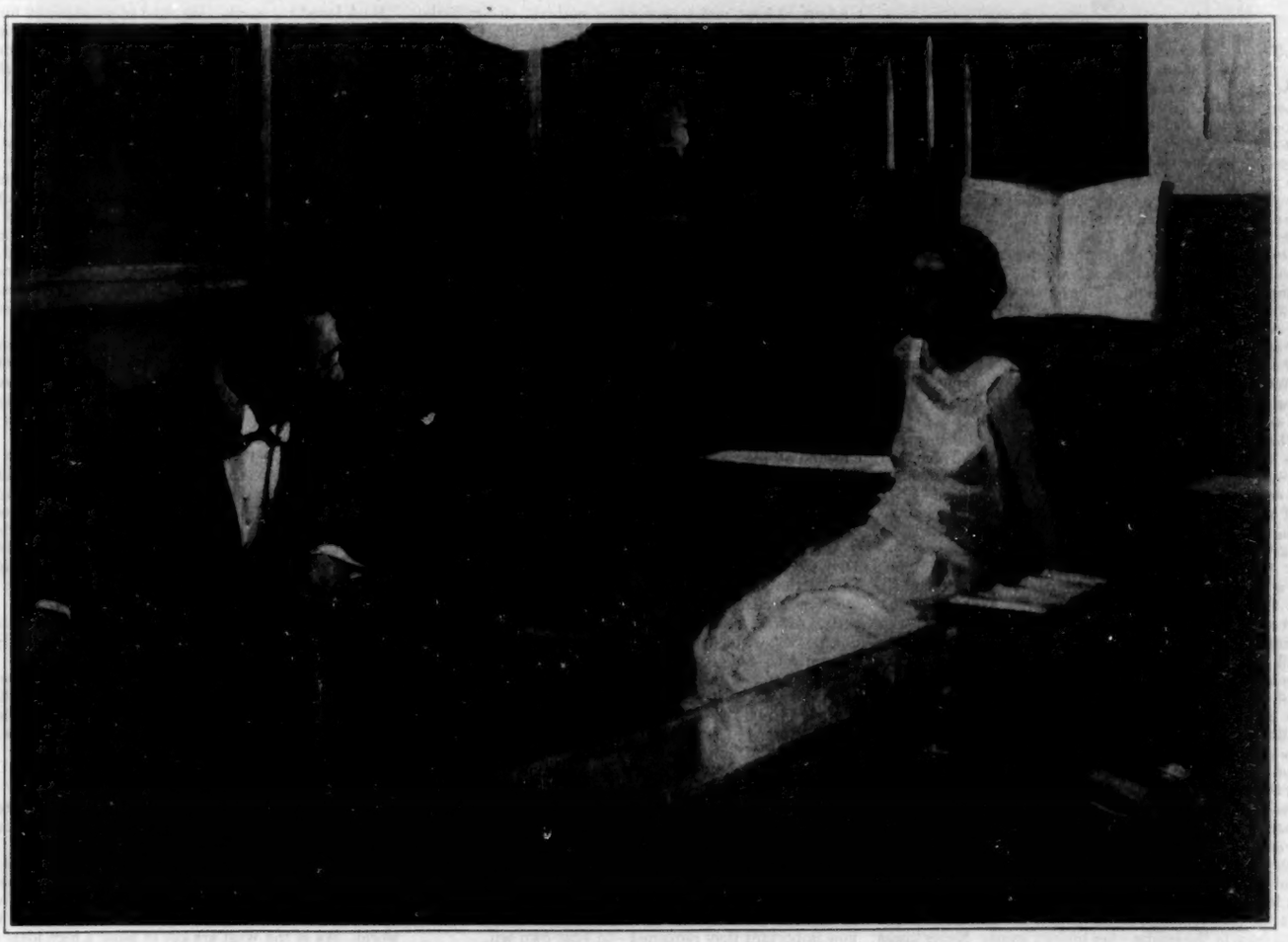
Then he left her, and common sense with scientific knowledge came back to him.

"I have killed the woman I love," he said.

"You mustn't mind what I say in this letter, because when you read it I shall be dead, my dear. May I call you 'my dear'? You see, I never had a chance to call you that in life, and death makes me bold. I love you, Jerome. Did you know that? I wonder. But you won't laugh, for you were always kind.

"At Doctor Putnam's office he and you were so considerately casual. But I know why now. A cyst in the medulla. William let me know. Don't think badly of my husband. He knew I was no coward and I preferred to

(Continued on Page 97)



"Vera, I Apologize for What I Said to You and am Willing to Forgive What You've Done."

WESTERN STUFF

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS



Some Little Flappers Passing Made Open Fun of Her

ALTHOUGH it was five minutes to two and the man from the Sunday Tribune due on the hour, Verena Dayson, the rodeo queen, still lay face down upon her bed, just as she had flung herself in a straight head-to-toe line, the way a stick is thrown, when she had come into the room ten minutes before, slamming the door so violently the water bottle and glass on the dresser clicked their heels in salute, the pens on the enameled desk leaped in their glass sockets, the wastebasket fell over and the Princesse de Lamballe, in pastel colors on the wall, assumed an angle of forty degrees.

Into her pillow had dived the rodeo queen with the muscular plunge and address of one of the Bar-K boys bulldogging a Texas yearling. The pillow hadn't a chance. But directly it was thrown and subjected, it ceased to be a steer and became a comforting mother in whose relaxing embrace the queen had now for some time been uttering what she would have described as some wild coyote howls.

"Wrong! Wrong! Wrong!" she lay weeping. "All wrong from A to Zed! What am I going to do now—and how am I going to do it?"

Whatever emotion she expressed would probably not have been lightened had she overheard Mr. Blivens, the city editor, handing out an assignment some twenty minutes earlier.

"I want you," said Mr. Blivens, addressing one of those young minions of his who snapped like rubber bands, in any given direction, "to go down to the McAlpin and interview this rope-and-riding woman, Mrs. Buck Dayson, who's been here all week with the Dayson outfit on their way back to the West from Wembley. They're off the front page now, but what I want is a feature article for the woman's section, from the woman's viewpoint. I understand Buck Dayson and his wife never peel off any inside dope like this—that it's all cooked up, what the public gets. 'Bout as easy to catch 'em off guard as squeezing blood from a turnip.

"But I've got a line that Mrs. Dayson'll talk. There's some kind of new policy on, I guess. Buck Dayson makes all his own contracts, and has always handled publicity; but I hear this Sennay woman who did the publicity for the movie actress, Blanche Markhouse—that spectacular kidnaping of hers—has persuaded him that her services are valuable and is going to work for his show. Any stuff that Violet Sennay might offer is distinctly what we do not want. Slide to it, and catch the lady off first, before Sennay gets in her divine touch. The hour is two. Remember, she's the real rope-and-riding goods, the genuine cowgirl queen born in the saddle—her lifelong game. Never kisses a cow under a thousand dollars. Still, she must have a human side. Anyhow, go tackle her. She's about as big as a minute, I hear, and is probably a leathery, stringy little piece of dried beef. But you can dress her up. Call the stuff Jelly Bags and Saddle Bags if you like, or a Cowgirl Madonna—there are some kids in the offing. Anyway, slide."

"I'll slide," said the minion. His name was Stanley Dark.

He was sliding now, coming slowly up in the hydraulic elevator to the cream-enamel-and-pink-brocade apartment occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Buck Dayson on their short vacation in New York, en route from France and England to the great uncharted spaces.

Mr. Dark's announcement of himself by phone had driven Verena from her recumbent position. One glance at her wrist watch, one final yip of misery and she began preparing to receive him. You don't live a life dependent on schedule, on the call boy's summons, without learning to conceal a carking secret sorrow, however terrible.

She saw that she would require some camouflage. Her hat, bought earlier in the morning in New York's Rue de la Paix on Fifty-seventh Street, was mangled; her face a mass of sodden blobs. She straightened her small frankly sun-tanned visage, dusted it with powder, adding a little hasty writing on her lips from a newly procured gold pencil—and at once erased this.

"What's the use?" she sighed. "It only makes me look like a sugared cruller trimmed with currant jelly. I always feel, anyhow, like a fresh-branded steer when I clap the red-hot iron on me."

And realizing that she had an extra minute before Mr. Dark would report, she went and stood by the open window and let the May air blow in on her hot cheeks.

Below, she could see New York if she craned and bent a little. Above, a narrow panel of pale insipid blue; lower down, vast plunging levels of architectural structure, colored with odd geometrical shafts of shifting gray-and-lavender light, with here and there a transverse plane of unobstructed yellow sun; and far, far below, a million teeming pygmy dark forms rushing on remote, ludicrous errands, foaming like disturbed ants, from Sixth Avenue and Broadway into Thirty-fourth Street. Into her ear poured the voice that is New York—a blend of horns, whistles, sirens, pounding feet, rumbling trucks, street calls, ambulances, fire signals, trolley bells, crashing Elevated, tube and Subway vibration of shaken earth, the architectonic response of vast buildings, keyed to various chords; a volume of sound in which a feminine crying spell amounted to nothing whatever; a heartless crowd in which one woman's heartache, purposes, acts, dwindled to nil. Yet it was funny, reflected Mrs. Buck Dayson, with a little sniffle, how important they remained—to your own self.

Recalled, she tore her eyes away from New York and picked up an oblong black hand bag from her dresser, opened it and drew out a worn and creased paper from one side. It was a draft of a fictitious newspaper interview. Buck had prepared it for her a year ago, in case she should be beset.

Buck never allowed her to give out interviews. He attended to this himself, just as he looked after the business end of the whole game so competently—or had before his mind had softened in this strange new way. He had given her this paper right after Wembley—prepared very carefully, based on his own experiences and idea of expediency. Buck was good at this, and thorough, as he was in everything. He had worked it out carefully—helped by a man they had met in London and played round with a lot; a Major Niles, with a handsome black mustache—dyed, Buck declared—who had been in oil, he claimed, and certainly a lot of it had stuck to his manner; and who, being a fellow American, given to sprightly red ties and a marvelous vocabulary, had dogged Buck's heels considerably—or until he had got fifty dollars off Buck. It was the vocabulary that made Buck patient.

Years ago, before they were married, Buck was known as the educated cowboy, and it was a fact that even now he was reading—though slowly—the Five-Foot Shelf. Buck loved big words. He liked to get them off himself, surprising people. It impressed them, combined with his tall dark good looks and careless out-of-doors virility. Take this word "hypothetical" that he had caught off Major Niles last year. Buck had gone crazy over it for a while, and used it everywhere.

Verena unfolded the yellow creased paper in her hand. Buck had had it ticked off by a typist at the Savoy.

"Hypothetical interview," she read, "between Mrs. Buck Dayson and hypothetical reporter from news daily."

"Carry it with you in case the write-up boys catch you when your papa ain't around, honey," Buck had said; "keep as near as you can to it. It may be a life preserver."

What Buck meant exactly was—for she had a good brain and a native shrewdness of her own—that it might preserve what he called the beans of privacy from being spilled. Buck had a fierce love of privacy, a staunch, almost savage desire for the preservation of their family sanctity.

"No use letting the public fondle the camp cots and the chuck wagon, honey. We've got a right to an unmolested family life. I'm a family man, and that's the way I want it. It's our work alone—our public stuff they got a right to know about. It's good enough too. Our work stands on its own."

It truly did. All through the West, all through those vast reaches where those—to Eastern ears—bewildering terms, "butte," "mesa," "alfalfa," "arroyos," "canyon," "cactus," "gulch," and the like, forgather, a region the most conservative Cape Cod citizen will admit holds connoisseurs in these matters, the Daysons, known friendlywise as Buck and Verena, were famed in rodeos, stampedes, frontier days, as two of the ridingest kids that ever came out of Lochinvar's country.

Spectacular of achievement! What need had they of undue intimacy with an inquisitive public? Hence Buck's cautious hypothetical interview.

"Remember, honey, the boys mostly begin on the same question. If you hand it all back pat and copious, fill 'em up pretty good with what I'm told they call a stickful of talk, mebbe they won't have any room left for the other stuff."

Verena read:

HYPOTHETICAL REPORTER: Mrs. Dayson, what are your impressions of London? Paris? New York?—as the case may be.

MRS. DAYSON: My impression of London, Paris, New York—as the case may be—is that it is one of the largest, most remarkable cities I have ever visited. In fact, I think one of the largest, most remarkable cities in the world. We of the West are apt to build a high ideal of the great cities of the world, and my experience has been no different. But I was agreeably surprised in what I have found.

Your city impresses me as attractive, unusual and filled with interesting sights. It is one of the most interesting places I have ever seen. I am delighted to be in your midst.

HYPOTHETICAL REPORTER: Mrs. Dayson, what is your impression of our people here in London? Paris? New York?—as the case may be.

MRS. DAYSON: It is almost too soon to digest and coordinate my impressions of the many types I have seen here in London, Paris, New York—as the case may be—but I can truly say that I find your street crowds remarkable and very interesting. Your men impress me with their manner, your women have a way that is all their own. I find them all interesting. I am delighted to be in their midst. *(To be added if just leaving country, for Buck had not forgotten the princes who shook his hand at Wembley):* Individually, I cannot express too highly my pleasure in meeting your leading people here. I found their Royal Highnesses, Poincaré, Mayor Hylan—as the case may be—most simple and unaffected in their interest in the work we are doing. I have been received most graciously. I was delighted to be in their midst.

HYPOTHETICAL REPORTER: Mrs. Dayson, what are your own impressions of the Far West which you have left behind you?

MRS. DAYSON: The Far West is not what it once was. Modern progress, with its hydraulic engineering, our wonderful mechanical improvements, the mighty strides we have made in the elimination of time and space, have obliterated those earlier, ruder practices that tradition knows as the Wild West. The amelioration of those primitive conditions which fostered the practices and acts of the pioneer settlers and early cattlemen naturally affected it. Yet that this tradition still exists, if only in a hypothetical state, is attested by our own work here in your midst ——

"The hell!" Verena choked suddenly.

The word would have cost her just one dollar's fine off her weekly increment if Buck Dayson had heard it, with his strict ideals of womanly purity of language and ladylike behavior. Only, of course, now Buck was not here to hear it. He usually wasn't—not since his mind had begun to soften.

There was a tap on the sitting-room door. Verena tore the hypothetical interview in two.

"Buck Dayson," she cried, "I won't pay any attention! You've gone your way—and I'm going mine. I don't know where the trail leads, but I guess it points, first off, to this reporter boy."

II

EVEN without a hypothetical interview to guide us, most of us would agree with Mrs. Dayson that the West is not what it once was. The coming of barbed wire, irrigation, good roads and automobiles has altered it forever. Most of us, of the East, have been out—in the last-named—to have a look at what is left, and we think we know. Where the two-gun he-men of an earlier, hairier era, mixed in over their bald-face whisky, where the pallid glassy-cheeked dealer in faro took his guilty profits in the red-blooded dives of sin in the primitive settlements, there stands now rank upon rank of stucco apartment houses like magnificent layer cakes, with at least one five-tube heterodyne and one pair of golf pants per layer.

But there still are three strongholds of the old tradition. Hollywood—where men still are men—where it's better to smile when you say it, where virility still snatches virtue from the arms of villainy and bad men get their just deserts from diamond-back rattler or a poisoned pool as they make a last crawl on their misguided bellies across an equally bad land; dude ranches, where the West is organized as a pattern for Eastern education; and the famous rope-and-riding outfits that follow the line of the big rodeos and stampedes from Calgary to the Mexican border as the season alters, and who conserve the brilliant art of the older days at its best.

All this was well known to Mr. Stanley Dark as he rode up pensively on the hydraulic-pressure elevator to see Mrs. Dayson, and it bored him a great deal. He had a poor opinion of this Wild West stuff, anyhow. His interests lay much deeper. Although he was a hard-working commonplace young reporter outwardly, he led his own magnificent interior life like a great many of us, and with him it was an affair of strong and primal values only. The superficial aspects of life did not intrigue him, although he now secured a living by interviews for the Sunday supplement.

An aldermanic meeting, the opening of a garbage-disposal plant or the inspecting of a drowned babe in the morgue—he made his bread by this; but what interested him really was, briefly, human passion; primitive feeling as it works itself out in an inexorable track.

He had in fact just sent in to a competition a little one-act drama of human passions called Lust Below the Willows, and he had it in mind to do shortly a subjective poetic tragedy bearing on the early love-life and frustrations of Shakspere's three Weird Sisters, and the emotional states that had reduced them to the condition in which the Bard was able to use them for his purpose. He was a very wise young man, the son of a minister in a little town called Coshecton, with a widowed mother and two young sisters he adored; but he was very modern, which is why the West bored him. He knew that muscular activity, sunlight and ozone are inimical to the subjective emotional states he so admired.

As he tapped on Verena Dayson's door, he took off his hat and sighed, under the pressure of his expectation and boredom. He knew what to expect from Mr. Blivens' little leathery piece of dried beef. She would be all that; and she would wear a badly made divided skirt, vaquero's boots, a white lingerie shirt waist, a green or magenta-colored neckerchief, a bead necklace, and perhaps a sugar-loaf hat.

But as the door opened, he was startled to see none of this. He was looking at one of the prettiest little girls imaginable; twenty two or three at most, with a tiny, sturdy, but graceful figure. Above this looked back at

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A Man's Figure, Neatly Triced Yet Compellingly Drawn at the Horn of a Saddle by a Small Gray Amazon, Was Clearly Realised

LOW TIDE IN POLITICS

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

ANY discriminating and cautious observer in Washington, desiring to report dangers to those who still remain interested in the fate of the Republic, must say that today we are enjoying the tranquillity—somewhat efficient—of a political sleeping powder.

We are approaching, as this winter has shown, all the advantages and all the possible menaces of a one-party system.

In Europe, in the period since the war, there has been a marked tendency toward multi-party chaos, dissension, government by talk, looting by organized minorities. Our own democracy, within a few years, has turned from high blood pressure to a pressure so low that a kind of political lethargy has settled upon us. While in Europe old and new democracies have been composed of futile groups trying to scratch one another's eyes out and then combining to scratch out a ruling administration or knock down a ministry, we have suddenly come into the quiet of a political Sargasso. The sun shines, we enjoy the narcotic of prosperity and perhaps threaten our political system, because the last thing we think of today is scratching one another's eyes out.

Worse than that, we are astounded to find that we have nothing about which any eye scratching can go on.

One who has been in Washington all winter looking for issues cannot find any more.

The Democrats have been looking for issues; they cannot find them.

We have reached an unparalleled political low tide. The sea is calm and even oily. Hardly a ripple disturbs the line of our political low-water mark.



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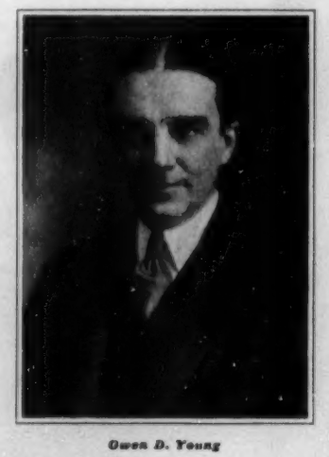
Senator George H. Moses at His Desk. George A. Sanderson Standing Beside Him

Too Much Political Close Harmony

WE ARE, nationally, short of politics, bereft of politics, out of politics. No one has ever heard or seen such a thing! Politically, we are anæmic; politically, we are in a state of prostration; politically, we are bled white. There isn't any politics. No one ever heard of such a thing before in the United States. In Europe, the organized minorities fight over meatless bones; our bones are covered with meat and there is not the slightest dispute about them. It is an alarming miracle. We have been drifting toward it. This winter's congressional session indicates that we have arrived.

Coolidge wanted tax reduction; the Democrats wanted more. The World Court fiasco brought into the light the fact that all the dissension was between Republicans and Democrats as to which could cut off the most fingers and thumbs, toes and ears of a proposal of which both Democrats and Republicans blushingly claimed mammahood. The two parties keep their pledges—more or less—but they keep them together, humming the same tunes and romping hand in hand. Hate and love have been allowed a gorgeous merger. No conference of disarmament has ever equaled this political year. The weapons have all disappeared; the snarling at one another is by political bowmen who have no arrows in their quivers. No one reads political news; there is none. Fracas is ended. The bludgeon of yesteryear has become a slapstick, and the slapstick is laid aside to throw confetti at one another. Even the Republican leadership is put to it to answer the pleading of congressmen and senators: "What shall we do now? What shall we play?" There being no answer, the party is over, and the middle of May may see all the lights turned out and utter quiet in our national political house.

Someone asks why only 50 per cent of our voters go to the polls. We are approaching the point where, unwholesome as it is, John Jones, of Detroit or Bismarck, may be asked to cast one vote for a non-partisan Government of the United States. We have come alarmingly close to a joint convention to nominate a President. We have come close to a situation wherein the President nominated, whether he be a Coolidge or a Davis, would be put to it to find an issue. Coolidge has had only one year of his own Administration and even he is scratching his head and looking around the horizon for an issue. There are some clouds—such as farmers' discontent, a wisp of tariff, a bit of League of Nation smoke, a nebula of uncontrolled high finance and some proposed investigations—but there is no apparent national issue, an issue for campaigning purposes. Good administration of the Government is about the only issue left, and all the angels know that neither of our parties will write into its platform that it is for bad administration of the Government.



Owen D. Young

Therefore when a Congress, with nothing left to talk about—at least that anyone wants to talk about—smugly hears the benediction, probably before the Maypoles are down, the individual members of House and Senate, particularly those who are coming up for election, will gallop home, and to a large extent will fix up their fences with their own individual pliers. Here and there will be a single figure, like that of Senator McKinley, of Illinois, who will have to explain why he voted for the World Court and who will restrain the impulse to say, "I wish I hadn't"; but in the main, so far as I can see, the average congressional figure will be forced to talk in this manner:

"The party of our ancestors has always stood for what is right, and still stands with a face of flint for what is right. What is right is right. We are on the side of right and have met our opponent—conceding, as fair men should, that righteousness still must be recognized wherever it is found and by whoever finds it, no matter who finds it first. We have been doing the nation's business and it is right to do the nation's business. If Jefferson and Hamilton, Cleveland, Blaine, Lincoln and McKinley were alive today, they would say we were following the great principles of doing what was right. And furthermore I stand on this fundamental ground in this campaign—I hope you like my face."

The great canvas of the present political picture shows a kind of fraternizing going on between the camps of the parties, and whenever a little group is seen growling like strange bulldogs at another group, it is a good guess that both groups are enlisted under one of the great banners of party unity and harmony—either Democrat or Republican.

"On the one hand," says a senator with a sense of humor, "are the Republican radicals, with the aromas of the wheat fields and protest clinging to their garments like a fading perfume; and on the other the well-fed regulars, giving forth the attar of roses of the financial interests and of prosperous complacency. And then again, on the one side are the Democratic conservatives from the South—apostles of high tariff, conservatism and prohibition—set over against the liberal Democrats of the North, who are wet and wild and for revenue only."

The situation is wholly harmonious—and utterly confused.

No More Giants

IN JUST such situations Federal patronage counts for much. Republican members of Congress and senators go to the White House and come away licking their chops; and wondrous to relate, Democratic senators and congressmen come away from the White House wiping their mouths on smaller but none the less obvious napkins. When there are no issues, there are no parties. A low, quiet symphony is being played while individual politicians go to the service of the patronage buffet.

Consequently there is no attempt to rush the oysters, the cold ham or the salad en masse under any distinguished leadership. Distinguished leadership in Congress is as dead as an old azalea, as blossomless as a rat tail planted in the garden. How can leadership be spoken of in terms of leadership by a leader of his own political fortunes only? Distinguished leadership is no longer at a premium; it is at a disadvantage. On top of this, the direct primary as a means of selecting senators has been the hope of many of us and the disillusionment of more. The old machines of politics, iniquitous and reprehensible, had a kind of responsibility. They had an investment in responsibility. They

dared not risk that investment in irresponsibles. They chose men by caucus methods, and sometimes the deck was stacked, but the men they chose were sizable men; now it is money or megaphone which chooses the men, and neither oratory nor campaign-fund expenditure produces much quality. It does sometimes; not often. The idea that the people choose a wealthy veterinary or automobile-part manufacturer or retired grocer who labels himself dirt farmer has a good deal of nonsense in it. Such men choose themselves. Alas, they are not even selected by a wicked and somewhat responsible political machine; they merely attach themselves to it. While patronage is forthcoming, they are loyal and anæsthetized, but when they are allowed to wilt they become insurgent and go off the party range. But even as insurrectos, they are timid.

A Word-Weary World

IN THE old days of insurgency there was a virile principle behind insurgency. It was virile because it arose from personal ability and had a pungent honesty and freedom which, for instance, in the Senate today can be found in only a handful. There are still a few stalwart dissenters left, but there is no such debater as Dolliver, no such advocate as Beveridge, no such isolated, bitter persister as La Follette—not even a Poindexter, or an Albert Cummins as he used to be. There is no Bristow. Except for Borah, Reed of Missouri, Johnson and Moses, the single-handers have all gone, and those who opposed them are gone too. Aldrich, the learned; Crane, the egg-treader; Penrose, the rough-barked, have no real parallels in the setting of the present scene.

The congressional fight—lowers and uppers—has come down to platooned political power, and mere whipped-in numbers, often nonpartisan and purely opportunist. We have lost the congressional color which entertained and entranced the country with merry jousts and great dreams. The old debates—worthy debates when steel struck fire on steel—have gone. Who reads debates now? Congress, so far as spiritual quality goes, is almost bone dry. There is no thrill in it. There is no clash. The alignments of the line look more like those of a dinner-party seating list than those of a battle. There is no battle. Party labels are mere labels. Why should we expect real warriors when there is no real war?

What accounts for this metamorphosis of Congress from two stirring legislative bodies to a rather efficient and colorless machine, devoting its attention in the main to transacting necessary business?

The first answer is that the whole world has turned from a plethoric dose of conceiving progress. Progress conceived which cannot be produced is now a drug on the world's market. The Old World has gone panting up too many blind alleys. Frantic and impoverished peoples may be led up blind alleys and are almost always led up blind alleys—just as even some of our great Americans led them up blind alleys till their eyes rolled and their feet slipped from under them. But prosperous and temporarily despiritualized peoples do not want to be led anywhere. What's all the talking for? It is only at the top or at the bottom of prosperity that men seek the word of God, or indeed the word of inspired men, or indeed the word of anybody.

The world is tired of words; we are more tired than even those who have suffered the most from mere words—the Europeans and the Orientals.

"We began by being a republic," said an old member of the House. "Then we degenerated into a democracy. In our first state the theory was that men were chosen to represent us because they were more fit than the average of us to decide, to judge freely and in a true representative sense. In our second state we made our representatives messenger boys, always looking over their shoulders to get a signal from their constituencies. But now we are passing into a lethargic political life when the representative is no longer a messenger boy. Not because he is the old-fashioned representative who exercises his own judgment. Oh, no! It is merely because the electorate has run out of messages."

The second answer is that we have no present taste for change. Things are good enough to let alone. Any man in the Senate or House who will not let things alone is damned by the press as an obstructionist, a Zulu, an outlander. If he attempts to bring us ill tidings or snatch a mask from the face of an undoubted new growth of special privilege, he is inundated by a tide of artificially stimulated disapproval. The man or woman of the great mass is not much taken in by the attack made upon him. In fact, the odor of the sulphur spring arises from the morning newspaper and the radio which blasts him. But what of it—just now? Let us store up the storm. It will come with the clouds and the rain. Why speak of storm to the millions while the sunlight gorges the pay envelopes? To address them in their limousines is an impropriety. Only those who plod in the mud listen to the apostles of change.



PHOTOG. COPYRIGHT BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Senator William B. McKinley, of Illinois, Holding a Gavel Made From Part of the Sills of the Old Lincoln Home

The third answer is that, being tired of words, we have allowed our representative system to degenerate so that its words are no longer interesting—they come from feeble mouths, they emerge from timid lips, they evaporate from inadequacy. In the main, talk is unpopular, trick plays are unpopular, and naturally enough there are fewer and fewer men of earning capacity or great ability who will willingly accept a congressman's or a senator's salary of ten thousand dollars to keep in line and suffer the pain of keeping silent. Mere obedience to party whips is not stimulating.

There has begun to dawn upon the man who hungers to make his individual congressional record distinguished, a realization that the floor of either chamber is not the place to put forth the blossoms of ideas or oratory. His sprouts appear in the Congressional Record and probably appear nowhere else. An invitation to speak before the Hash Club of Chicago at its annual banquet gives infinitely greater opportunity to stage a personality. The distinguished representative arrives in the city. He is interviewed for the afternoon papers. He appears at the banquet. He has the floor. No one arises to say, "Will the gentleman from Arkansas yield?" His own politeness is the only cloture rule upon his output. If he speaks in an auditorium, he is the commanding figure; he has no deranged coat from waving at a speaker for recognition, and he has a chance that the press next day will carry his remarks unchallenged by remarks from his opponents.



Senator James A. Reed, of Missouri

This and other forms of seeking for publicity—to keep in the public eye—are direct outgrowths of the days when issues are gone, when nonpartisan handling of nonpartisan measures is at hand, when men speak less for their party than for themselves, when the rolling phrases and the fruit and flowers of floor oratory woo so few to attention, when the press prefers to print comic strips rather than debates, when the colorful legislation of Congress is principally that which has to do with merely running the country rather than remaking any of it. The intense desire to keep in the public eye has led recently to an unprecedented practice—at least one senator, it is said, actually employs a personal press agent.

A Dull Show in Washington

APART of the evolution from a government by talk to a government of administration is seen in the type of legislation which goes through the congressional mill. The idea that Congress is an instrument to create change has yielded to the idea that Congress may be a good deal like a perfunctory board of directors of a corporation voting on the mere necessary routine to keep the corporation going. The year has seen little which has even the flavor of great legislative struggle on sizable national policies. There is no gold and silver conflict, no great drama of contest between liberal and conservative forces, little dust arises from the arena because any real lion of foreign policy endeavors to eat any national tradition. The World Court merely bit gently at our safety and was only important because the League of Nations' maw opened just behind it. On the other hand, tax reduction is, after all, routine business of the concern. So is the leasing of Muscle Shoals. So is most of the legislative program we have seen set forth. The short truth of the matter is that the legislative end of our Government has been a handmaiden to the administrative end. The factory has been kept going without any serious proposals to produce a new line of goods. Farmers' relief measures which propose that the Government exercise a paternal agency to market crops come nearer to something representing an overturn in policy in distinction from routine business than anything else, but even these proposals trip over one another.

"In the absence of great issues," says a veteran senator, "the organized minorities still whang away with their

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THE GLIB AND OILY ART



"I Thought It Was the Old Black One, Myself," Clemons Commented Idly. "But I Was Over in the Flat About an Hour After, and I See Him Over There"

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

YOUNG Ray Deemer came to the store that night, flushed and rebellious, looking with a gloomy eye upon the world; but no one remarked this, since no one ever paid any particular attention to Ray. He stopped at the window to get his paper and his mail—a postal card from his uncle in Winterport to his father—and then sat down in a chair a little withdrawn from the group about the hot-air register, and drew his cap over his eyes and listened moodily to the talk that went forward there. Under the brim of his cap he watched Andy Wattles, behind the candy counter; and if anyone had guessed the storm which shook the young man, he must also have perceived that Ray's first resentment was leveled at Andy.

Yet it was not likely that anyone would guess Ray's frame of mind. He was known as a calm young man with very little to say; a listener to other men, whether it were here in the store or abroad about the town. Ray was conscious of this rôle of listener; and he had before this found it irksome, had wished he might sometime have a tale to tell.

But nothing ever happened to him. If he caught a mess of trout they were few and small, not worth describing. If he killed a partridge or a duck, someone else had killed that same day three or four, dwarfing his small exploit. If he saw moose they were sure to be either calves or cows, and hence not worth recounting. So night after night he sat here and listened, swayed by unwilling admiration for these others whose adventures were so many, taunted by reluctant envy, silenced by his own sense of the unimportance of whatever he might say.

Again and again his chance of momentary eminence had come and gone. On this particular morning, for instance, Wat Clemons, the apple buyer, had stopped at his house to see Ray; and when the young man came out into the dooryard, Clemons asked:

"You see that old bull moose up in your orchard just as I drove up?"

Ray shook his head. "I was in the shed," he said regretfully, and turned that way. "There now, is he?"

"Made off when I come along," Clemons explained. He added, with some unction in his tones, "Guess it was the old black one. Say, he was a sight too!"

Ray felt a sick regret at the lost opportunity. This big bull known as the "old black one" had been seen but three or four times in a year past, and a glimpse of him was always notable. His stature was tremendous, his color almost ebony, his spread of horns beyond belief. Thus said those who had encountered the vast creature.

"Wish't I'd seen him," Ray confessed wistfully. "But I didn't happen to."

Clemons nodded and came to his business. "What are you figuring to get for your apples this year?" he asked, glancing toward the orchard on the rising ground north of the house.

"I ain't figured," Ray told him.

"I'm paying three, on the tree," Clemons said. "And pick 'em myself. Don't matter so much, where they're going to be canned. And you furnish the barrels."

"Barrels is sixty-five cents," Ray protested mildly. "I got to get more than that."

"I can get 'em for forty-five," Clemons argued, "down around Hope."

"You better furnish 'em, then," Ray told him; and Clemons hesitated, and then suggested that they walk up to the orchard and inspect the fruit.

On their way back to the house fifteen minutes later he said thoughtfully, "Ray, where'd you get that barrel of eating apples I got off of you last year? I'd rather have them than a McIntosh."

Ray answered readily: "Them are from a wild tree down in the woods. We usually figure to get a barrel or two and keep 'em."

"Bearing this year, is it?" Clemons asked; and Ray nodded.

"Be three-four barrel, I figure," he replied.

"Them are as good eating apples as I ever see," Clemons assured him; and by and by, having made his trade, the man drove away. Ray was to get three dollars, Clemons to furnish the barrels and pick the fruit; and Ray would help with the picking and throw in a barrel of the wild apples for Clemons himself.

That afternoon, an hour before sunset, the young man had gone up through the orchard to try for a partridge for Nellie Dunkin. She was teaching school in the village, boarding with Mrs. Jeff Cormis; and Ray flushed about the ears whenever he went past her house. A day or two ago he had met her in the road; and it happened that he had a gun in his hand, and she told him—they had met before, and she displayed a friendliness which he found disquieting and yet delightful—that she wished he would bring her a partridge some day.

He had this in mind tonight; and when he failed to put up a bird along the fringe of the orchard near the woods, he left the open land and turned into the young pine and hemlock growth where older apple trees were scattered here and there. Once or twice he flushed birds, and once tried a quick and futile shot; and so he came down through the wooded lands to the river. In a bit of mud beside the water he saw the track of a large deer; and a ten-inch bass jumped out of water near the farther bank; and a muskrat passed upstream, leaving an arrowlike ripple, diving now and then on business of his own. Ray had thought he might find ducks here, but there were none about, and he turned back in some disappointment toward the house.

It was on the homeward way that he passed the apple tree of which Clemons had spoken. As he approached it a partridge roared away, but it was by this time too dark to shoot. Ray contented himself with picking up half a dozen windfalls; and he stuffed them into his pockets, and ate one as he went along.

After supper, when he started to walk to the village through the moonlit night, he took two of these apples along, with some thought of giving them to Nellie; but when he approached the Cormis house his steps lagged. He turned at last into the yard, walking more and more slowly; and he came to a full stop ten feet from the kitchen door. Through one of the windows he could see Nellie and Mrs. Cormis in the lighted kitchen. Nellie was washing dishes, her round arms bare; and she was talking to Mrs. Cormis over her shoulder so that her profile was caught against the light, and Ray could see her laughing, and his heart surged. But even while his pulse rose his courage fell; and he was about to turn away when a car came along the road, and by his fear that he would be seen loitering here he was driven to go to the door and knock, and Nellie opened to him.

She saw his face in the lamplight; and she cried cheerfully, "Why, good evening, Ray. Come in."

"I didn't aim to," Ray explained. "I just brought you some eating apples." He began to fumble in his pockets with a haste somehow absurd, thrusting the apples into her hands.

"They're beauties, aren't they?" she exclaimed.

"I don't know if you'll like them," he told her. "If you did, I could bring you some more."

She bit into one of them, her white teeth gleaming against the red fruit, her eyes laughing into Ray's.

"M'm!" she approved. "It's delicious, isn't it?"

"I tried to get you a partridge tonight," Ray said lamely. "Put up three—four, but I couldn't seem to drop one of 'em."

"I'd much rather have the apples," she assured him; and he almost believed her, and was comforted till she added, "You see, I've already got a partridge. Andy Wattles sent one over this afternoon."

So his content was shattered again; and he hated Andy for being before him. He did not take into consideration the fact that Andy was married; that such gifts as this on his part were neighborliness and nothing more. Remembered only that Andy had anticipated the gift he himself wished to make; and his face burned red, and he said in a dull tone: "Oh!"

She had another bite of apple in her mouth; and he got out of the door.

"Well, I'll go along," he said.

"The apples are wonderful," she called after him; but he made no reply, stalking down to the road with a bearing full of dignity. And it was after such a day that he came to the store this night, morosely bitter against Andy Wattles and the world.

Johnny Dree had come in just before Ray; and Ray, obscure and inconspicuous, listened to what Johnny had to say. Johnny's orchard was perhaps the best in town; and it was certainly the best tended. He had been that day to Winterport, where there were half a dozen orchards of imposing extent, where the apple harvest was the high tide of the year.

"Walter Canders was up there," he said as Ray sat down; and Chet McAusland echoed:

"He was?"

Ray quickened to attention; but some of the others did not know who Canders was; and Gay Hunt put the question.

"Canders Brothers," Johnny Dree explained. "Biggest apple nursery in the country, I guess. Out in Kansas. I've got twenty Canders Honeydews up in my orchard. Grafted 'em on some old Ben Davis stock. About the best apple there is around here." His voice quickened; for Johnny was an enthusiast on this subject. "That tree that the Honeydew grafts come from, they found it on an old farm down in Kentucky," he said. "A wild apple it was. And they paid ten thousand dollars for it, they say."

At this arose some small chorus of exclamations. Ray started to speak, then held his tongue. He had read in one of the state bulletins of the purchase of this tree; the price, he remembered quite definitely, was five thousand dollars, not ten. He puzzled over this discrepancy, wondering about it. Johnny Dree must know; he made it his business to know about such things. Yet he was certainly wrong now.

Ray was still puzzling over this when Johnny presently left to go home, and the talk turned, as it usually did, to moose, and deer, and other game. Andy Wattles, since day by day he drove Will Bissell's team about the lonely back roads of the town, was more likely than any other individual to see the wild things; night after night he reported in the store having encountered moose or deer. Tonight proved to be no exception.

"Saw the old black one this morning," he said when someone asked him the question.

Ray's interest quickened; and Chet McAusland asked, "Where'bouts?" He added in a protesting tone, "I never have seen a wild moose around here, and I've lived here twenty year and better."

"Over to the flat," Andy explained. "Up past the Aclund place. I went over that way this morning."

Jim Saladine, who had married Louise Aclund, no longer came so regularly to the store in the evenings; but he was here tonight and he said at this:

"I was down to Aclund's this morning. What time was it, Andy?"

Andy considered. "Long about nine or a few minutes past," he replied.

At ordinary times Ray would have received this in a frame of mind not at all analytical. He was never inclined to incredulity. But his day had worked him to such a point of resentment against Andy that he was ready to believe any ill of that young man; and he remembered now with a startling accuracy that it was within a few minutes before nine o'clock when Clemons came to his farm, and Clemons had seen the old black one in the orchard as he arrived. The flat where Andy claimed to have seen the same animal at about the same time was three miles or more away, across the river, and across the swamp.

Ray's thoughts fixed upon this point and clung to it, and his world whirled about him. He shivered with the birth of an idea new to him—the idea that Andy was lying.

The shock of this discovery to Ray was tremendous. He had always assumed, without question, that men were truthful as he himself was truthful. It never occurred to him to lie about small things; never occurred to him when he came upon a moose track in his pasture, to report that he had seen the animal itself. Only once or twice had he seen moose; yet other men saw them, or claimed to have seen them, day after day. Andy Wattles more often than any other. But Andy was certainly lying now; he might have lied before.

Like a ray of light through his perplexity, a phrase of Johnny Dree's returned to him. "Paid ten thousand dollars for it, they say." Ray knew the actual price had been only half that amount, yet it had not occurred to him that Johnny was lying. Till now. . . .

His world was in confusion; his cosmos was chaos; and for a little while, sitting there silently behind the stove, Ray was the scene of a tremendous revolution. Scenes and incidents flashed before his eyes. . . . He was like a boxer in the moment after receiving a blow upon the chin. But abruptly his senses cleared, things settled miraculously into their places, puzzles were solved. It was as though the fact that Andy Wattles was a liar was a key to unlock many doors, hitherto long closed. Andy was lying, and if Andy were lying ——

His inattentive ears caught a phrase from the conversation that went forward about him. Gay Hunt was talking.

"Put three of them out of an apple tree, and nailed two," he declared. "And then I followed up the third one and got him too."

Jim Saladine said slowly, "I've gunned a good many years, but I never got more'n one or two doubles on pa'tridge."

Ray grinned under the brim of his cap, recognizing the incredulity in Saladine's tones. So many things were clear to him now. It had always seemed mysterious that other men were perpetually successful, killing birds, catching fish, getting a high price for apples or for hay. . . .

"I got four this aft'noon," said Andy. "Took a pair of them over to the school-teacher."

Ray felt the bitterness of anger stirring hot within him. Nellie herself had said that Andy brought only one bird. Andy was lying; no least doubt of that. And if Andy, then all the others too. Gay Hunt, whose tales had a fanciful originality; Chet McAusland, fisherman at large; Jim Saladine, whose intellectual superiority made him a pre-eminent and dominating figure in these groups around the register; Luke Hills; and big Joe Race, an arrant boaster; and George Freeland, and the rest of them. They were

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He Had, Some Time Later, His Hour of Confession to Nellie; Told Her the Tale of His Mendacities

AS WIDE AS A BARN DOOR

By LUCIAN CARY

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY



There Was Another Silence. Hilda Broke It. She Got Up and Rearranged the Logs in the Fireplace. "Something's Really the Matter," She Said, Turning Around

MICHAEL'S first thought was that it would be better to die. He was sitting, stripped to the waist, in one of those fearsome immaculate rooms, furnished in plate glass and white porcelain and glittering steel, that doctors affect. The doctor had been listening to Michael's heart both before and after he had hopped around the room on one foot. Michael had sat down in a chair of white-enameled iron to hear the verdict.

The doctor glanced at Michael as if he were a mechanism that had gone wrong in a slightly annoying but familiar way. The doctor did not see that the boy was beautifully built, that already, at sixteen, he had the lean lithe power of his brother Larry, who had been an All-American end and had won the intercollegiate tennis championship besides.

Michael looked at the doctor with a certain disdain. The doctor was a big man, but fat; so fat that his eyes were almost hidden in soft folds of flesh; so fat that he could not lean over to use the stethoscope without puffing. Michael pictured the doctor in the act of tucking a football under his arm and starting through a broken field with it; or running back to smash a lob on the tennis court. Such a man couldn't run. The idea of his trying to run was ludicrous.

"Do you run up and down stairs?" the doctor asked.

"Of course," Michael said.

"Don't do it," the doctor wheezed. "Your heart won't stand it."

"What about football?"

The doctor blinked his astonishment at such a question.

"Tennis?" Michael asked.

"No," the doctor said. "Croquet possibly. But not golf or tennis. No running. No lifting. No dancing."

He looked at Michael out of his little, blinking, fat-enfolded eyes. He did not realize what the things he had said meant to the young brother of Larry Williams. But he saw that the boy's face was white.

"If you take care of yourself and never put any strain on your heart," he wheezed, "there's no reason why you shouldn't live as long as anybody. But if you aren't careful you'll die."

Michael stood up. He couldn't take it sitting down. He walked nervously back and forth across the room.

"You mean I can't play games at all?"

"Not active games."

"Never?"

The doctor shook his head impatiently.

"Not in my opinion," he said. "You might come back in six months for another examination."

Michael put on his clothes and found his way to the street. It was Park Avenue. He walked slowly toward the Grand Central. It was eleven o'clock. He could catch the 11:16 train for Deep Harbor and be home in time for lunch. He did not want to meet the family at lunch. He did not want to tell them what the specialist had said. They didn't know he had collapsed running the quarter at school. They hadn't a notion anything was the matter with him. There had never been anything the matter with a Williams except an occasional broken bone. On Monday he would have to go back to school and tell the coach he wouldn't be out for tennis this spring after all.

He went down into the station and bought his ticket and sat in the waiting room while the 11:16 left. He was afraid if he went home and told the family at lunch, he would burst into tears. The next train left at half-past twelve and didn't get to Deep Harbor till after two. He would be late for lunch. He might dodge everybody till dinnertime. That would give him time to get hold of himself.

Michael sat looking out of the window in the train, looking out at the bare March trees and trying to think how he would tell his mother and father. His mother would mind more than his father would. She was extraordinarily young to be the mother of Larry, and full of life. She still loved to dance. She would be very gentle with her younger son, because she would find it so hard to forgive him for having a bad heart.

She had loved going to the big games when Larry was in college, and watching him play. She always read all the Sunday papers the next day. She read out loud the paragraphs about that "faultless end rush," "that inescapable barrier," that "man who never failed to nail the runner"—Larry Williams. And then, sitting on the arm of his father's chair, she studied the pictures. The news photographers made a point of catching Larry in action, usually in the act of going through the air like a torpedo, his arms locked around the knees of the invading runner. But the picture of Larry she liked best of all was the one showing him as he smashed a lob on the day he had won the intercollegiate tennis championship. She had managed to get the original of that. It had stood ever since in a silver frame on her dressing table—a tall young man in white flannels killing a tennis ball with the speed and power of a young tiger.

His father had been proud of Larry too. But his father was a bit of a highbrow. Not, of course, in any objectionable way. He liked books. He wished that Larry would occasionally read a book. He wished that Larry didn't require to be tutored so continuously in order to pass his courses in college. He wished that Larry had more brains, by which he did not mean football brains. Larry had that sort. But his father had foreseen what would happen to Larry when he got out of college. Larry was doing well enough in the bond business, but he hadn't yet got over the awful silence that had fallen on his name the moment he had got his degree. He had tried to come back at tennis, but he had found he couldn't hold his place in the game and his job in Broad Street at the same time. He had had to give up tournament tennis. But his name was still glorious in school and college.

Michael had played quarter on the school team this last fall. He could run the hundred in ten and three-fifths. He could kick. The coach had said he was learning to drive a team as hard as it has to be driven if it is going to win. And he knew more tennis already than Larry had known when he went up to college.

Now all that was out, done, finished. He had the build for it and the love of it, but his heart wouldn't stand it. His chance of being such another as Larry was gone. He was a cripple. That word for it almost brought the tears. He would rather die than be a cripple. He would rather die than have anybody know that he was a cripple. He couldn't tell them. He wouldn't tell them. He wouldn't tell anybody in the world, not even Hilda.

II

THE house was empty when he got in, except for the servants. He wandered from room to room, assuring himself that nobody was at home and all the time wanting to talk to somebody. He sat for a long time in a big chair in the library, going round and round the same circle of thought that had occupied him in the train. He got up and hunted for a book. He stood in front of the shelves and examined each successive title. Where there were so many books there ought to be one that would be interesting to him. He found nothing. He shuffled over the magazines on the table. None of them would do. He picked up a thin volume by a man named W. E. Henley. It was poetry. He leafed through it. Suddenly, out of the middle of a page, two lines leaped at him:

Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Michael sat down and read the poem through. He read it through again and again until he knew it by heart. His purpose hardened. He wouldn't tell them.

He was still reading the book when his father came in.

"Hello," his father said. "Reading?"

"Yes," Michael answered.

His father went upstairs to dress for dinner. Michael put the book away and sat saying the verses over under his breath, saying:

"I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul."

He wondered how he would get through dinner. But it appeared they were going out to dinner. He dined all by himself when they had gone. He went up to his own room afterward, but it reminded him too much of the boy he had been and could not be again. He went back to the library and read the poem again, making sure he had got it right. There was just nothing to do.

He would have to call up Hilda. He realized he had been planning to call up Hilda all the time. Or else just go over there. It would be better to call up. She might not be alone. He sat down at his father's writing table and picked up the telephone.

"Hello," said Hilda's voice at last.

"Hello," Michael said. "Are you alone?"

"No," Hilda said.

"Elsie?" he asked.

"Yes," Hilda said.

"Lose her—will you?"

"Half an hour?" Hilda asked.

"All right," Michael agreed.

He hung up the telephone. He was pleased to be able thus briefly to communicate with Hilda, and to know that she would do what she said she would do. They ignored each other for long periods. But each counted on the other when anything really mattered. He speculated idly on how Hilda would manage to get rid of Elsie, without telling her that she wanted to see Michael alone.

He waited twenty-five minutes by the clock and walked down the road to Hilda's. It was an old-fashioned house of shingles, low and broad, in a thicket of trees and shrubbery. As he came opposite he could see Hilda in the lighted doorway, saying good-by to Elsie. Michael slipped into the shadow of a fir tree and watched. Hilda was a tall girl with a head of blond curls. She had something more than any other girl. She was so much quicker. You didn't have to explain everything when you talked to her. Elsie said good-by for the third time and turned to come down the walk. Michael slipped around the fir tree, waited till Elsie had passed, and walked across the lawn to the porch at the end of the living room. He heard the front door slam. He waited a moment and whistled. He could see Hilda coming down the dim living room to one of the French windows that opened on the porch.

"Hello," Michael said.

"Hello," Hilda said.

There was a fire in the fireplace. Michael dropped luxuriously into a corner of the big sofa beside the fire. Hilda curled up in the chair opposite.

"Mother and father are in New York," Hilda explained. "Sis is out with her new boy friend."

That was Hilda's way of saying they had time to talk. Michael sat silent, gazing into the fire.

"Why the heavy thinking?" Hilda asked.

"I've got something on my mind," Michael said.

Hilda's face expressed mock concern; her voice was sardonic.

"Don't tell me you've gone highbrow, Michael," she said.

This was quite in their usual manner with each other.

They had been loyal to each other, but they had never been tender.

"I'm thinking of going highbrow," Michael said. "I read a book this afternoon. Poetry."

Hilda surveyed him through narrowed eyes.

"You haven't a fever, have you?" she asked.

"No," Michael said.

There was another silence. Hilda broke it. She got up and rearranged the logs in the fireplace.

"Something's really the matter," she said, turning around.

"Yes," Michael said.

Hilda waited. Michael avoided her eyes.

"Last week—at school," he said, "I ran a quarter in the gym. I was trying out for the relay team." He paused.

"Yes," Hilda said.



Hilda

"Well—I fainted. The coach told me that when I came home for spring vacation I'd better go to a specialist in New York and have an examination." He paused again. He wanted to tell it matter-of-factly.

"Yes," Hilda prompted.

"I saw him this morning. He said my heart wasn't so good."

"So you can't play any tennis this spring?"

"So I can't play any tennis—ever," Michael said.

Hilda stood there with her back to the fire, very still.

"Go on," she said. "Tell the rest."

"He said there was no reason why I shouldn't live as long as anybody. Only I mustn't run. I mustn't even dance."

"It sort of—puts you out of—things," Hilda said.

"It makes things—different," Michael said.

Hilda stood there without saying anything for a long minute. Then, with a little rush, she knelt beside the sofa and pulled his head down on her shoulder and put her cheek against his. The long-delayed tears came. Michael snuggled his cheek against hers. Her cheek was wet with tears, too—hot tears.

"It won't make any difference to me," she whispered.

Michael tried to laugh, and choked, and got control of himself. "It has made a difference—already," he said. He managed to grin.

She put one hand on either side of his head and gave him a little shake.

"Don't be a fool," she said, and kissed him.

She jumped up and went back to her chair.

"What did your mother say?" Hilda asked.

"She doesn't know—I'm not telling anybody but you."

"You'll have to tell at school," she reminded him.

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His Head Began to Clear. He Realized He Was Lying on a Bench Beside the Court. "I'm All Right," He Said

BURBANK IN YOUR ORCHARD

By WILBUR HALL

THERE was a time, not so long ago, when men had to live near their work, and as this work increasingly was found in cities, the movement of population set steadily from the country. Certain learned gentlemen, who make it a habit to view everything with alarm, published acres of statistics and covered reams of paper with discussions of this phenomenon and, long before the war, concerned themselves over the problem proposed in the topical song that asked:

How you going to keep 'em
Down on the farm,
After they've seen Paree?

Luther Burbank, who says that he has been going to school to Nature too long to be very much perturbed over any human development or vagary, asserts now that, as usual, the poison carries its own antidote—the disease ultimately cures itself. He observes that the cityward movement continues, and thinks it may always do so, but that another stream, growing rapidly, has already begun flowing out from the city toward the country. To him, the most interesting and promising Americans today are the suburbanites.

"The automobile is cussed and discussed," he remarks. "You can't pick up a newspaper or a magazine without finding some reference to the trouble it causes and the evils that come from it, but it looks to me as though these pessimists are missing the one big outstanding fact about the auto. That fact is that the automobile makes it possible for city men to get out into the country to live. The country boys and girls may be going to the city, and the farms and orchards and ranges have missed them here and there, and find it a problem to replace them, but in America generally the automobile has made democracy safe for the suburbanite."

A Race of Quarter-Acre Farmers

"AS FAR back as history goes we have had people who turned naturally to the land. We always will have. I suppose that a round half of the city men in the United States would like to be out where they could raise their own sweet corn, keep a cow and a pig and gather their own dessert in their own orchard, but it wasn't until the internal-combustion engine was invented that many of them could realize their desire.

"Now the whole complexion of life is changed for them. Instead of having to be fifteen minutes from the office or the store, they can live an hour or two out, and this means that, within a radius of twenty-five to forty miles of every city, suburban growth is reaching out—reaching out—and the nursery and seed business and the day-old-chick business have had a new impetus. We are beginning to produce a hopeful proportion of quarter-acre farmers."

Mr. Burbank led the way to the edge of the back porch and indicated with a gesture the grounds immediately around his Santa Rosa home.



PHOTOS. BY H. S. LAWTON, SAN FRANCISCO

A California Prune Orchard

"I'm too busy to garden," he said, with a smile, "but in my spare time I've managed to show what a tenth of an acre can do. We have a lawn and ornamental trees and shrubs of twenty or thirty varieties and a flower bed or two, and yet in the small space that is left there has been room for several varieties of plums, two pear trees, apples, peaches, nectarines, apricots—so much fruit that we can't eat it all or preserve it all, and have to call on the neighbors every year to help us out. There is still room for berries and a vegetable garden, and some day I'm going to get them in too. A tenth of an acre! Well, that's the sort of development that's coming all over America, and coming fast. They can make their jokes about the suburbanite running for trains or eating breakfast while he steers along the highway toward the office, but the joke is on the people who haven't yet found out what real living is."



One of the Plum Trees Developed by Mr. Burbank

Baby Roots

"WE ARE just beginning to realize that to produce your own fruits and berries and vegetables and flowers, and to raise your own chickens, and to give your children a chance to get the right start out-of-doors, you don't have to own a 100-acre farm or a 1000-acre ranch. I shouldn't be surprised if in time there would be only two kinds of people in business in our cities—apartment-house cave dwellers and suburbanites."

Mr. Burbank had been asked to talk for you about raising your own fruits and berries, and he started with a rush. It happened that he had just had a letter from a school-teacher, taking him to task for writing in his book, The Training of the Human Plant, that children should not be started in school before they are ten years old. She had, he said, given him the dickens. He laughed good-naturedly about it.

"Every man to his trade!" he said. "This well-meaning lady would just like to get her hands on all the little shavers the minute they are four, shut them up in a schoolroom, teach them how to fold their hands on their desks, and then begin to pour her wisdom into them as though they were so many jugs. Well, I won't quarrel with her. But I'd like to go into the schoolrooms where the youngsters are and throw the doors wide open and take their books away from them and shout: 'Come on, get out of here! Get out in the air and the sunshine, and play and ask questions and romp around and get sunburned and freckled, and watch the birds and the bees and the dogs and cats and calves and flowers and clouds and trees, and if I catch one of you studying fractions or the names of the Presidents before you're ten I'll give you an old-fashioned tanning!'"

He sat down on a bench against a tool house, basking in the sun and smiling faintly. He is a thin, wiry, white-haired little old man who looks more like a country doctor or a fabled grandfather than he does like the great naturalist he is. Through his life work with plants he has seen fundamental laws made plain, and now he is mellow and philosophical and serene, not trying to upset the world with new ideas, but rather to open doors so that folks can see for themselves—bring about their own revolutions.

"Children seem to me the greatest thing in the world," he said thoughtfully. "Whenever I think of

people I think of them as parents or relatives of children. When I think of cities I think of the children who are born and raised there, and who don't know what the freedom of the country is, and perhaps never will grow to know. When I think of living I think of living so that the children will have the best chance; and they have the best chance in the open air, and the very best chance in country open air. I was kind of stirred up about that school business, wasn't I? Well, that is why. Children ought to have a chance, like a plant, to get their little roots well down and their stalks well up and their leaves well developed, before they are moved indoors and set to work.

"Of course grown-ups need country air and sunshine and work and play, too, and that's why I'm glad to talk in these articles about gardens and the orchard. Oddly enough, many people raise flowers and vegetables who never seem to think that they might have a few fruit trees, too, and some berries. I don't know just why this is, because berry vines and fruit trees are easier to plant and are less care afterward than anything else we grow. If you start with a reliable nurseryman and listen to what he tells you, even a man who can't make radishes grow can have his own apples and plums and blackberries, and so on.

"The fruits, like the flowers and the vegetables, have all been trained by man to do certain very definite things, and these habits of production are fixed in them. Most of them long ago quit thinking that seed bearing was their most important function, and we now have several fruits and berries that are practically seedless. Instead, we have forced them to concentrate on bearing fruit with fine flavor—large, juicy, full of sugar or some definite acid, and of a prescribed color—to spread themselves out so that they can carry a good heavy load and get through the season with it, to put their roots down like anchors and to lift their leaves to give their burdens the proper combination of sunshine and shadow. They have learned their lesson with remarkable success, and I don't think it's too fantastic to say that they like their job and fully appreciate good treatment and a chance to be of service to mankind."



A California Orchard in Blossom

The Danger of Barking Trees

"LET'S be technical a minute, and learn something that may open your eyes. A tree or a berry vine, such as a blackberry, raspberry, gooseberry, and the like—bushes and climbers—are exogenous plants. That is to say, they grow by adding layer after layer outward. You know that you can tell the age of a tree, when it is felled, by examining a cross section of the trunk and counting the rings. Those rings are annual layers put on by the tree. In the sapling the whole inside, under the bark, is alive and carrying life forces up and down, from leaves to roots and from roots to leaves; the second year that inside—the heart of the tree, as we say—becomes merely a column of wood, like the steel rod reënforcing a concrete pillar, and the life forces push the bark out, feeding it so that it can expand and make room, and the sap of the tree moves up and down in this new growth.

"But the actual living organisms that keep the tree growing and spreading leaves and bearing blossoms and fruits—when the time comes—move in a comparatively thin shell under the bark and outside the alburnum, or sapwood layer inside. Year by year the rings of tissue that carry sap and life grow outside the older column about the heart of the tree, and that explains the rings. This layer that lies just under the bark and that carries the life of the tree is called the cambium layer. If you want to kill a tree, therefore, you don't have to cut it down. Cut a circle around it deeply enough to penetrate the cambium layer and the sapwood layer, and the tree will die very soon.

"Too few people understand this, and they do all manner of cruel and terrible and deadly things to trees, such as tying wires around them, scarring them with tools or knives, or barking them by driving cultivator teams too close to them. The tree will make a heroic effort to live; it will try to heal itself, and to connect the severed life channel by building into itself around the cut; but not even a tree can perform miracles, and so, even if it does save itself and struggle through, it will never be quite so sturdy or so good a bearer.

"No doubt you have noticed hollow trees, and perhaps have wondered how they could live and support the tremendous weights of branch and twig and leaf above. Well, the life of the tree and the channels in which strength move are on the outside under the bark, as I say, and this will explain the mystery to you. So long as the tree does not become so lopsided or top-heavy that the inner reënforcing column would alone hold it up, it will manage to survive. Of course, eventually, it will fall the victim to a heavy storm, probably, but even then its power to resist pressure would amaze you if you could measure it."

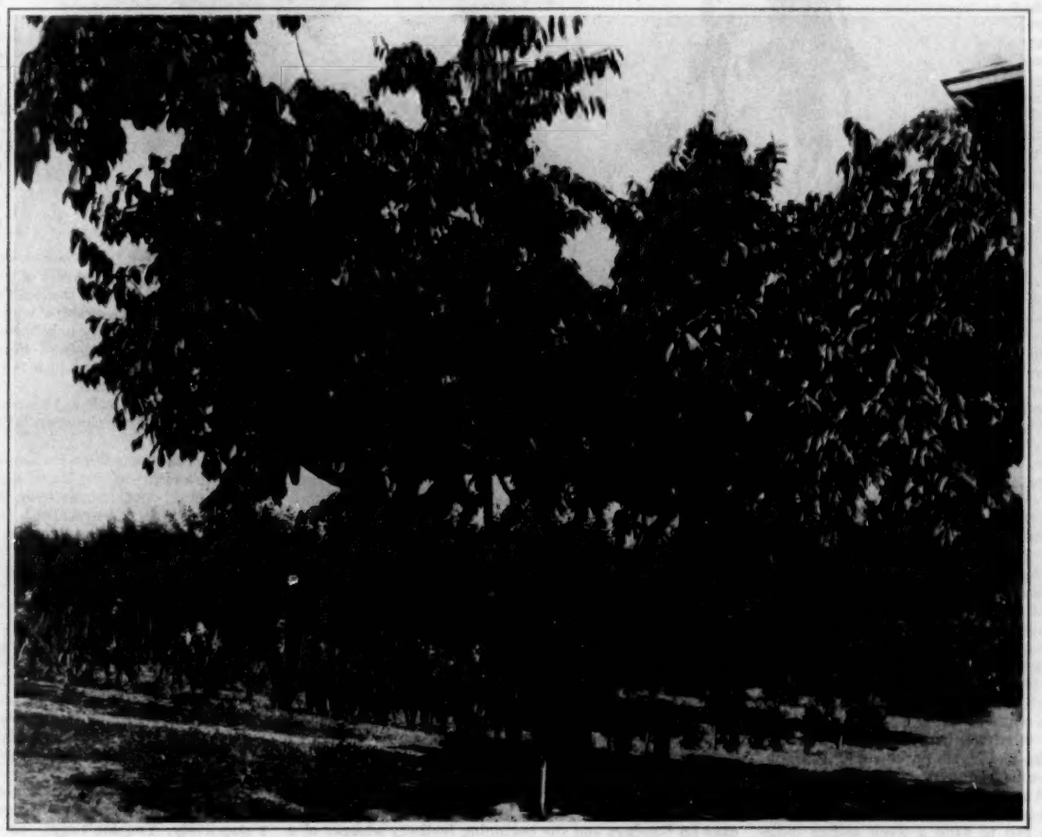
A Most Cosmopolitan Fruit

"I HAVE already explained the laboratory of the leaves of plants; in the tree the same process—the transformation of inorganic elements, such as nitrogen, hydrogen, carbon, and so on, into protoplasm, or sugar and starch, through the sun's action on the undigested food that comes in through root or leaf—goes on, only on a larger scale. There is no difference in principle between the life process in the tiniest woodland plant, a hundred of which can grow in a square inch of damp ground, and that in the mighty redwood, 3000 years old and 300 feet high and twenty feet through. That is an interesting thing to know, I think; but for the man who is going to raise fruit trees or improve his orchard, it is a very important thing to know.

"I said a minute ago that an orchard is really a simple problem, even to the amateur; I do not mean that it can be gone at carelessly or that good results will come by accident or luck. To begin with, the most important consideration is the nursery stock you set out and the varieties you choose. Here you must be guided by the advice of a local nurseryman, if he is an honest one and knows his business, because only experience can tell you which varieties thrive best and produce most satisfactorily in a given locality or climate or soil, and no one can make general rules for you. I have been interested to learn how fruits vary as to their adaptability to different environments; they are like people, in a way—some provincial and bound to limited territories, others able to move about and mix and get along well in widely separated regions, and a few true cosmopolitans, thriving everywhere.

"The apple, for instance, is the most cosmopolitan of our fruits. It can make itself at home pretty well anywhere, and no matter where you live you will probably find one, or maybe three or four varieties of apples that will give you handsome returns. The pear is the next most cosmopolitan of the fruits, the peach third, the plum fourth, the prune fifth, the

(Continued on Page 184)



An Apple Tree on Luther Burbank's Sebastopol Farm, Where, When This Picture Was Taken, 896 Varieties of Apple Were Ripening

THE MAYOR OF FLAMINGO

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

AT THE seeming end of the world, otherwise the end and jumping-off place of the United States of America, there lies a wide dreaming country, flat as a painted floor. It is touched here and there with strange blanched thickets of buttonwood and of white mangrove. It is spread with coarse salt grass and patched broadly with amazing thick saltweeds, which in the intense summer turn orange and canary and shell pink and scarlet. The five occupied and the six empty houses of Flamingo, silver gray on their twelve-foot unpainted stilts, look to be wading in these shallows of color—shallows which melt at east and west horizons into silvery sun mirage, above which the tops of strange far palm trees float detached. To the southward, away from which the trees and the coarse grass lean under the continuous beating of the wind, toward which the houses blankly stare, the weedy color stops abruptly before a blistering white strip of beach tufted with occasional trees. For there is the lime-green and unforgettable sea itself, Gulf and Atlantic merged and murmurous, running viciously southeast. The tropic sun which dominates this country, whitening its light and its beaches, blanching its houses, coloring hotly its weeds, burns remote, shrouded in terrible blue.



With Uanna's Bold, Gold, Possessive Eyes Fixed Firmly Upon Him, Announcing That They Were Going to Get Married, Mr. Pinsher Realized That He Was Sharply Up Against It

Far beneath it, one day in May, from the distant curve of beach where he chose to bathe, toward the most detached of the eleven gray shacks, Mr. Pinsher stepped sedately, his parasol over his panama, his bath towel over his arm, his Palm Beach suit over the rotundity of his figure, contemplating bigamy.

Mr. Pinsher's face gave no sign of the heat and fury of such an act. Innocence and calm dwelt in his faintly popped blue eyes, calm and innocence on his sun-pinked cheeks, on his smart sandy-gray mustache. Yet within him romance struggled with terror. He walked, a small figure, across the silence of that lost sunstruck plain, chewing the fear of dreams realized. He was thinking, for the first time in the tremendous adventure which had brought him so far, of Mrs. Emma Thompson Pinsher, possibly at this very moment arguing with the fishman at the kitchen entrance to the Pinsher boarding house, situated, as her cards read, "In one of the most desirable residential districts of New York, easily adjacent to Central Park." And yet, as his own earlier reading had instructed him, surely no triumphant South Sea explorer taking his ease in some languorous green island among purple waters would have hesitated for a moment to espouse the radiant daughter of the local chieftain. Policy as well as romance would forbid the remembrance of a previous Mrs. Explorer, sharp-nosed and rigorous among the brooms and hash platters of a practical boarding house. Mr. Pinsher thought strenuously of his wife because he was petrified with horror at the idea of a marriage of convenience with Uanna Gumbs. Uanna was the daughter of Two-Gun Gumbs. They lived in the largest house, on the highest stilts, the one with the new mosquito netting and the two alligator skulls, white bleached and grinning. It was Two-Gun and Uanna who felt the marriage would be convenient.

If Mr. Pinsher, as a whitish, fattish boy in high school, had realized to what terrifying lengths his taste for romances of travel in dim and lavish parts would lead him, perhaps he would have aspired desperately to the basketball team. But instead he discovered a fine glow of response to one of those small-print advertisements: "Canvasser wanted. Make from $60 to $100 a week selling indispensable household invention." Romance had caught him definitely. The long trail, the out trail, had marked his trudging figure for its own.

There was something awfully exciting to Leroy Pinsher in the interminable beckoning rank of doors, streetful after streetful. He approached them breathlessly as the very citadels of adventure. His eyes rounded and his plump cheeks pinked when the answering housewife blocked a view into strange depths of hallway within. There was always the possibility that the door, swinging open, would reveal some tropic and Aladdin-like interior, crammed with drama, and a red-mouthed, brunet heroine, struggling in the toils of an adequate villain, from which who but Leroy Pinsher would rescue her.

But the moment of drama was always a little farther down the street. The doors grew more familiar. The indispensable household invention lost its charm. As a consequence, Mr. Pinsher looked about to bring his romance in his hand. A particularly pink complexion soap, nearly smelling of gardenias, gave his interested rosy face, his eager blue eyes, his gently persuasive voice their opportunity. He developed quite a genius for suggesting the possibility of beauty to faces more familiar with cabbage fumes and soot. His success brought him a better room, a cane on Sundays and the beginning feathery whisper of a mustache. It brought him the tight hand of Miss Emma Thompson in holy matrimony and a residence at the Thompson—now Pinsher—boarding house, easily adjacent to Central Park. And finally, by that threshold, it brought him to Flamingo-at-the-End-of-the-World and horrid thoughts of bigamy.

For the trouble was that Emma Pinsher grew callous to pink complexion soap and the moment that had brought Leroy Pinsher to her brownstone front, haloed with the spring. She grew suspicious of her gently fattening husband. She made him give up the pink complexion soap because it was all foolishness and she made him go back to apple corers and rat traps instead.

Yet as time went it grew perfectly evident that if Mr. Pinsher could not sell pink complexion soap he could not sell anything. Washing powders left him cold. Patent kettle holders sapped his spirit. Bug powder gave him a sickish, unpleasant feeling in his stomach. More and more he took to sitting in the little paved yard behind the sound and fury of the Pinsher boarding house, catching up in his reading of South Sea romances, among the ashes and clinkers of his brief marital flame. Mrs. Pinsher, incensed by his failure, made the business fairly howl with success.

One of the boarders sent Mr. Pinsher clear downtown for a job at a ship chandler's. The job proved upon investigation to be mythical; but for Mr. Pinsher, emerging from the Subway in a strange world, it proved a quaint sort of resurrection.

His ears were thrilled at the hoarse, harmonious thutterings of ships' whistles. His mended shoes took gratefully to cobbles which led to the raked, beautiful funnels of ships. It was down there somewhere, lost in a fog of excitement, that he found the yacht.

Actually a low, black, rakish craft, it lunged a long bowsprit clear across the pavement at him staring among dray horses.

He walked down the wharf and found an empty crate to sit on and so sat, his knees together, his faded cheeks spotted pink, soothing his eyes on her. It was as if he inhaled deeply the very varnish from the trim spars, the gold gleaming of the very brasses. For three hours he sat there, breathing hard through his nose, staring at the shape of freedom, beauty and adventure.

Presently he became aware of a huge figure, buttoned up in seagoing blue, with a shaggy head of white hair like an albino chrysanthemum over a brick-red face, who seemed to be gesticulating at him with large circular gestures from the head of the yacht's gangplank.

"I say, you there," the gentleman called—and Mr. Pinsher was the last person in the world to believe him in any way intoxicated—"'s time for 'noth' drink."

Mr. Pinsher looked behind him to see who was being addressed and encountered no one but the vaguely alarming possibility of himself.

"Ah—me, you mean?" he asked faintly.

"If there's anybody else," the gentleman said, "tell him t' step lively. You don't eggs—ex—you don't expect me to bring it to you, do you?"

"Why—why, no; no, certainly not," said Mr. Pinsher, stumbling toward the gangplank, gnashed with excited apprehension. "But, you see—I'm afraid there's a slight error. Doubtless you have mistaken me for someone else."

"Shirt-nly not!" exclaimed the gentleman, drawing alarming thickets of eyebrow down over piercingly black eyes. "'S quite imp-ossible. 'S quite thorerly impossible. It is you, isn't it?" Mr. Pinsher stared up at him pitifully, forced to agree. The black eyes were illumined with a smile of rare sweetness and lucidity. "Then do come aboard, my dear boy, now do. Here it is nearly twenty minutes since I've had a drink, all on 'count of your 'strodn'ry obstinacy."

Mr. Pinsher, his eyes almost failing to focus out of sheer unbelief, found himself in a huge leather chair in a lounge to him mistily sumptuous, gazing at his host across a tray of tea-colored glasses each a mile high. An imposing person in a white coat, who gazed at him with the eye of a dead herring, seemed to have produced the tray out of nowhere. Mr. Pinsher took a glass in the least conspicuous manner possible, and held it under his nose until his host should indicate what it was proper to do with it. He having indicated, Mr. Pinsher sipped, coughing politely behind his hand immediately afterward. He leaned forward in his chair with his head cocked, listening with quivering intensity to the white-headed gentleman's ensuing flow of mellifluous, intricate speech.

"In the matter of rime scheme of the third ghazal of Hafiz, as you would no doubt insist, my dear fellow, the symbology of the cup and the cupbearer is clearly indicated. Not that I agree with lesser students of the lyric Persian that he was constantly lost in a maze of ecstatic mysticism. The good Hafiz has more bowels than that. On the other hand ——"

The voice flowed and surged. The highballs passed like skyscrapers in review. Yet to these Mr. Pinsher merely approached his lips and waved vaguely for them to pass on, since against his own excitement all the alcohol in the world was as impotent as cambric tea. How the question of his actually departing on the yacht arose he had no idea, ridden as he was by the suspicion that he was supposed to be someone else. Yet in a pause among the Persian poets Mr. Pinsher distinctly heard the gentleman say that he—and he meant Leroy Pinsher, himself, in person—was a gentleman and a philosopher and they would sail next morning in time for cocktails before lunch. Mr. Pinsher, looking incredulously at the individual in the white coat for an expression of protest, met there nothing but the usual fish-faced calm. He therefore left, gritting his teeth and bristling his mustache. By George, he would go on that yacht! Just let anybody try to stop him!

No one did. He arrived at the gangplank of that sleek, lovely vessel with his things in an old brief case, breathless and quivering before possible rebuff, humbly determined, aching with eagerness. A smart crew jumping around under the eye of a knobby-faced individual, with any number of gold stripes here and there about him, never threw him a glance. The herring-eyed one in the white coat appeared suddenly and took his brief case from him with the information that Mr. Newnham was in the lounge. A hurried deck hand stood aside for him with such meekness that Mr. Pinsher wanted to clap the poor fellow comfortingly on the shoulder. He lifted his feet over the high threshold as a late comer would leg it across the bar of heaven.

Below, Mr. Newnham sat playing a small piano with large vague gestures. He frowned heavily at Mr. Pinsher and put his weight on the loud pedal. When he stopped playing, the man in the white coat brought in cocktails. Mr. Pinsher sat down, clinging to the stem of his glass. Mr. Newnham swallowed his drink, looked long and frowningly at Mr. Pinsher as if trying to remember something, and went on playing. Mr. Pinsher listened with what he considered a look of judicious appreciation; but inside him, he was one huge gong with his heart for the clapper. Presently by the curious gliding sensation in his head he became aware that they had sailed.

It would be pleasant to record how Mr. Pinsher sat, in the following days, with his heart ticking high against his ribs as the yacht poked her bowsprit constantly toward bluer and wider horizons; pleasant, but impossible. Before then, about the second hour after lunch, the yacht got herself into a woolly white blinding fog and lay to, booing interminably among other fog-lost ships, like a herd of unhappy cows, wallowing heavily in the swells. And Mr. Pinsher was led to his stateroom and put to bed in a state of complete and goggle-eyed seasickness.

There were no days thereafter for Mr. Pinsher, no nights, no calm sunrises over the sea, no lingering and mystical sunsets. Time was not, but only horrible soul-searching sensations and the throbbing sour misery of this world. At vast intervals a voice spoke repellently of soup in cups. His head was only a battered shell. His body was all stomach and it a kicked football. Only deep within all that, somewhere his identity kept clammy uncertain hands upon itself.

Happiness, to Mr. Pinsher, after centuries, became slowly the absence of discomfort. Gradually his room took shape around him. Across the blazing porthole the sea was a straight blue edge, bluer than bluing. He stretched himself gingerly, turning his head with fearful care, as if it had been a fragile sort of new-laid egg. The jiggle of the engines was a pleasant titillation along his bones. He sat up and maneuvered himself to his feet, trying a step or two with tender concern. By the time he had dressed and shaved himself the light was dimming. He was regarding his cheeks, just warming up from a clear green, in the mirror, when the progress of the yacht was stopped in a strange muffled soft sort of shock. It was as if a hand had caught hold of it below and pulled it backward, and then, carefully, gently, tipped the whole thing over on one side. Mr. Pinsher balanced himself doubtfully on the inclined floor and stared at his shaving brush and the soap which rolled off his toilet case. When he inserted his head through the round of the porthole his only slightly lowered glance encountered any quantity of clear bright green which might have been glass if it had not been water. He brought his head inside and listened. Overhead, feet in rubber soles thudded back and forth, but he could hear no shouting, no confusion. He found his way upstairs and on deck.

There a sunset like an explosion in a pastel factory hung the whole roundness of the world with rose and lilac and pale green. The shimmering empty surface of the water was streaked with it. The air, soft against his face as a blown silk ribbon, seemed itself to be tinctured gold. To the northwest, under a flaming bar of glory, a silvery haze hung and turned purple. Mr. Pinsher gazed about him with his very soul wrenched open and quivering under the tremendous silent blossoming of the sky. His soul stretched up within him, lifting his head and straightening his shoulders, making his lungs expand majestically. In fact, as he clutched the rail and stared, his soul was a full six feet and brawny, a swaggering buccaneer of a soul, sniffing the far-flung tingle of the horizon.

"This," Mr. Pinsher gasped to his soul, "is all right."

"Aye, aye, my hearty," his soul bellowed to Mr. Pinsher. "Shiver our timbers, but this is home."

There were feet coming along the deck behind him.

"Look here," Mr. Pinsher said imperiously, turning to find himself stopping a deck hand, "what's happened to the yacht?"

The man eyed him deferentially and said, "Stuck on a reef, sir. Be here some time, sir," and was off.

"Well, well!" Mr. Pinsher said aloud, taking a thoughtful turn or two along the deck. "Well, well, well! Well, well!" he said again briskly, seeing the steward approach. Somehow he knew now he was only the steward. "This is a pretty state of affairs, steward, I must say."

"Yes, sir, decidedly, sir. Glad to see you on deck again, sir. Mr. Newnham has ordered highballs on the after deck, sir."

"In-deed!" Mr. Pinsher said, staring. "Isn't he going to do anything? Just sit there and drink?"

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"So This is the Young Woman. Well, That's Very Nice, I'm Sure. Think You Could Do Some Scrubbing for Me Occasionally?"

HANDS UP!

AS TOLD BY FRED E. SUTTON TO A. B. MACDONALD



Broadway, Oklahoma City, May 1, 1889



Main Street, Oklahoma City, June 1, 1889

THE coming of the settlers to plow and fence the free range was the beginning of the last act of the great American Wild West Show; but that last act was, in many ways, the shootingest of all.

Those pioneer farmers who plodded into the range country with a plow, a cookstove, a bed, a skillet and a family in a covered wagon, and settled along the watercourses, were nesters to the cowmen and the Indians, who alike hated and despised them because they broke the sod and fenced the prairies, driving away the Indians' game and cramping the cattlemen's style.

"Nester" was a term of contempt, denoting a creature so low as to be content to nest in a two-by-four plot of only 160 acres and grub his living meanly out of the soil, instead of ranging the plains high, wide and handsome. In it, too, was something of the ancient scorn of the horseman for the foot slogger. Few nesters but had to fight to hold their ground, many a cabin went up in smoke and not a few families were frightened out, sometimes leaving dead behind them.

Oklahoma Territory was the last great tract of arable land opened to settlement, and the bars came down only after years of struggle, political machinations in Washington, and sometimes warfare between the cattleman and the land-hungry farmer.

The most noted leader of those farmers was David L. Payne, who gave his best years, and eventually his life, to the cause. Payne was to that movement what John Brown of Ossawatomie was to the campaign to free the slaves. Payne would organize a colony of settlers, move with them into the Indian Territory and squat. As that whole country was reserved for the Indians, the Government would send troops to arrest Payne and move him and his colonists out. Payne would organize another colony and the same thing would be repeated.

Squatters

HE WAS a born orator, and he became the evangelist of that promised land, going up and down the border, preaching that it was a sinful waste for that rich soil to be held for a few Indians who would not till it, while so many farmers were eager to go in and possess it and improve it. Many thought him a dreamer and a crank, but he knew that every colony that went and was expelled stirred up the agitation and hastened the day when the land would be opened.

I became one of Payne's Oklahoma boomers in 1883, and went with his colony to Rock Falls, where we formed a settlement. We even had a newspaper, the War Chief. In 1884 United States troops took all of us beyond the border and destroyed or dispersed our belongings, including the printing press, which was smashed.

One of my possessions, of which I am vastly proud, is a certificate of membership in Payne's Oklahoma Colony, dated at Wichita, Kansas, July 9, 1883, and signed by William L. Couch, president, and A. C. McCord, secretary. It is framed and hangs on the wall of my home—a rare document.

Payne died suddenly in 1884 at Wellington, Kansas, while at breakfast. His friends believed then, and I believe yet, that he was poisoned by those who opposed the opening of Oklahoma. His death filled the Oklahoma boomers with resentment, focused public attention upon the opening of the Territory, and hastened it. The first opening came soon thereafter. Moses led the Israelites to the edge of Canaan, but died just before they went in to possess it. So Payne led his Oklahoma boomers through a wilderness of struggle and was permitted only to view the promised land. He will live in history as the Father of Oklahoma. Payne County is named for him.

William L. Couch, who as president signed my certificate, raced in on horseback and took a quarter section where the courthouse now stands in Oklahoma City. There was another claimant to the same land, and he lay behind a pile of fence posts and shot and killed Couch. So all his work to have the country opened brought only death to Couch, as it did to Payne and to others.

Oklahoma was opened to settlers in sections, in different years. In all those openings the land was taken by running in, or racing for it from the border, with the exception of the Big Pasture, or Lawton drawing, in which the lands were apportioned in a lottery.

Bill Tilghman and I took part in all those openings and we saw Oklahoma City, Guthrie, Chandler, Lawton and other places grow in a day from nothing or a few houses apiece to cities.

The Greatest Horse Race Ever Run

IN THE opening of the Sac and Fox Indian country, Tilghman won a fine farm of 160 acres near Chandler. He went there to live and was twice elected sheriff and once to the state senate by that county. I was unlucky in all the openings except the Cherokee Strip, in 1893. The strip was 150 miles long and 80 miles wide, as fine a body of land as ever a crow flew over. I already knew almost every square mile of that tract. I had raced across it in the first opening of old Oklahoma in 1889, when I ran to Guthrie and arrived too late to be a prize winner. As a United States deputy marshal, and as a buyer of cavalry horses for the Government, I had ridden over most of it and had camped on every one of its watercourses. After the Government decided to open the Strip I went into it again and looked it over. I saw that Wharton, later renamed Perry, was to be the big town and I made up my mind to try for a farm as close to that place as I could.

The Government surveyed the tract, laid it off into farms of 160 acres each, selected town sites and staked them off into lots, and set a day for the opening. I knew that the fastest horses in the West would be entered in this greatest race that was ever run, in which the prize was a farm or town lot to every winner. But the race is not always to the swift. It is often to the one that can stand the gaff and stick to the end.

Two months before the opening day I bought a white mustang, or Indian pony, five years old, that had never been harnessed or ridden. I knew by experience that this kind of mount had every quality necessary to win in the race I was going to run. He was fast; but better, he had endurance that had come down through his ancestors. Other horses in the race might be fleeter of foot, but none would have better staying qualities.



Oklahoma City, One Week Old

It took three weeks of constant handling and gentling before I had that Indian pony broken so he would let me mount him. Then I began training both him and myself to develop our wind and toughen us for the race. Each day for thirty days I rode the mustang as fast as he could be driven, out from Oklahoma City nine miles and right back again, a continuous ride of eighteen miles. At the end of that time he could run the eighteen miles in one hour without stopping and without becoming winded.

One of the rules of the opening was that everyone that made the run must first register with a government agent and get a certificate, and he must keep off the Strip until noon of the day of opening. A few days before the opening I went to Orlando to register. I expected to get through with it in an hour or two, but when I reached Orlando there was a line of men and women stretching out from the agent's window for fully a mile. I fell in at the tail end, and the line soon reached behind me for a quarter of a mile more. We moved up a short step at a time, then a long wait, and another step. If a man fell out he lost his place. I was in line for fifty-eight hours. For three days and two nights I was on my feet, slowly inching forward, without a wink of sleep, the hot sun baking me all day, a thick dry dust rising in clouds and clogging mouth and nostrils, with no chance to wash and without a morsel to eat until the second night, when I heard my name called. A man was going up and down the line looking for me. It was Mysterious Charlie Johnson, a friend of the old Dodge City days. He had heard I was in the line and he came to me with sandwiches and a few bottles of beer.

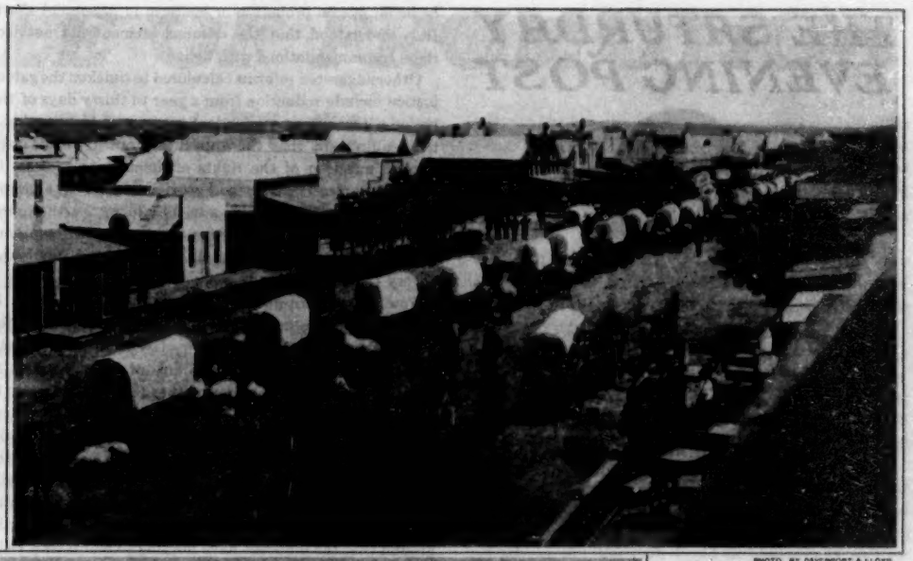


PHOTO. BY DAVENPORT & LLOYD, WELLINGTON, KANSAS

A Colony of Boomers Moving Down Washington Avenue, Wellington, Kansas, Into Forbidden Oklahoma, in 1889

Cherokee Strip

THE race was run September 16, 1893. The Government had moved all squatters and others off the tract to be opened, and soldiers were stationed on the borders to prevent anyone from venturing in until the exact minute of noon on that day.

I went to Orlando early the morning of the race. It was a town of 200 people; but now 30,000 men and women were there, milling around and hungry and thirsty, for no one had expected such a crowd. All the food in the village stores had been eaten the night before and the wells had been pumped almost dry. I found feed and water for my pony, but could get no breakfast for myself.

An old freighters' road from Orlando to Perry crossed the border there, and as it followed an almost straight line, my plan was to travel that road. At regular distances inside the line cavalry rode patrol. On our side of the line, in sight to the right and left, were 30,000 people. Most of them had been looking with yearning eyes for ten years and longer to this day. They were the land-hungry ones from all parts of the nation. Among them were hundreds of the original Oklahoma boomers of Payne's colonies. All were as impatient, as eager, as greedy for the land ahead as they would have been if they were starving and it was food instead of land to be raced for. They chafed, crowded, cursed and even fought for places near the line, and the din they made blended into a great roar. Over all hung a thick cloud of dust.



PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE OKLAHOMA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Crack of the Gun at the Kansas Border, April 22, 1889, the First Oklahoma Run

As noon drew near, the impatience grew. The shouting and cursing became like the growling roar of penned-up hungry animals. The last five minutes seemed like a day and the last minute like an hour. Then came the crack of the soldiers' guns, and the horde surged forward over the line, on horseback, on bicycles, in all imaginable kinds of wagons, buggies, buckboards, and on foot.



Oklahoma City's First Fourth of July, 1889; Soldiers Drawn Up in the Street and Santa Fe Train Arriving With a Holiday Crowd

The Three Horsemen

AS I WAITED in the line I was wedged in between a big man and a little woman. The man was a plainsman with a bushy beard, a six-shooter in his belt, a wooden leg and a jug of whisky, of which he had been drinking freely. He was mounted on an Indian pony like mine.

The young woman was not more than eighteen, I judged, and a beauty. She was mounted on a coal-black Thoroughbred. She told me she had trained him for the race; and so she might split the wind more easily, she had shortened sail and wore black tights and a skullcap. It developed that the three of us were going to race for Perry. I remarked that I aimed to be the first man to reach Perry.

She laughed and retorted, "Just follow me and I'll show you the way."

The big man with the wooden leg and the jug interrupted with: "I'll tell 'em in Perry that you're both a-comin'."

At the crack of the rifles we started in that order, the big man on my left and the girl on my right, and for a mile

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 24, 1926

A New Drive on Organized Crime

THE New York Legislature last year appointed a joint committee, under the chairmanship of Senator Caleb H. Baumes, to study the crime situation in that state and to suggest more effective means of coping with it. The recently published report of this committee indicates that it has performed an exacting task with signal ability. Its recommendations are specific and clean-cut, and they embody so much clear thinking and sound sense that they are worthy of study and acceptance in almost every state in the Union. The sturdy spirit of the Baumes committee manifests itself in one of the closing paragraphs of its report:

"Organized crime needs to feel the cold steel of even-handed justice administered with stout hearts in just as cool and calculating a manner as the potential assassin who enters the dwelling at dead of night with a gun loaded for action, or pokes a pistol in the face of the unsuspecting, in the bank, in the store or the office or on the highway. Security of person and property and the peace of society should not longer be menaced by easy bail, light sentences, nor the sentimental administration of the law."

New York, like most American commonwealths, is inadequately policed when compared with European countries in which crime is held within the narrowest limits. The committee was obviously right in recommending general increases of local forces and the early establishment of a central bureau of criminal identification, thorough investigation of the history of all applicants for bail in felony cases, and prompt collection on all defaulted bail bonds.

Special attention was paid to robbery and crimes of violence. Among other reforms proposed was the repeal of the clause in the penal code limiting to twenty years the maximum sentence that can be imposed in robbery cases and the provision fixing at fifteen years the minimum sentence for robbery and burglary. The courts should have much greater latitude in meeting existing conditions.

In view of the fact that convictions for robbery in the Empire State increased from 280 in 1920 to 601 in 1925, the committee urged more care in the issuance of pistol permits and proposed that the sentence of a person committing felony while armed shall be double what he would otherwise have received, and that under no circumstances shall he be let out on probation or his term in prison cut short. It is understood that the criminal element did not hail these recommendations with delight.

Other suggested reforms calculated to quicken the gait of justice include reduction from a year to thirty days of the period within which a defendant must enter an appeal and the requirement that the appeal be argued within sixty days; limitation of the rights of defendants in cases in which they plead insanity and provisions whereby a person accused of crime may waive a trial by jury. Furthermore, the committee would empower the courts to resentence convicts originally sentenced as first offenders, upon discovery that the offense was not their first.

Few laymen are able to understand why it is that in New York State and in certain other jurisdictions the prosecuting officer is debarred by law from directing the attention of the jury to the failure of the defendant to exercise his right to go on the witness stand and testify in his own behalf. Everyone knows that the prosecutor's inability to explain to a green jury the significance of the defendant's unwillingness to subject his own evidence to the hazards of cross-examination is responsible for almost daily miscarriages of justice. The committee recommends the repeal of this pernicious clause in the criminal code, on the ground that the innocent have nothing to fear if they tell a truthful story.

The parole system, the ease with which habitual criminals may secure bail and the unwarranted exercise of executive clemency all came in for sharp and well-deserved criticism. In many states the recommendation of the committee that sentences imposed by the trial court be carried out as imposed will have the approbation of those who have observed the all-too-frequent cases in which parole and pardon boards have year after year shielded hardened offenders from the hand of the law.

District Attorney Banton believes that if the recommendations embodied in this report are adopted it will be possible to try all criminal offenders who plead not guilty within three weeks of the time their plea is entered. This achievement alone would be of the highest importance.

If every state in the Union would study the crime situation within its own borders as intelligently as it has been studied in New York, and would adopt, both in letter and in spirit, the recommendations of a strong legislative committee, crime would presently become far less profitable and prevalent than it is today. Lawlessness can and will be checked, but not by the employment of kindergarten discipline or Pollyanna methods.

Discovering Climate

CLIMATE is one of the most recent and novel elements of value to be entered into the sum total of national wealth. Europe has long had Switzerland and the Riviera, and for more than half a century the prosperous residents of our cities have sent their families for a summer vacation to the cooler precincts of mountain and seashore. But a change of winter climate for any except a chosen few is a decidedly recent acquisition, although now fast assuming the proportions of a big industry.

The practice of seeking sunnier and warmer climes in winter has grown with the means of those who migrate. It is fundamentally due to increased wealth, and is one of the most estimable results of prosperity. Thousands are adding in this fashion an increment of health and life to what for so many of them is none too strong a hold upon either. There are stern publicists who say the Nordic stock cannot thrive in mild and sunny climes, but the present descendants of a once sturdy ancestry are willing to take the chances of a couple of months each winter in Florida or California.

But abuses almost invariably accompany new industries, and climate is no exception. A number of years ago the truth-in-advertising movement was organized to check the misrepresentations of salesmanship. Just now we need a truth-in-climate movement. A certain natural exaggeration, or perhaps intoxication, is bred by sunny skies and gentle temperatures. Yet regions which boast of these assets will only injure themselves in the long run by false or tricky statements.

Misrepresentation creeps easier perhaps into illustration than into the printed word. Advertising matter of winter climates may include a photograph of a crowded beach taken in summer, the same beach in winter rarely boasting any bathers except a few snowbirds who would be found as well in the more wintry climes of Boston, New York and Chicago. Or the impression may be given that a new resort is on the ocean when miles of dredging still remain to be done to connect it with salt water.

Or we find that the alluring pictures of the newest pleasure paradise represent the promoter's dream of a finished city rather than its present actual appearance. Artists do not deserve the name unless gifted with imagination, and reality is often quite different from the impression left upon those who see the picture.

It is well to realize that perfect climatic conditions the year around are extremely rare, if existent at all. There are sections of the southwestern desert which boast a most desirable winter climate, but only intolerable heat in summer. These are in the low desert altitudes; in higher altitudes the climate in summer is in places literally perfect, but snow and cold are to be found in winter.

There are a few cities close to the ocean in our more southerly regions which possess a marvelously equable climate the year around. But many persons who seek milder weather do so for respiratory troubles, and they are likely to find fog and dampness in the equable zones. Perhaps it is merely mugginess and lack of stimulus which mar the otherwise perfect weather. Or it may be too much wind. The author of a new textbook on the climates of the United States tells how, in a land where every prospect pleases, a norther struck in the middle of March, and transcontinental trains were stalled by the blowing sand. In a few hours the percentage of saturation, after falling almost to zero, rose to 97 per cent.

The newcomer in any region that boasts of its climate is always being told that the weather is quite unusual. Besides, while the outside climate seeker wants sunny skies, the farmers, who form the backbone of most communities, are sure to wail unless it rains.

Changes of residence because of climate are often of advantage, but except in cases of actual physical impairment, and not always then, form no substitute for other means of attaining happiness. Fundamentally, for most of us, happiness is to be found only where our work takes us, and that is not always in places that count climate as the chief of their attractions.

The Recovery of Germany

IN 1913 Helfferich estimated the per capita income of Germany at six hundred and forty gold marks per annum. Converted into gold marks of the purchasing power of 1925, this amounts to some nine hundred gold marks a head per annum. The per capita income at present is estimated by a competent and conservative economist, Kuczynski, at eight hundred gold marks per annum. This is a reduction of scarcely more than ten per cent. In the interval, Germany has passed through a disastrous war, gone through the worst inflation in history and is under obligation to make heavy payments in reparation. The Dawes Plan has been in operation a little more than a year.

The present per capita income has not the same distribution as existed before the war. The middle classes and the urban workers have less, the peasants have more. The inflation effected a partial redistribution of wealth. The loss of foreign investments has not been replaced. These items are apparently concerned in the loss of a per capita income of a hundred marks a year as revealed in the estimates quoted above.

Human nature possesses an extraordinary capacity for comeback. This holds for our economic as well as for our physical capacity. Given half a chance, a population apparently exhausted by war works itself rapidly back to customary income and standard of living. German income and standard of living are not restored, but the progress already accomplished gives promise of early restoration. Germany has already confounded the dire predictions of pessimists at home and abroad. We may be sure this will come to pass with the other European countries.

THE RIDDLE OF PROMOTION

By Albert W. Atwood

EDUCATION is so nearly universal today and wealth so great that it might seem as if the problem of the young man in realizing his ambitions of a successful business career had been solved in advance. Colleges and universities are swamped with students, most of whom accept higher education as a sort of natural right. Wide distribution of wealth and variety of opportunity are literally among the wonders of the world. Yet in spite of these recognized evidences of well-being in American society, there is not a day in which great numbers of men do not vainly seek increase of pay and advancement in position in every conceivable kind of business, failing to secure which, they eat out their hearts in restlessness and discontent. It is still true, as it always has been, and perhaps always will be, that reaching the top is not easy.

In face of multiplied opportunity, substantial numbers of young men pouring from the schools and colleges each spring fail to find themselves. They shift from job to job, seeking help and counsel, dissatisfied with their prospects and with the world of business which they have entered. In this respect they join the hosts of older men who are conscious of failure, of being in a rut, of fitting the description of the round peg in a square hole.

The trial-and-error method of finding one's place in the world is not so serious with those who have finished only the legal educational requirement of grammar school or even of high-school training. They do not expect so much to begin with, and by trying one thing after another such boys often discover, in time, the jobs which they like and can hold.

As higher education, with its heavy expenditure of time and money, becomes more common, the social ill of misplaced men attracts more attention. The graduate of college or professional school cannot change from position to position so blithely as the younger lad, and, finding his ambitions unrealized, he may go through life unhappy and disappointed.

Partly for the reasons just stated, there has been growing in the public mind of late the conviction that many people, even in what might be called the upper grades, are engaged in work for which they are not suited. In other words, they are misplaced. The ambition of a successful career is not more rapidly or frequently realized, it is held, because the individual does not know what he wants to do or whether he has the requisite fitness. He is ignorant of life's possibilities and of how his own strength and weakness may be adapted thereto.

As these ideas or facts have taken hold of the public mind there has sprung into being an intense interest in character analysis and vocational guidance. More and more it is felt that if only the individual can be given enough information and counsel concerning himself and the vocational choices open to him, he will choose more wisely, avoid the tragedy of a misfit life and attain to greater success and happiness.

Naturally, systematic vocational guidance has obtained its strongest foothold in the schools, on the theory that if children can be directed toward the tasks for which they are fitted all the members of society will be properly adjusted to their work within a generation.

One authority states that so widespread have these activities become that of the twenty million children of school age in the country probably two or three millions "are being touched by vocational-guidance activities."

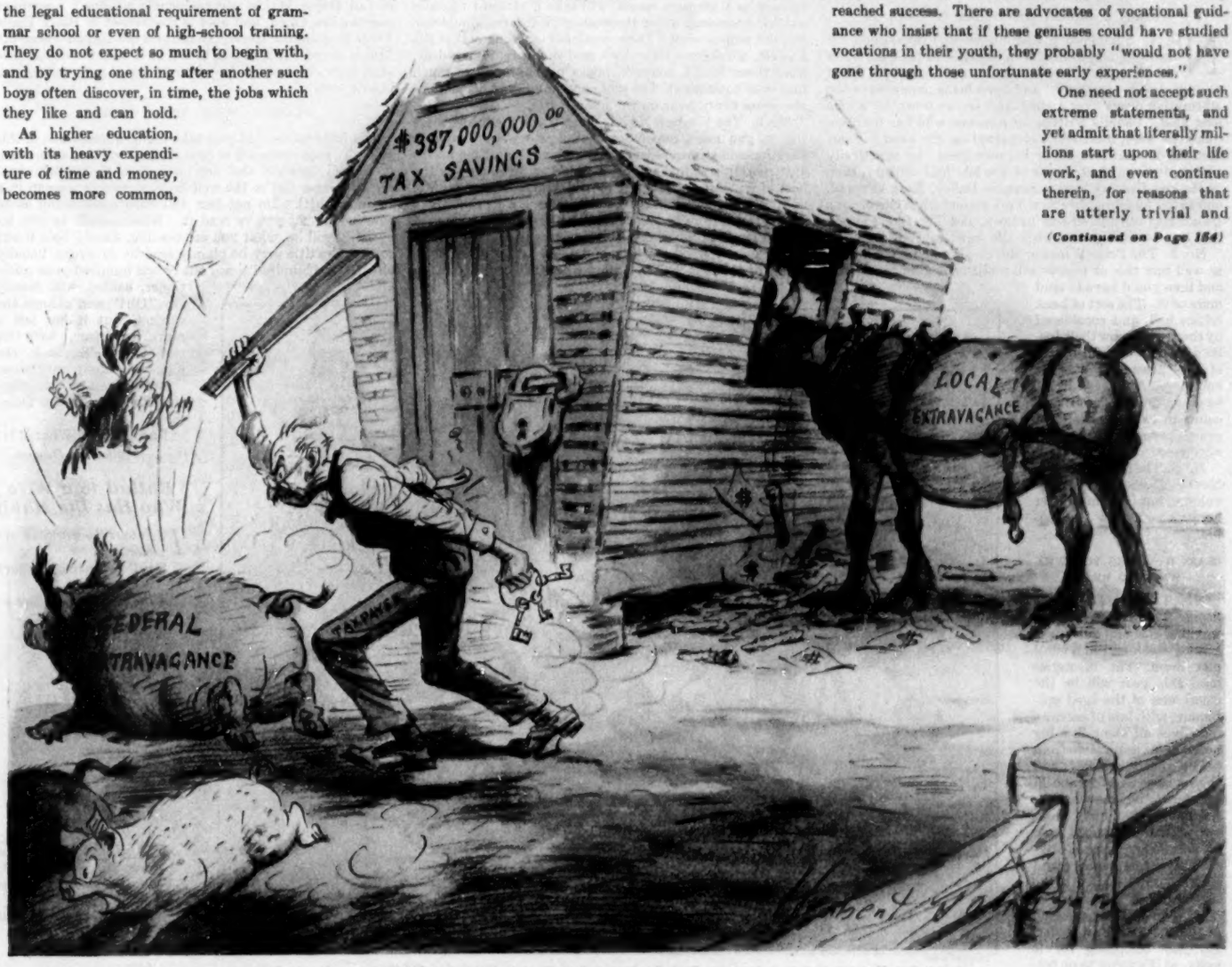
But this, of course, is only a beginning, for the majority of children still grow up without help in adjusting themselves to the occupational demands of life. Besides, the children are only part of the problem. As one psychologist, Prof. Harry D. Kitson, has said in a recent book on the subject:

"Even though a person becomes well adjusted to one vocation, he should not necessarily be regarded as limited to it for the rest of his life. He might develop interests and acquire abilities that would fit him equally well for another occupation. Indeed, the changing conditions of the world force the individual to make occupational adjustments from time to time. Vocational guidance should be a continuous factor in the life of every individual."

Several of the world's greatest men have gone through apparent failure, broken and disappointed, before they reached success. There are advocates of vocational guidance who insist that if these geniuses could have studied vocations in their youth, they probably "would not have gone through those unfortunate early experiences."

One need not accept such extreme statements, and yet admit that literally millions start upon their life work, and even continue therein, for reasons that are utterly trivial and

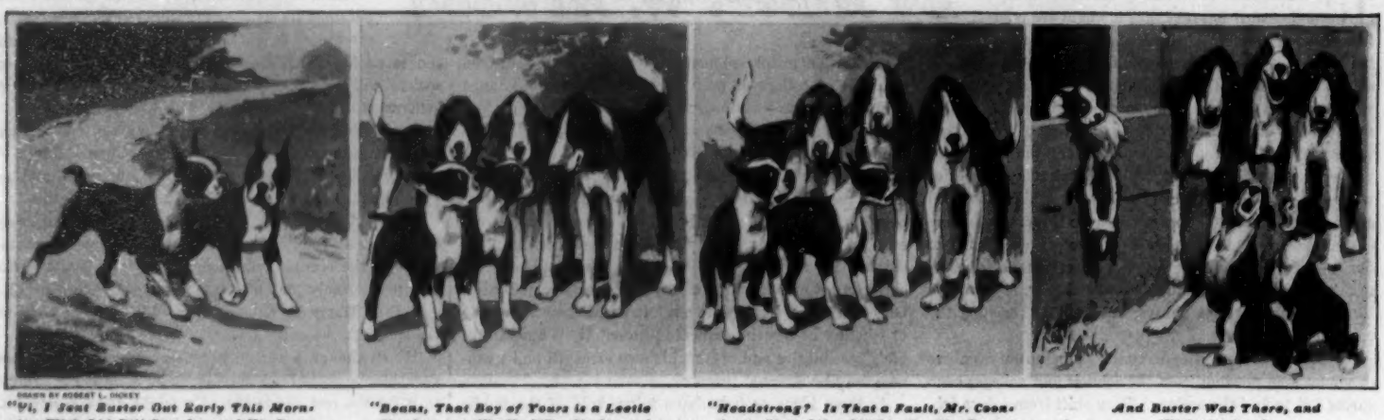
(Continued on Page 154)



UNFINISHED BUSINESS

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Mr. and Mrs. Beans



"Yi, I Sent Buster Out Early This Morning With Old Bill Coondog and His Boys. It's Time That Pup Learned Something Useful. Let's Step Over to Bill's! They May Have Returned"

"Beans, That Boy of Yours is a Leetle Headstrong. We Had Hardly Started When He Disappeared on a Trail of His Own"

"Headstrong? Is That a Fault, Mr. Coondog? Well, Like All Our Family, Buster Has Courage, Intelligence and Discretion. When We Start We Land—the Goods. Beans, Let's Get Home! Buster Should be There by Now"

And Buster Was There, and With the Goods

Books That Boom in the Spring, Tra-La!

Our Own Forecast as to What You'll Take Along This Summer

CLASS A—BOOKS YOU OUGHT TO READ

NO. 1. Somebody's Reminiscences. Invaluable for the hotel porch, as it won't matter in the least when old Mrs. McWhortle calls out as she passes "What are you doing—reading?" and upon being answered in the affirmative drags over a chair and settles down for a nice long chat. Usually written by someone who has been acquainted with, married to or patted on the head—in our opinion, too hard for his or her own good—by practically all the distinguished people of the last half century, such as Harriet Beecher Stowe, Frankie Bailey, King Leopold, and so on; and describes New York society when Governor's Island was considered way uptown, and The Black Crook was just beginning to mortify the American Girl.

No. 2. The Prize-Winning Novel—Foreign. You might as well buy this or people will insist on lending it to you and then you'd have to read more of it. The sort of book critics hail, and considered by those who know their Iceland to be a faithful record of the peasantry of that country. Another drawback is that it invariably comes in two volumes, with every promise of another next year.

No. 3. The Prize-Winning Novel—Domestic. Only one volume, but it seems longer because you know the people.

CLASS B—BOOKS YOU WILL WANT TO READ

No. 1. The Detective Story. This will keep even a golfing husband quiet over a rainy week-end in a summer hotel. The mysteries used this year will be the usual ones of the aged millionaire with lots of enemies who lives all alone in a big house as far as possible from police headquarters, and then is surprised to wake up murdered; but the solutions are novel, employing modern scientific methods such as relativity, psychoanalysis, preventive medicine and hydrotherapy, instead of the old-fashioned guesswork of the Sherlock Holmes school.

No. 2. The Best Seller. Do your shopping for it early, as it's going to be terribly hard to borrow. For instance, at the Ocean View House Mrs. Whipple has promised her copy to Mrs. Hennaberry, and after that to Mrs. Lutz, and goodness knows how many other people, who, as soon as their turn comes, will take it straight upstairs to their hot rooms where they can get into something loose and not skip a word. Their verdict is unanimous that it's a sweet, wholesome love story, and such a relief, my dear, from those sordid, common books people make so much fuss over nowadays! The plot consists mainly of passionate kisses every hour on the hour.

No. 3. The Western Novel. Even if you don't like these things, you must remember that a two weeks' summer vacation sometimes seems to last a long, long time and is apt to bring a rainy spell or an attack of ptomaine to the best of us. All about a girl named Maida, or something, with flashing eyes and a boyish figure, who inherits a cactus ranch from her uncle, old Cal Perkins; is kidnaped by Jed Hoskins, who takes her to a mesa in Devil's Gulch; she escapes, dressed as a boy, and aided by Josh Pickens is dying of thirst in Death Valley when Old Bill Mokus, a prospector, finds them, grubstakes them, and all begin jumping claims. Meanwhile Ed Croton binds and gags the sheriff, there is a terrific battle in the leading gambling hell of Los Hajos Majos, several people we don't remember meeting are killed, and gold is discovered in Black Eagle River by Stumble Heels, the faithful old Indian whose life Maida saved when he was bitten by a wild mesquite. She then marries—but we don't want to spoil it by telling you how it ends!

CLASS C—BOOKS TO BE CARRIED

It's imperative that you take along at least one of this class. It's not necessary to read it—just walking about with it tucked beneath the arm will give that intellectual *cachet* so essential to the well-dressed man or woman in a summer hotel. Do not fear awkward questioning as to whether or not you've read it. When asked, as you invariably will be, what you are reading, simply hold it out so that the title may be plainly read by everyone, usually aloud. One hundred times out of one hundred your questioner, baffled, will merely say "Oh!" and change the subject, but it has left a mark, never fear. As in this case everything is in the name, we submit only titles:

An Outline of Comparative Religions in the Dolomites.

Europe: Well, What of It?

—Katharine Dayton.



"Remember, You are Now in a Japanese Rose Garden; a Full Moon is Shining in the Heavens; Turtle Doves are Cooing, and the Soft Music of Violins Sounds in the Distance!"

Ballad to a Wife Who Has the Habit

I'LL tour the world in our motor car,
Do all the driving, nor turn a hair;
Ask the policeman where we are,
And lunch when you will—I do not care;
Get out the coffee anywhere.
Detours cheerfully I'll explore;
To all the above I affirm and swear,
But—I will not stop at an antique store!

Blue Book wrangles will leave no scar,
I promise you to be debonair,
To keep the mud guards free from tar,
And the tires filled—with one to spare.
I'll go on any kind of a tear,

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Vegetable Soup



You get double the quantity in Campbell's!

Don't forget that all Campbell's Soups are CONDENSED. You add an equal quantity of water. So from each can of Campbell's you serve two cans of delicious soup on your table.

Vegetable is the most popular of all hearty soups. It's the soup in which you expect to find such a generous supply of vegetables, cereals, herbs, and beef broth—all deliciously blended and seasoned. It's your choice when you wish the soup to be extra substantial and nourishing.

But real vegetable soup—the kind that gives you complete enjoyment and satisfaction—requires not only many ingredients, but the FINEST ingredients. This is the quality used in Campbell's Vegetable Soup!

That wonderful flavor which comes from just the right blending and cooking and seasoning in kitchens equipped with every facility to produce such uniform, high quality. How you enjoy it! And you're always sure of getting it in Campbell's! Serve it today.

32 different ingredients 12 cents a can

OO-HOOSK-AH



"He's Raving Mad. He Pushed a Key in My Hand, Said He'd Locked You Up"

By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

X

STELLA slept badly that night, grotesquely imagining, as she dozed, many things about this stranger so mysteriously admitted into family intimacy. When her mother came she listened anxiously, thinking of desperate thieves, of burglars coming after the swag. With the dawn, she slept, and it was nearly noon when she went into the sitting room and found Katinka alone there. The girl looked so fresh and innocent that it was hard to attach reality to the events of the night.

The egress from the gambling den in disdainful composure, shifting and quelling a small mob by sheer force of personality, seemed impossible to that charming figure curled laxily on the sofa. That bizarre scene in the bedroom—a stuffed shape, belted like an hourglass, bursting with paper money, flinging trays about—could not have been enacted by this blithe, dainty patrician.

"I saw you last night, Katinka," Stella said, "quite by accident. You were coming out of the gambling house." Her vivid blue eyes flashed a message of censure entirely ignored by its object.

Katinka looked up. "Has it always been so," she asked, "that they interfere here with the pleasures of gentlefolk; or is it the spirit of the new time?"

"I am bound to tell my mother."

"But certainly, if you wish. Why not?" Katinka yawned and stretched like a comfortable lazy kitten.

"Why not?" Stella echoed indignantly. "You run such risks. You might easily bring offensive notoriety on my mother. I have heard Bloxham's story."

Katinka raised herself on her elbow, smiling as though to soften rebuke. "Is it usual in your country, my dear Stella," she asked, "to discuss your guests with your maids?"

Stella responded with calm insolence. "Someone had trussed you as a cook trusses a chicken, then he stuffed you. When you were carved, bank notes gushed. Is it any wonder that a servant should think you and your confederates had committed a burglary? She was bound to tell me. All her life she has been in the service of the family of my most intimate friend. She felt that she must warn me. I must warn my mother."

That ludicrous, undignified comparison cut; Stella saw that, but she had not foreseen the obvious retort.

"Mrs. Benson," Katinka commented indifferently, "enjoys a privilege denied to me. She is free to give me up at any moment."

"She must use her own judgment," Stella said, "but she must have a chance to use it. I do not wish to seem to carry tales. If you will promise to tell her, I will not."

"My dear Stella, you are tired this morning and cannot think clearly. I am not a little pupil in a convent, and Mrs. Benson, with all her charming qualities, is not a nun. So why do you think to drive me to confession? It does not matter to me, to be utterly frank, what Mrs. Benson knows."

Stella was completely routed. She had failed because she had assumed that the girl would feel some shame. She looked into the fine, dignified face, smilingly unruffled, and she saw that the supreme arrogance which had seemed an amusing and harmless survival was in truth so stupendous that the girl sincerely felt herself above opinion and beyond judgment. "Katinka," she said with patience, "if the Hapsburg court still existed and if I had many noble ancestors and sixteen quarterings in my shield and had been received by the emperor, would you tell me all about last night?"

"You are charming, Stella, but you are a democrat. How shall I imagine you—and before déjeuner, too—with decorations which you despise?" She laughed and picked up a magazine.

Stella sat in silence after this rebuff, looking fixedly at the dark head as she might at that of some unfamiliar animal in the zoo. She had the insight to perceive that there was no pose, no pretense, in this courteous indifference to her opinion, to public opnion. She could imagine this strange survival of a dead era telling the police in the gambling den who she was and expecting them to withdraw. She could conceive Katinka reading with indifference scandalous paragraphs about herself in a paper written for and sold to the common people. She tried to visualize an aristocratic group, limited in numbers, genuinely indifferent to an outside world, living solely in accordance with its own standards. What were these standards? By what inherited laws and customs did Katinka live her strange and now isolated life? She would never know from Katinka.

Stella divined that intimate confidences would never be given to one unqualified by a long pedigree; that temperament, training and unbending will doomed this girl to a separate life, lived with an external gayety and courtesy which would deceive nearly all the world. Stella could see Katinka waiting through years for the coming back of an Austrian emperor and the rehabilitation of the House of Winneburg; could see the girl in one hour as the most exquisite-mannered *mondaine*, in the next as an irresponsible *gamine*, shocking the world with some apparently shameless act of effrontery; could see occasional volcanic outbursts of temper, scorching everybody near. By the code of Katinka all her present world was inferior and might be lashed by whip or tongue. Katinka was an absolute monarch without a subject; a pitiful position, hinting at an unstable brain, but a wrong hint in this case. Katinka was clever; and perhaps it was strength and optimism that failed to see and admit that aristocracy could not be reborn in her lifetime; and perhaps it was fortitude that led to the resolve that life should be lived as though nothing had changed. All pretenders to thrones—the Stuarts, the Bourbons, the Hapsburgs—lived a pretense, sat on thrones which were but chairs and were served by imitation courtiers in a pasteboard court. So Stella perceived Katinka in lesser degree.

A monarch without a subject; the phrase recurred to Stella. Yes—one; and by some nightmare it was hard-headed, practical Paul Neale. Stella knew that she would fight for his love, suffer for him, sink pride to win him; but how? She was helpless. She could not lift a hand to save him from humiliation. She, who loved him, could not expose, could not explain her rival to him. Unwarned, he must rush on blindly to the disdainful rebuff which he

(Continued on Page 41)

Double Action
Single Cost



"Double Action" destroys those clinging odors and flavors

Sunbrite sweetens as well as scours

SOME of the most delicious foods have a way of leaving unwelcome reminders on everything they touch. The clinging odor and flavor of fish, onions, cauliflower is something to be wrestled with!

You can wash and scald the pans and skillets thoroughly—and still the odor clings. Something more is necessary.

But this something more does not need to be a long, hard, separate process. You can do all the necessary cleansing in one simple operation, now—with **Sunbrite,** the "double action" cleanser!

Sunbrite does two things at once. It scours and cleans and, at the same time, it freshens, sweetens and purifies. No spots or stains—and no stale odors and flavors, after a **Sunbrite** cleansing!

Sunbrite means a wonderful saving for the housewife. Less work, less time, more *thorough* cleanliness. It is inexpensive and with every can you get a United Profit Sharing coupon as extra value.

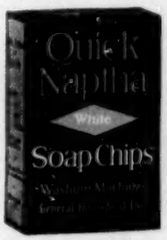
Let **Sunbrite** do its double share of your cleansing. For all those special needs of kitchen and bathroom it means greater cleanliness, more easily attained.

Swift & Company

Quick Naptha Soap Chips

Mild and harmless
yet wonderfully effective

Everything you want in a soap—mildness, effectiveness, convenience! You have all of these in Quick Naptha White Soap Chips. It is a joy to use for its convenient form and mild action coupled with unusual efficiency in dissolving dirt. Try it for all soap uses.



SAVE THE COUPON ON EVERY CAN AND EXCHANGE FOR PREMIUMS

A home garage without Mobiloil is like a fountain pen without a handy supply of ink.



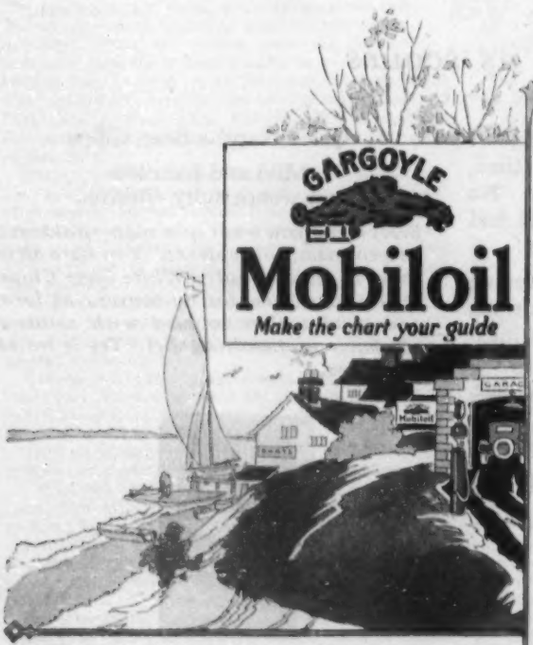
Keep a 5-gallon can of Mobiloil always at hand. You're ready to add oil when needed. You're ready to drain the crankcase.



There's a Mobiloil dealer nearby. See him. For he has the Mobiloil Chart—the recognized guide to scientific lubrication. Prepared by the Mobiloil Board of 42 engineers. Approved by 609 automotive manufacturers.

And Mobiloil is backed by 60 years of specialization in lubrication. *Experience counts.* That is why a change to Mobiloil will bring you one or all of these benefits: lessened carbon, increased power on the hills, lower repair bills, decreased oil and gasoline consumption.

Keep Mobiloil in your own garage at home.



Make this CHART *your guide*

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1926		1925		1924		1923	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler 4	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Chrysler 6	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Oldsmobile (4 & 6)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Packard 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc	A	Arc				



Vacuum Oil Company

Headquarters: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Division Offices: *Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis*

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must surely meet. Even that were better than a successful wooing; a momentary wound to pride would heal, but marriage would mean a year or two of servitude, a revolt, misery. Stella dispassionately eyed that charming head and summed up its owner as a public danger and a private peril; then she had to smile at words so large for a thing so small.

The telephone bell rang, and Stella now saw that Katinka had been lolling there, in expectation, close to the receiver. The explanations, the excuses, which she had so fairly made in her thoughts finally were swept away as she heard Katinka's words.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Neale. . . . Grateful, were they? . . . I am so glad. . . . Thank you so much. . . . Oh, that was quite right. I meant the suitcase to be left with them. . . . Do you mean now? . . . Yes, thank you, I should like to. . . . Are you speaking from the lobby? . . . I'll come down in five minutes."

Katinka rose. "Please tell Mrs. ——"

"You make a gambler's runner of him," Stella cried. "You ——"

"Please tell Mrs. Benson that I am lunching with Mr. Neale." Katinka completed her sentence and walked away, as from an unreasonable child with whom there was no time to wrangle.

Stella barged up and down, clenching her fists. It was thus that Paul Neale found her. She stopped short, her great blue eyes blazing at him.

"And so," she choked out, "the gang has the loot and you—you take it to them."

"What's the matter, Stella? What's happened?" Neale was anxious; he jerked the words out, clipped short. He had never before seen Stella so deeply moved.

"And you let her do it!" she cried contemptuously, her lip curling. She retreated from the hand he would have placed on her arm.

"Let her do what?" he asked impatiently, frowning.

"Make you her messenger boy," she cried hotly. "Run her shameless errands. I think you are contemptible—you—to mix up in this disgraceful business. I thought better of you."

"Europe," he said angrily, "is making a snob out of you. I thought a lot of you ——"

"Thanks."

"That's better. When you can be supercilious you're getting some hold over yourself. You look almost human now. Shameless errands? What are you getting at?"

She flushed red as it dawned on her that he had been deceived. "She ——" She shut her lips tight. "Forgive me, Paul. I want to fight the world this morning, that's all. You're the nearest enemy."

"What is it?" asked the puzzled Paul. "You're not one for moods, Stella. If you telephoned and asked me to deliver a suitcase for you—why, you've done things like that. What's this rot about messenger boy and shameless errand and all that?"

"I was foolish, Paul. It's her attitude toward us, toward you, that drives me mad." She had snatched at the first thought that would save her from exposing Katinka; that was not for her to do. "Her ridiculous, absurd idea of her toplofty position—don't you see? You are not a friend doing a service. You are a lackey accepting a command."

Neale laughed. "Is that all?" he said, but he looked at her doubtfully. "A small thing to upset you like that. You're trying to be good, Stella, but you're still mad clear through. I can see it in your eyes."

He spoke truth. This shameless Katinka had calmly sent him to possible arrest; had cajoled him into touch with this underworld of gamblers.

"Not at you," Stella said.

"Why at her? We knew her little cranks, her airy little ways. Be fair to her, Stella. The world is full of her fellow country people, starving, struggling. They've been rich, lots of 'em, people of culture, used to luxury. The poor little woman I took the bag to laughed and cried when she saw me and the suitcase. 'Oh, the kind gracious countess,' she said, and some man in an inner room yelled, and she poured out a flood in German. I tell you, that family was happy. I felt like a saint. I was hailed as one."

"Where was this?" Stella asked.

"A dirty little den in Soho, just off Greek Street."

"And did this grateful woman open the suitcase?"

"She handed it inside, quick. I think there were children, Stella—hungry children; and I could just see them tearing open that bag and wolfing the food."

"Paul ——" Stella turned and walked to the window, biting her lip, forcing back the truth—the truth about her successful rival, which by her code she might not reveal.

"I'm glad you see it right, now," Neale murmured over her shoulder. "I knew you would. It's fine of Katinka to stand by those she knew in better days. I'm glad she asked me to be her messenger. Aren't you, Stella? I do want you and her to be friends."

Her head was bowed lest he discover that she was not overcome by thought of starving children voraciously eating the offering of a Lady Bountiful. She nodded, and he turned as Katinka entered, beautifully dressed, a figure of elegance and charm. Obviously surprised to see Paul Neale there, she yet gave him blithe greeting, prettily thanking him for his promptness in fulfilling her little errand.

"I've been telling Stella," Neale blundered out, "how grateful Frau von Bolander was. Her English was as bad as my German, but I think she wished to kiss the hem of your skirts, countess."

Stella watched, wondering. This girl must know that she had broken in on no ordinary conversation, yet she heard with obvious unconcern words which told her that her secret had not been disclosed. She did not care; she was indifferent alike to the good or bad opinion of "these people of a humbler class."

"Poor woman," Katinka said, "she ruined Von Bolander, but ——"

"Ruined him? How?" asked Neale, startled by the cold censure of the manner.

"She let him marry her."

"Doesn't sound like a crime."

"But he was highborn and she—a gardener's daughter."

"But, countess, let me get this."

"My dear Mr. Neale," Katinka laughed, "how can you get it? You Americans have other ideas. They were quite happy—nobody minded—but a child came and he lost his head and married the mother. I am quite ready, Mr. Neale."

"But, countess," Neale cried, "do you say he oughtn't to have married her?"

"Of course not," she said, patiently smiling. "His father was very rich and made him a princely allowance. That was cut off, of course. He had been a great gambler, and so he did the only thing he knew how to do. He opened a gaming house."

"Is he doing that here?"

"Yes, Mr. Neale."

"But I thought you were helping poor war refugees."

"A run of hard luck," Katinka said, not even glancing toward Stella; but Paul Neale did as they went out. His lifted lids asked for merciful judgment on the odd ideas of this survival of an extinct era.

Stella was alarmed now. A reckless girl, in touch probably in all European capitals with all sorts of people known to her in childhood, people doing all sorts of things, driven to desperate means of earning their bread; a careless,

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Her Eyes Were Closed and Her Lashes Hung Invitingly. Her Crimson Lips Were Parted in a Smile

THE HUNDRED ACRES



A Man Could Lose No More Than His Life. That Was the Stake He Had to Play for Now

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

IV

BECKWITH had bought the Lurline, a twenty-eight-foot half-decked gasoline launch.

He knew he ought not to do it; but the boat was offered to him dirt cheap—only four thousand dollars—and on the spur of the moment, helplessly as a man falling off a roof, he had said, "All right; I'll take it."

Then he had been obliged to look up Wes Loftus and explain why he must have a little more cash. Wes had laughed and written him another check.

After all, that was the way of success. These chaps who made money hand over fist had thrown away all the old pinch-and-save, four-per-cent hokum. They bought what they wanted, and got the money afterward if they didn't happen to have it at the moment.

Alf wanted a boat. Mostly it was Claire Tobin that he had in mind. Everybody else had yachts, or expensive automobiles with chauffeurs, or houses, to entertain her in. He ought to have at least a little boat of his own to take her out in—with, probably, Wes Loftus and jolly Miss Fletcher. Nowadays the thought of Claire Tobin was sweet and heady. Maybe, after all, she wasn't so inaccessible. There were many moments—away from her, remembering what had happened—when it seemed she wasn't so far away. It might happen that she would marry him. The idea made him humble.

Also, there was something confusedly in his head about Milton Stowe in connection with the boat. It might happen that he could get the old man out in the gulf, with that letter in his pocket. But then, of course, lank Jim Hunter—who was skipper, crew and fishing guide—would be on board, and nothing could be accomplished.

That was the trouble with this crucial problem of Milton Stowe. He'd thought and thought—one scheme after another—but always there was some flaw. As for the boat, notice of his purchase was published in the Evening News and promptly brought the old goat down on him with a demand for more money. He must get hold of that letter; it was life or death. Yet in his plot weaving it always slipped past his fingers.

But the fishing party came off—Claire Tobin, Wes Loftus and jolly Miss Fletcher. It was rather wonderful, churning briskly out to sea, with foamy billows in their wake, and she as his guest on his own boat. They were protected by a canvas awning, and she wore a big straw hat; but her complexion was very fair.

"This sun is going to ruin me," she said, and got her hand bag, from which she extracted a long silky gray veil. Alf had to help her hold it in the breeze while she folded it over. Putting up her arms she wound it round her hat, covering her face, and tied it in a big soft knot under her chin. Behind the veil her lips looked redder and her eyes more starry. She screwed up her lips as the soft fabric touched them.

There was a great contentment out here on the tranquil sea, deep blue for the depths and yellow over the shallows, and many tints in between; and the nearest land only a thin yellow line with a green blur above it. But there was a mishap.

It happened sometime after they had eaten the elaborate luncheon prepared by the Hotel Royal. Claire Tobin got a strike that acted differently—not dashing with the strategy of a kingfish, but a hard steady pull, swimming back and forth. Finally, reeling it in beside the boat, Hunter coaching her, she was surprised to see how small it was and not gleaming like a kingfish but all dirty drab. As Hunter caught the line in an indurated hand to swing the catch aboard she saw the fin, the wedgelike snout and a small semicircular mouth beneath.

"Why, it's a baby shark!" she cried.

"Baby shark is right," Hunter repeated, amused by the description, as he held it aloft. In miniature it had every feature of its dread tribe, and at this infant terror of the sea she laughed aloud.

With single-minded intentness upon the job in hand, Hunter caught the creature's throat and deftly twisted out the hook; then put the fish's snout against the gunwale. Mrs. Tobin saw the muscles on his bare tanned forearm stand out as he pressed down. There was a faint squashing sound and the creature's snout stood upright at an angle to its body. Hunter gravely regarded it for an instant and tossed it into the sea. Its tail moved, but it only staggered away like a drunken man, at the surface of the water.

"What did you do?" Mrs. Tobin asked in a sick, shocked voice.

Smiling, matter-of-fact, the lean boatman replied, "Busted its nose; bloodless surgery. It won't last long." Holding her hook he stooped to the minnow pail for fresh bait.

"You fish," she said coldly and turned away.

It was to Alf that she turned, with a mute appeal—almost with trembling lips—like a child turning to its protector. His heart swelled with a sweet exultation, and with indignation at Jim Hunter. Of course all those who lived by the sea hated sharks. But she had called this one a baby shark. Hunter was a coarse brute. Beckwith decided to fire him as soon as he could find another boatman.

Otherwise the fishing trip was a success. His guests so declared as they said good-by at the dock in Sunport. In saying good-by Claire Tobin called him by his nickname, with a lilt in her voice.

Crossing the public park he felt that this ought to be another moment of unalloyed triumph; he ought again to be tall and strong. But that infamous letter was always in the back of his mind now, troubling him like a sword over his head. He must find some way. His eyes brooded and there was an absent-minded little furrow in his brow as he stepped up on the cement sidewalk before the hotel, turning toward the entrance.

Several smart little shops occupied the ground floor of the building. He noticed mechanically that a shiny closed car stood at the curb in front of one of them. A woman came briskly out of the shop door, and he found himself face to face with Mrs. Edward Hurd, whom he had known as Nell Westover. Her figure was decidedly fuller, but he recognized her instantly, and saw recognition in her brown eyes. It was awkward. He lifted his hat gravely.

But she had stopped on the sidewalk, looking straight into his face. He had to stop too. Without anger, it seemed, but in mere candid wonder, she asked, "Why are you such a rascal?"

For an instant more her brown eyes held him, then she turned to the car, and he replaced his hat and walked on. He was not angry; nobody had overheard; it was only a sort of aside between them. He didn't mind her asking the question privately.

Mrs. Edward Hurd drove home, noting by the clock on the dashboard that it was a quarter past five when she ran the car into the garage at No. 718 Magnolia Avenue. It was a quite roomy garage. There were exposed beams overhead and in the plastered walls, and mullioned windows like a little chapel. She had been delighted with it when they bought the house, chuckling over it with possessive affection.

But nowadays, like all the other expensive charms of the new house, it mocked her.

She tarried a moment in the kitchen, then went through the empty rooms to the sun parlor in front. The windows stood open to the breeze, but shrubbery in front gave this nook a cozy seclusion. Stepping in she saw, with a little shock, that her husband sat over by a window, reading the evening paper.

In a way she hated to see him nowadays. He had grown thinner, and when left to himself a line always came in his forehead. People noticed it, and she couldn't endure the notion of their taking it as a sign of defeat. If only he wouldn't worry about things. But he always would, champing the bit and wearing himself out like a nervous horse. Of course he couldn't help it, and now there was enough to worry about. But the signs of it in his thinner cheeks hurt her.

"Hello, Neddo!" she lilted at him. "Home early?"

He dropped the paper on his upthrust knee and answered in a tone that struck her as oddly unconcerned, "Yes; I thought I might as well."

She perceived that he looked composed—no line in his forehead, not biting the bit—and sat down, wondering if something more had happened in this train of calamities. Whatever it was, she was ready, but aching with sympathy for him. Her eyes mutely questioned.

(Continued on Page 44)

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NEW SERIES HUPMOBILE EIGHT —There is not an eight power plant in existence more soundly engineered; nor a performance program which can surpass it

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He mechanically drew a hand across his brow and said, in quiet sobriety, "Butz & Langley have come down on me."

The last two weeks he had ceased talking to her about the details of the affair, which she interpreted as a bad sign.

He added with no show of emotion, "They've made formal demand for clear title to the land or a return of their fifty thousand dollars."

She heard the words and understood their import, but was really engaged with trying to understand why he took it so coolly. Impartially, as though speaking about someone else's affair, he explained further: "Of course they're entitled to it. I signed the contract with them and took their fifty thousand dollars. Now that I can't give title they ought to have their money back."

She sought for a circumlocution, and murmured, as though Butz & Langley ought to have known it, "Fifty thousand dollars doesn't grow on bushes."

He smiled a little, in a dull fashion: "Not down here. Of course this formal demand is to clear the decks for a damage suit." With defenseless candor he added, "I suppose they're entitled to damages too. My hundred acres was only part of a bigger scheme. As soon as I signed up they went ahead with the whole scheme—took up other land, you know, and let some contracts for developing it, and began advertising their Alhambra Estates. Probably not getting my land is a real loss, and they're entitled to damages."

It seemed to her that he was discussing it as one speaks of an affair long past, and his composure hurt her more than an outburst would have. It was sort of as though he had been killed and was talking about it from the other side.

He went on: "The milk in the coconut is that Nels Butz is chewing up the office furniture. He and Martindale have been fighting up there from the beginning. He hates Martindale like poison. And now Martindale has handed him a horrible wallop. Martindale-Loftus-McGraw are going to get that hundred acres, right in the middle of Butz & Langley's stuff. Everybody is laughing at Butz—especially Martindale-Loftus-McGraw. Old Nels has got hydrophobia about it. Martindale kicks him in the stomach; he's got to pass it on to somebody, and I'm the only man he can reach. So he's going to trample me into the mud. That's the milk in the coconut."

She cast about in her mind for an instant, and asked, anxiously, "Can't John Thorpe stop him?"

"No. I've been to see him this afternoon." And that statement, she divined, contained the kernel of the calamity; but she had a moment in which to wonder just what the kernel might be before he enlightened her: "They're riding John Thorpe hard. Butz & Langley are mighty strong at the bank. Three of the bank directors are in with 'em, and their account is worth a lot. Their directors have got John Thorpe on the gridiron because he loaned me all this money."

He not only held the composure that was painful to her, but a pale gleam of humor showed as he continued: "Nels Butz is a perfectly good old cannibal. He's a square man—able, and no end of energy, and he lives up to his word. But he's a good cannibal too. He's been kicked in the belly and rolled around in the mud. He can't get back his self-respect till he's found an enemy and cracked his head and eaten him. And I'm the only man in sight. He blames it all on me. Old Nels would put his hand on his heart and look his Maker in the face and swear that I ought to be shot at sunrise. And all that gets over to John Thorpe."

"I would never have thought it of John Thorpe," she said. Through troublous earlier years John Thorpe of the Sunport National Bank had often been the little soft-drink factory's haven.



Claire Tobin

"Well—maybe that's just the same thing as not thinking he was human," Hurd replied. "John Thorpe has been fine to me; fine. He backed me at the start, and he's stood by me all the way through. For a long while I was a dubious sort of proposition. It took courage to stand by me the way he did. He don't own the bank by a long shot. If I'd busted up on him it would have given him a black eye with the stockholders."

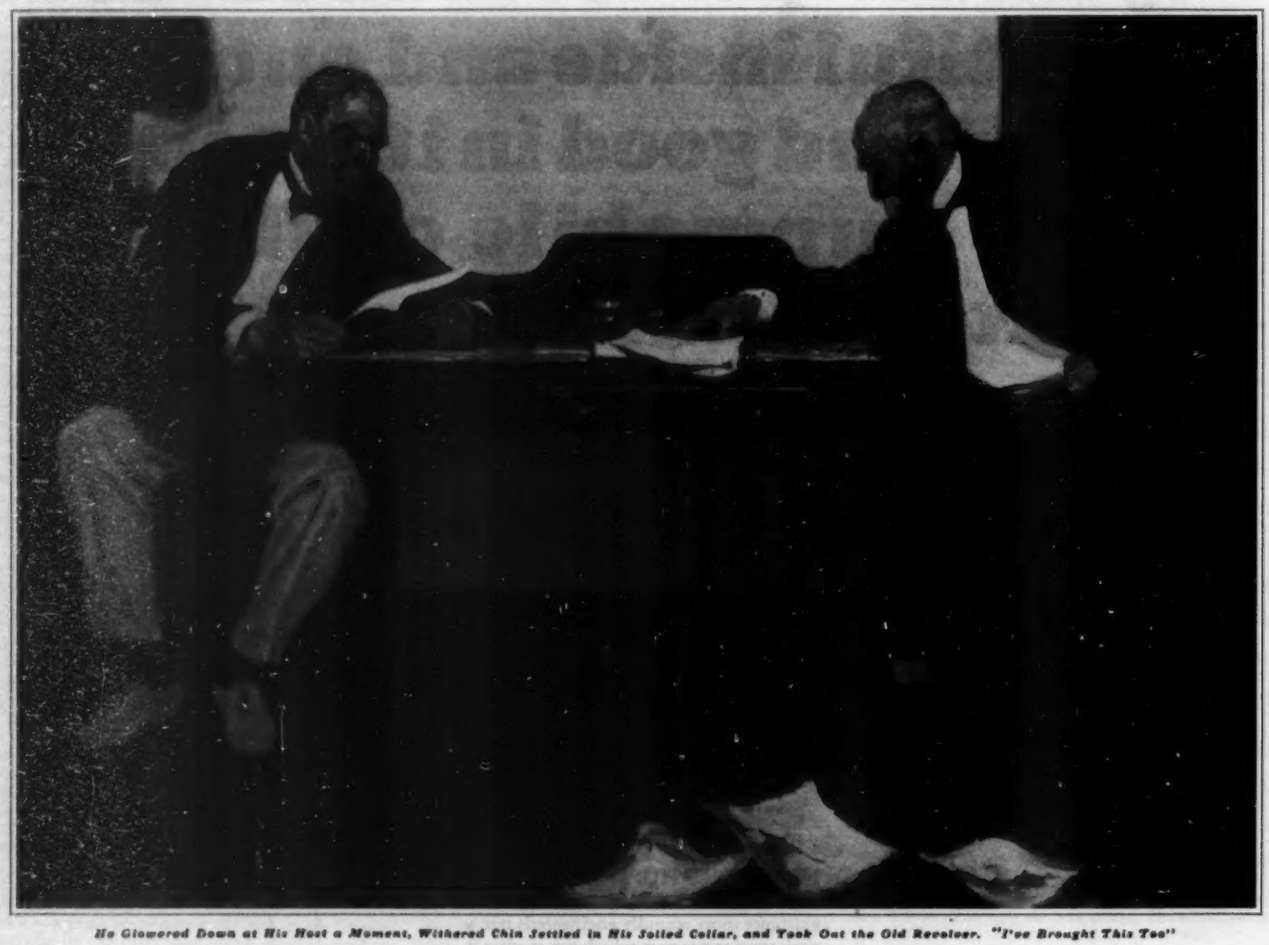
She perceived that he was arguing the case as though Thorpe had retained him as counsel for the defense.

"And then, you see, everything was smooth sailing. I was out of the woods, out of debt, making money. I'd justified his faith in me. Then along comes this thing. I load him up again with a lot of loans that don't look so cheerful now, and I get a strong faction in the bank down on me, and let him in for a lot more trouble. I suppose a man gets tired after a while. He sort of says to himself, 'This blockhead lets me into one mess after another.' It's like trying to carry an overgrown pup that kicks and scratches all the while. A man gets tired of it. I'm not blaming John Thorpe at all."

He made a little pause, glancing down.

"I went in to see him this afternoon in a last effort to raise the fifty thousand for Butz & Langley. I knew well enough I oughtn't to do it. It wasn't decent to ask the bank for that much more money; but I had tried everything else I could think of. I don't wonder it irritated him. He roasted me for fair. I'm sorry he said some things to me

(Continued on Page 130)



He Glowered Down at His Host a Moment, Withered Chin Settled in His Soiled Collar, and Took Out the Old Revolver. "I've Brought This Too"



Russian Tests *Too* *prove* Buick Worth —

Several months ago, The Russian Government invited the motor car manufacturers of the world to enter cars in an international motor trial.

French, Italian, English, German, Austrian, Czecho-Slovakian factories, and many European distributors of American cars, accepted this invitation. Most of the cars entered were specially constructed for the race with special engines, springs, and axles.

Buick cars in this event were stock cars, with no special equipment . . . They were entered by the Amtorg Trading Corporation and the Helsingfors (Finland) Buick dealer.

The course established, and weather conditions stamp this as the longest and most difficult automobile test ever undertaken. Eighty-four cars faced the starter at Leningrad, with the finish line at Moscow, over a course of 5,300 Kilometers (3,290 miles).

Rain fell nearly every day of the *twenty* required for the run. Roads were deeply pitted with holes, and almost impassable mud was frequently encountered. Sand and mountains added still more difficulties.

The cars in the trial were divided into groups, according to cylinder capacity. In Buick's classification, 6 American and 2 foreign cars contested for supremacy. Five first prizes were possible in each division.

And Buick won 4 out of the 5! The first award for *general excellence* went to Buick, as did the first prize for *economy, speed from a flying start, and speed from a standing start.*

The Russian tests only confirm what more than a million Buick owners already know; that in dependability, and mastery of every driving condition . . . *Buick leads!*

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TESSIE MEETS THE HEIR

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY J. GEORGE PHILLIPS

O-O-O-O LOOK, Tess!" whispers Mame over my shoulder. "What's wrong with this one? Could he qualify as a boy friend? Could he, I ask you now?"

I'd already looked, so I nodded. "For once, Mame dear," says I, "you show good taste. He could, but that's no sign he will."

"Oh, I dunno," says Mame. "If he should see stars in your eyes he'd be a goner. And they're there now, Tess, they're there!"

"Say, can't you make it a still alarm?" I asks her. "And why get so steamed up over a young stranger who's probably come here to sell Mr. George Goofus some bonds, or else is due to meet his sweetie in the Palm Room? See, he's streaming right past to the desk."

"Not without givin' you the double-o," says Mame. "I notice he didn't miss you."

I couldn't deny it, for as he crosses the lobby he glances toward the news stand and catches me sizing him up. I'll admit, too, that I kind of liked the way he took it. Not sheiky, you understand, or with any tricky eye signals; nor does he register boredom, or give me the droopy lids. He swaps looks just as natural as he might with a traffic cop, or a ticket agent, or an information clerk, and then passes on.

"Nice young feller, I bet," says Mame.

"He may be, at that," says I. "Still, we don't have to rush out and kiss him, do we? And there's a customer pawing over the box candy, Mame. Suppose we do a little business on the side."

With that I checks off the incident as closed, sells two movie magazines and the latest best seller, tells a lady guest where I go to have my bob trimmed, shunts an old sport with misbehaving eyes who's been hovering around the stand, and was just marking room numbers on some Wall Street editions when I looks up to find the handsome young stranger waiting patient on the other side of the counter.

"Yes, sir?" says I crisp, tapping the pencil to show how busy I am and blocking any idea of his that I was open for kidding.

"I am looking for Mr. Phil Norton," says he.

"You'll find the room clerks right over there," says I, nodding toward the desk.

"I know," says he. "But the one who was good enough to notice me at all seemed never to have heard of such a person."

"Snippy about it, eh?" says I. "And there was something you thought I could do about it?"

Instead of getting sore, or pinking up in the ears, he shakes his head solemn.

"I suppose they're necessary evils, room clerks," says he. "I never could seem to get on with them, and I'm told it's illegal to shoot 'em during the close season. But I say—I wish you'd tell me why all the mystery about Phil."

"Why me?" says I. "If it's somebody who isn't registered how should I ——"

"Oh, well!" says he, hunching his good-looking shoulders. "If you're in it, too, I might as well give up. But I happen to know that Mr. Norton is one of the owners, that he always keeps a suite reserved here, and that he makes the Gloriana his home whenever he's in town, which he is now. Incidentally, he is one of my best friends."

"That's a lot to laugh off, even for me," says I sarcastic. "I expect it's no alibi, either, that he didn't notify me when he checked in, or that he likes to come and go without the fact being advertised. Don't you mind those little items, though, if you're dead set on having us fired."



"Oh, I Say!" He Protests. "I'm Not That Bloodthirsty, You Know"

"Oh, I say!" he protests. "I'm not that bloodthirsty, you know. Sorry if I seemed peevish, and I'd no business asking you. I shouldn't if you hadn't—er ——"

"Yes?" says I, when he leaves it in the air.

"May I say that you looked rather more intelligent than the others," he goes on, "and perhaps a bit friendly?"

"Oh, Mister!" says I, and with that I twinkled at him.

Either I didn't have the range or else it was a dud. Not that I want to hand myself any press notices, but they do say that twinkle of mine generally gets 'em; and I'm pained to observe that this one had about as much effect on the fair young stranger as bouncing beans off a battleship. His sober gray eyes never gives a flicker. Course there is that sketchy little smile around his mouth, but that's been there all the while. And the next I know he's turning away careless.

"Unless you think you must," says he, "you needn't mention to Mr. Norton that I've been looking for him."

Then he's gone and I begin marking papers again. If I got any of 'em switched it was due to the fact that I was wondering what Mr. Phil was in town for when he was supposed to be shooting quail down in North Carolina or somewhere, and how long he was going to stay; which was about as useless for me as guessing when I'd meet the Prince of Wales, and what he'd say if I told him I liked his eyes. Mr. Phil has good eyes too—sort of wintry blue, like they'd seen a lot that wasn't so and was prepared for more of the same; things that had hurt. I expect he has. Any male as easy-looking as John Philip Norton, who's fluttered around with the smart setters as long as he has without getting the net over him, must have had some narrow escapes. Also a few romances that have gone on the rocks. He as much as told me so once.

Don't get me wrong though. He's who he is and I'm just Tessie at the news stand. Neither of us ever forgets that. And I expect it's on account of my being so hard-boiled that he thinks he can afford to ease up with me. Anyway, we have friendly chats, and he asks how I'm getting on with Aunt Maggie, and he notices when I have a new cut to my hair, and plays the kind-boss act generally. No hand patting though, or any of this "little girl" stuff. And yet—well, maybe I only imagine it, but it does seem at times as if some of the chill got out of his eyes when he leans across the counter talking to me. Huh! A hot lot of good that would do me, wouldn't it? Him playing around most of the time with society vamps, expert man snatchers, and super-flappers who flit with him from Newport to Palm Beach and back again! It would hand him a big laugh, eh, if he ever got wise to some of those stray pipe dreams of mine? But he never will. Likewise, there ain't gonna be no more.

"Say, what's the idea, Tess?" asks Mame. "Slammin' them bundles around like that. I got a few nerves left, you know."

"Yes," says I. "All below the neck though. Sorry, Mame. I must have thought I was tossing something overboard. As a matter of fact, I was."

But did you ever notice that when you are dead sure about something how apt you are to find yourself weakening on it before long? It wasn't an hour later that I'm getting a close-up of those very same blue eyes of Mr. Phil Norton's and watching the frost melt from 'em. He had been hurrying across the lobby toward the elevator, staring straight ahead as though he was thinking deep about this or that, when all of a sudden he glances toward the stand, sees me, and comes right over. Before I had a chance, too, to let him know what I'd chucked over the rail, he's spilling this confidential tale about young Schuyler Burke.

"Tell me, Miss Tessie," says he, "how does one make a young cub forget a wispy little person with a saucy mouth and Madonna eyes?"

"Must he forget her?" I asks.

"Oh, quite!" says he.

"It's a bad case, is it?" says I.

"Well, it's been going on for two weeks or so, I understand," says Mr. Phil, "and at rather a hectic pace. They had reached the point where they were behaving as if this was a universe built for two. You know what I mean. They're together all the time, riding, golfing, swimming, dancing, or just sitting mooning at each other. The young idiots!"

"Such things do happen though," I suggests. "And I didn't know you'd joined the Anti-Petting League, Mr. Norton."

"Oh, I'm not the one who's objecting," says he. "It's Schuyler's mother, of course. Why, when I reached the Springs, after getting her second night letter, I found her almost in a panic. She said I must stop the affair at all costs."

"Sonny too young, or what?" says I.

"Schuyler?" says he. "No, he's fully old enough to know better. You see, the girl isn't—well, she isn't his sort, that's all."

"What is his sort—just?" I asks curious.

"Why," says he, "Schuyler's rather a patrician, if we must classify him; one of the Kentucky Burkes, which means that he has good blood, good breeding, all that sort of thing."

"Including a lot of money, eh?" I adds.

"Enough," says Mr. Phil. "At least, he will have some day. His grandfather was Thaddeus Burke, who founded

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BODY by FISHER

(Continued from Page 46)

the Burke & Logan distillery, and made the best Bourbon ever bottled in Kentucky."

"They'd jail him for that now," says I.

"I suppose they would," he admits. "And in England they'd make him a baronet, or possibly a lord. But Schuyler's father never did anything more criminal than breeding race horses. He was rather good at that, however—two Derby winners."

"And Schuyler himself?" I asks. "What's his specialty?"

Mr. Phil shrugs his shoulders. "So far as I've discovered," says he, "Schuyler's long suit is getting himself tangled up with the wrong girl and being somewhat good-natured about allowing me, or some other friend of the family, to do the untangling. This is the third time I've been summoned and I ought to be almost an expert at it, but in this instance the case seems more desperate than usual."

"She's a bad egg, is she?" says I. "The girl with the eyes?"

"Heavens, no!" says he. "Schuyler has more discretion than that. But this Miss Gruhley—Natalie, I believe he calls her—is a young lady swimming champion, or near-champion. She does long-distance stunts, fancy diving; has her picture on the sporting pages, on magazine covers; and is asked to spend the season at resorts where there are tiled pools, simply because of her perfect swan dive and her trudgeon stroke."

"Is that the worst about her?" says I.

"Schuyler's mother thought so," says he, "until she found that the nniad's parents were—well, they have a delicatessen shop on Ninth Avenue."

I just rolls my eyes up and makes a noise as if I was gasping, for I saw he expected me to be shocked; and, considering that I live on Eighth Avenue myself, I thought I did fairly well. I was getting something of a jolt though, for I'd always had Mr. Phil Norton listed as real democratic, with no snobbish notions about him. But it seems that speaking kindly to the help is one thing and mixing avenues at the altar is another, so if I'd been indulging in any romantic dreams this was enough to make me snap out of 'em. I can work up a low-temperature look, too, when there's call for it, and this seemed to be the time for frosty eyes, if ever. He don't notice any change though, being so busy explaining about Schuyler.

"All his other affairs have been only a little silly compared to this," he goes on. "One was with a little blonde he met at a football game while he was in college, a girl from some small town in Minnesota. Rather a charming little nobody too. Another was with a young widow from Denver who almost broke up a house party in the Berkshires. But this Miss Gruhley person—well, you can imagine Mrs. T. Lanning Burke, of Louisville and Lenox, facing the possibilities of such a match—a daughter-in-law whose legs might be featured prominently in any rotogravure section she picked up, the prospect of a wedding breakfast over a delicatessen shop in Ninth Avenue."

"But how handy," says I, "if the chicken salad or the cold tongue should start giving out!"

He stares at me for a second, sees that I'm giving him a mild josh, and springs that friendly smile of his that I've been so mistaken about. "You are perfectly right, Miss Tessie," says he. "We shouldn't get tragic over it. And if Mrs. Burke had your sense of humor she'd get along much easier with her only son. She hasn't though, so there she is at the Springs, having a regular cat fit; and here I am, with Schuyler on my hands, trying to show him what a young ass he is."

"Any luck so far?" I asks.

"None," says he. "True, I did persuade the boy to leave and come to town with me, but that was chiefly because he couldn't stand being wept on by mother. He refuses to give up the girl, however."

"Perhaps you haven't put it strong enough—about what a sap he is," I suggests sarcastic.

Mr. Phil shakes his head. "Only makes him more mulish," says he. "No. I'm on a different tack now. My plan is to divert him, to make him forget her."

"The plot listens good," says I, "but how you going to work it out? May not come so easy, especially if this swimming sweetie of his is as much of a vamp as you describe. Unless you could crowd her into the back row."

"Eh?" says he.

"By digging up someone who could out-vamp his mermaid," I explains.



He's Staring at Me Harder Than Ever. "Oh, Now You're Making Game of Me," Says He

"Oh, I say!" he exclaims. "That's it! The homeopathic method—like cures like. Call in a super-vamp. But who—where ——"

"Why, Mr. Phil!" says I. "As if there weren't flocks of 'em in your set!"

"M-m-m," says he, rubbing his chin. "There should be, but somehow I can't think of one who might be available on short notice. Polly Treascott—but she's still in Paris. The Ivison flapper? No, she doesn't notice 'em under thirty. That Washington niece of Mrs. Twombley-Crane's? He was exposed to her fluttery glances all last February without effect. That's the trouble with most of them. You see, I ought to dazzle him with a new face, with someone who had an entirely new line. She must be a very tricky young person though, and possibly one he wouldn't be apt to meet anywhere —— Why—why—how utterly stupid of me! With you right before me, Miss Tessie!"

Then it was me who was doing the open-mouth act.

"Me?" says I.

"Well, why not?" says he. "Perhaps I've never mentioned to you, Miss Tessie, that you are a singularly fascinating young woman."

"Not that I remember, Mr. Phil," says I, giving him the baby stare.

And honest to goodness, I near had him scraping his foot.

"Pardon the omission," says he. "But surely others haven't been so reticent—a great many others—and I know of some people who have been properly snubbed for it."

"Well, now and then I have to frost a fresh party," I admits.

"Possibly that's why I've been so wary," says he. "But now I'm simply asking a favor. Please meet Schuyler and—and make him forget that Gruhley girl."

"What if I couldn't?" says I.

"Pouff!" says he. "A hundred to one that, after the first hour with you, she fades out of the picture."

"Is that a bet?" says I.

"It is," says he, "and I'm giving the odds. Couldn't we arrange it for tonight? As a surprise, you know. I'll tell him I've asked a friend to have dinner with us."

"I—I don't know as I can," says I, rolling my eyes thoughtful. "Where would you stage it?"

"Oh, at the Ritz roof, or some such place," says he. "That is, unless there would be complications in the matter of a dinner gown."

"Thanks," says I. "I expect I could dress the part well enough to pass if they aren't too fussy. Where you got Schuyler parked?"

"At my club," says he. "I've been out scouting among my friends for help and advice, but the few I could manage to find had nothing sensible to offer. Until I talked with you, Miss Tessie. Please, now! Step in as a pinch hitter. You lose a dollar if you fail, but you get a hundred if you win."

"Then I don't see how I can afford to stay out," says I. "I'd be a sad flop at the swan dive, and the trudgeon stroke I've only read about, but if those are barred I might take his mind off Miss Gruhley for a while, providing the jazz is snappy and his feet are mates. It's a go, Mr. Phil."

"Good!" says he. "I'll call for you about seven and then we'll pick up Schuyler. Shall I bring orchids?"

"Thanks awfully," says I, "but if I lure your young friend into a fox trot there isn't going to be any room for orchids."

"Ah!" says he. "Quite so."

When I tell Mame she's to take the late trick at the stand of course she gets curious.

"I bet that nice young feller's been back and dated you up," says she.

"Huh!" says I. "Anyone would think he was the only good-looking male that's strolled into the Gloriana lobby this week. I'll say he isn't though."

"But there ain't stars in your eyes any more, Tess," says Mame.

"Maybe not," says I, "but there'll be twinkles in 'em before the evening's over. There's got to be."

"Gosh!" says she. "I believe you are hard-boiled, after all."

"How long would I last at this game if I wasn't?" says I. "I ask you."

Anyway, that's the way I went into this. For my little talk with Mr. Phil Norton had shown me just where I stood. As a news-stand girl I was someone he could be friendly with—at the news stand. He could even trust me to remember my place while I vamped a distillery heir long enough for him to forget a sweetie from the delicatessen shop. But outside of that I was only one of the help,

(Continued on Page 202)



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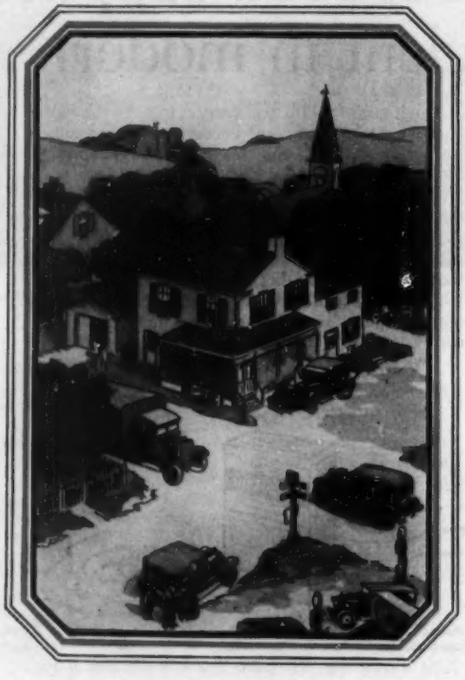
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Traveling De Luxe—European Plan

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

THESE beginning paragraphs were written last Fall in a Paris hotel, after three days spent in strenuous travel upon the French railways—upon the main and the side lines. After such journeyings, the poorest, the most disreputable of American trains seems very good indeed; a Pullman parlor car, even one of most ancient vintage, a palace on wheels.

The course of my travels in those three days took me across country in France—from Aix-les-Bains to Vichy, and then on to Paris by the way of Bourges and Vierzon; a thing which apparently is not supposed to be done—in France. In France one travels in and out of Paris along the spokes of the great railroad wheel which has that city as its hub, but never across the wheel, from spoke to spoke. With us here in the United States, our cross-country rail service is, generally speaking, quite comparable with that upon the main routes. One rides comfortably and in fairly good time at least from Buffalo to Pittsburgh, or from Cleveland to Cincinnati, or from Detroit to Indianapolis, or from Kansas City to the Twin Cities.



PHOTO. BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

A Double-Decker Suburban Train on the French Railways Outside of Paris

But not so in France. There are exceptions of course; fairly good trains from Bordeaux to Lyons and from Bordeaux to Marseilles. But these are decidedly exceptional. An early morning express carried me from the delightful Aix-les-Bains to Lyons—seventy miles—in three hours and twenty minutes. In America we would not call this particularly rapid travel. Between Aix-les-Bains and Lyons—one of the most important cities and greatest centers of railroad operation of all France—we changed cars, at the little junction town of Culoz. Trains ran from there in two opposite directions—to Lyons and to Geneva. There seemed to be a deal of confusion as to which platform the Lyons train would depart from. There were no indicators or markers of any sort; while to clamber in and out of the average French railway carriage requires the ability of an acrobat or a squirrel. More difficult car entrances could hardly be imagined.

On a French railway train a traveler from afar is left exquisitely to himself. In the carriages of the important trains there are signs in three languages—French, German and Italian—about not spitting on the floor, not sticking the head out of the window, not letting the children play with the locks of the doors—but none in English, despite the fact that from 40 to 50 per cent of the prosperous folk who ride in these first-class carriages are almost entirely dependent upon the English language.

No Competition, No Comfort

YOU look out for yourself. No friendly conductor comes along to look at your ticket and to pass the time of day with you—at least not on the local and the semi-local trains. Your ticket is examined when you board the train and taken up when you leave it. Between these episodes—take care of your own fate.

No brakeman sticks his head in the car door to shout something that usually can be interpreted as the name of the next station. In France, in Europe generally, you will have to struggle for yourself to find it among a mass of advertising posters on the station platform. You take care of yourself.

Three hours and twenty minutes from Aix-les-Bains to Lyons—seventy miles. And then from Lyons to Vichy—123 miles more—was accomplished in an actual elapsed time of four hours and twenty-seven minutes. Of course nearly forty minutes of this time was spent in the little junction town of St.-Germain-des-Fosses, waiting for the connecting train for the final six miles down to Vichy, but that is not the traveler's fault. Nor is the three hours and forty minutes that the express consumed in going the 117 miles from Lyons to St.-Germain to be reckoned as particularly fast going—for an express.

There are, of course, very fast trains on the French railways today, but these run in and out of Paris and on the spokes of the great wheel. For instance, the boat train between Calais and Paris, which does 185 miles in three hours and fifteen minutes—in the days before the war it made the run in fifteen minutes less than this—and the *rapide* on which I journeyed from Paris to Brussels, 193 miles, in three hours and forty-five minutes. These are very fast running times indeed. But in the summer of 1925 a series of distressing and terribly fatal accidents overcame the fast French trains; the swift Paris-Boulogne boat train chanced to be one of the ill-fated carriers. And Frenchmen began to ask themselves if terrific speed is worth such a price; whether the custom of paying the engineers a bonus for each mile they succeed in making up after their train has been delayed is a good one. The American railroader would have but one answer to that question.

The Lyons-St.-Germain express, carrying me along at its thirty miles an hour—between stations—left much to be desired as to cleanliness. Not only as to lavatories—somehow in France and Southern Europe one always expects to find these running from dirty to filthy—but also to personal cleanliness. The day I traveled on it was a warmish one at the end of May. To have left the car windows closed would have been an impossibility. Even the French, who have a mania for closed windows, were willing to have them stay open. So the traveler faced the sweet alternative of being bathed in soft coal and fine gritty fragments of the roadbed. He still wonders how they ever admitted him to the best hotel in Vichy. Two hot baths, and still the P-L-M roadbed stuck to the skin.

The main-line trains—those that run up and down the spokes of the wheel—are somewhat better—sometimes. The Paris-Orléans, which is one of the best French railway systems, operates on certain of its day trains comfortable first-class cars, with a large central compartment, not unlike one of our Pullman club cars. Similar cars on the Italian lines are known as observation cars. The observation car, as we style it on our American railroads, with its comfortable back porch, has no counterpart in Europe, save on a few routes up in Scotland.

Outside of Great Britain and the Italian railways, there are very few parlor cars. It is customary on the French railways and some others to make advance reservations of seats in the first and second class carriages. For this a fee is charged and there is assurance of an individual seat, but none whatsoever of any other form of comfort, and none against overcrowding. The answer to this last phase of Continental railroading is a simple one: There are not enough passenger trains run. The war has ceased to be a legitimate excuse for this sort of thing. My trip from Aix-les-Bains to Lyons took place seven years after the signing of the Armistice. There had been large additions to both the locomotive and other rolling-stock equipment of the European railways. Yet their train services, with a few exceptions, had not been restored to prewar standards; and this despite such floods of travel from the Americas as were undreamed of in 1914.

The real reason is the almost entire lack of competition on the Continental railway systems. Take the single question of sleeping cars, of the eternal paucity of this vehicle on the European Continent.

Prior to the World War this very necessary adjunct to the railroad of today was farmed out by the different companies, whether state owned or privately owned and operated, to a far-flung corporation known as the International Sleeping Car Company. This organization was probably neither better nor worse than its compeers elsewhere, save for one highly important detail—it never has had enough sleeping cars.

American Plan Preferred

WHEN I was in France it had recently bought new cars—and very excellent ones they were—built of steel and painted a fine royal blue in distinction to the teakwood finish of the exterior of its earlier equipment. Apparently it was making some real effort to meet the tremendous demands that constantly were made on it. But it still fell far short of these. Its fleet of sleeping cars was as nothing to an American; particularly to any American who happened to know that nightly on his own railroads more than 6000 sleeping cars were in regular operation. When I was in Italy a couple of years ago, the entire sleeping-car fleet of the Italian State Railway—one of the largest single railroad systems in the world, with its 17,000 miles of line—consisted of but twenty-eight vehicles.

More cars than this run nightly in one direction on the two or more sections of such highly popular American de-luxe trains as the Capitol Limited or the Twentieth Century.

"Trains de luxe." That has a European sound. It is a French word. It was coined overseas to make a fit advertising description of trains which when first they were installed were supposed to lead the world in comfort, in luxury, in elegance. Yet to a Yankee, far from his home plate, the European train de luxe was a minstrel joke on wheels. If it had four sleeping cars, in addition to its restaurant car and one or two for luggage, it made the eyes of the natives pop out. They spoke of it with bated breath.

The American traveler speaks of it in a different way. It has been heralded to him in advance. It is well advertised; ingeniously, sedulously, cleverly. Yet when he goes to the terminal station in Paris of an evening and stands beside it for the first time he gets no thrill whatsoever. He may think of the splendid pumpkin-yellow bulk of the Olympian, standing in the great Union Station in Chicago, or the gleaming red cars of the Congressional, and wonder; then he catches sight of the short dun-colored European de luxe and a shudder comes over him.

"Where's the observation car?" he begins demanding. "Is there a club car on the darned thing? Or a barber shop? Or a shower bath? Whad d'ye call de lucks? Out-a-lucks, I should say."

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Plans for Little Gardens

THE word garden-plan brings to many minds that other deadly word, expense. When plans are mentioned people begin to think of fees, of landscape architects, of costly beginnings, costly goings on, and of yet more costly endings in the garden. A good landscape architect does cost; he should have nigh fees. His education has been very expensive; he is or should be a man who brings much more to his work than a mere technical education too. If the laborer is worthy of his hire, the artist is even more worthy of his.

But there are ways of securing plans for the small garden that cost no money whatever. They do cost other things: deep interest, observation, much thought and concentration, and some drawing and sketching. The little garden which has been made without a plan will always show this fact. There will be about it a hit-or-miss look, a poor arrangement of the main features, a lack of connection between them and between the whole garden and the house, any or all of which are fatal to beauty. And beauty is what we are after in our gardens; it is what we desire, what we must have, what we shall have if we set about gardening in the right way. What is this right way with regard to the plan?

It is first the considering of the piece of ground in relation to what is around it or next to it. It is the getting firmly fixed in our minds first of all that nothing really good in gardens can be made without remembering that the garden must be properly related to its surroundings, to the house near which it stands, and that all parts of even the smallest garden—for a little garden may have many parts if well subdivided—must be properly related to each other, properly proportioned each with regard to the other. If all this is done, if all this is insisted upon by the owner to himself as he looks over the ground he is to plan on, only good can come.

Working Out Your Own Designs

I AM a great advocate of form and pattern in the little garden for the reason that one gets more out of a small piece of land by this kind of planning. Where the garden—we take it for granted that it is always at the back of the house—where the garden is meant only for social uses by a small family, where food is not to be grown, where children are not to be specially considered, it may be well to surround one's land with splendid screens of trees and shrubs in an irregular fashion, leaving the center open for sitting purposes and for a pretty effect of green turf. This center in turn to be surrounded by gay borders of spring flowers to be followed by perennials. This is a charming effect, but in a way wasteful. For one thing it gives so little variety. It does give, however, a feeling of larger space than does the garden that is cut up into smaller spaces. Yet, on the other hand, by a judicious use of straight walks giving a certain perspective, even the formal garden may be made to look more spacious than the beginner might think.

Now as to the plan itself. After the ground and its relation to the house have been carefully studied and thought over, lay out the general idea of the garden on paper, if possible on the quadrille or scale paper used by all architects. If there is to be a main walk see to it that that walk centers on an entrance door at the rear of the house, or on possible steps descending to the garden. A very nice effect in the small garden may often be got by setting the main walk far against the boundary line to right or left of the lot, and making a short crosswalk to connect with that at the end nearest the house. Crosswalks, too, there may be in other parts of the garden. These should be arranged for the use that is made of them and so placed as to make the squares or rectangles formed by them with the main walk as pretty as possible. The main walk should have some sort of terminal feature at its farther end, perhaps a seat surrounded by clipped hedge or shrubbery, perhaps a little garden shelter built of the material of the house, for there is another delicate relationship to be considered in those smaller matters.

Plan for the spot for the inevitable garage, that space-taking building, and then do not fail to screen it from your view and the view of others, for such a building can never be specially good to look at and is particularly difficult to deal with on a restricted piece of ground.

When walks are settled upon, spaces allotted to grass, vegetables, drying green, flowers, then think of your structural green. Shall you have hedges? Or shall some offensive or even mildly disagreeable outlook be screened away from you by tall shrubs, or smaller or larger trees? Put in your suggestions of this kind in the rounding lines familiar now to all who read the monthly magazines on houses and gardens, and in which beautifully drawn plans by landscape architects are so constantly seen. Indeed from looking over just such as these the owner of a small garden may get many valuable ideas, always remembering that one small feature of an elaborate plan may easily be adapted to the little garden.

I saw recently in England such a pretty variant of the usual straight walk of perhaps fifty feet running from the little entrance gate of a modest house to its main door that I must describe it here. The walk, perhaps three feet wide, was paved with uneven stone; halfway between gate and door the paving was extended on either side into the turf to make squares about three feet each way, the squares of course being of a piece with the walk. This created four corners of paving in the grass, around each of which ran four foot-wide borders, or small corner beds one foot wide, and running, perhaps, a foot and a half in each direction from each angle. These, which made a charming pattern in the smooth lawn, were filled with purple violas and yellow daffodils in full bloom. It was a fascinating little scheme to relieve the dullness of a rather long, straight walk to the doorway of the house, and its lines struck me as simple enough to be reproduced almost anywhere. This same plan could be followed back of a house through the center of a long panel of turf, and would be very economical of space, though decidedly gay in effect.

Here was the result, the delightful outcome of a tiny plan. Such things, however, do not happen of themselves. Someone must give care, thought and time to a plan. Upon the plan the beauty or lack of beauty of a garden really depends.

How to Make a Garden Interesting

BEFORE a plan is actually set down on paper, as I have said, the ground to be dealt with must have been very carefully gone over, the position of the house taken into account, the front part of the lot arranged as a proper and pretty approach and foreground, and also any trees and shrubs already on the ground carefully taken note of. The plan or sketch then having been made to scale—and a scale of one-tenth of an inch to represent a foot is the simplest and best to use—it should be brought out, pasted to a card or tacked on a light board, and kept on hand for the actual laying out of the ground itself.

The first requisite toward the getting of the simple measurements transferred from paper to ground is a hundred-foot tape or, failing that, a sixty-foot one. The next is a few stakes; the third is a second person, perhaps a boy, to hold the other end of the tape. Measure off the ground exactly as the plan shows it, being very careful to get the lines true. If there are differences of level in the lot these may be taken care of by means of a spirit level and a board which has a very straight edge. A slight difference of level often gives a chance for very interesting garden effects—a step or two from a lower to a higher plane; a little terrace with, if possible, a retaining wall; or, if that is too costly to consider, a flower planting along the sloping ground between the lower and the higher level. Many are the expedients of this kind, which will make all the difference in the end as to whether the garden is dull or really interesting and with some pictorial quality.

Where great differences of level exist, or where ground is larger than the usual dimensions of the average suburban lot, an engineer's or landscape architect's survey is necessary. But most smaller places are very simple to plan and stake out. In case of an informal plan where curving borders are the rule, the laying down on the earth of rubber garden hose, after the stakes for the curves have been set, will give a beautiful line along which to cut with the spade.

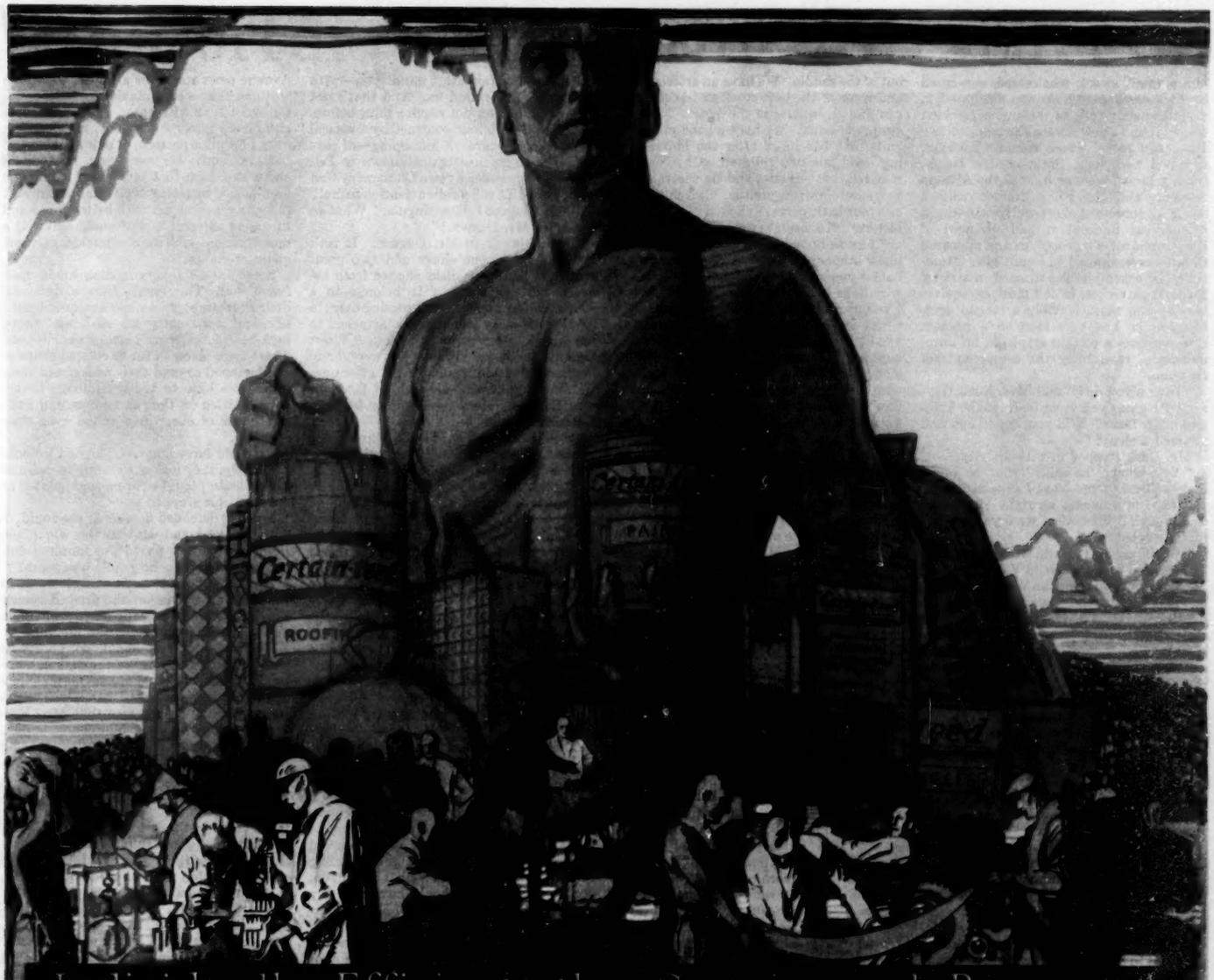
But now, having said this much as to the practical side of laying out the garden, let us return for a moment to the plan itself, and to the need for making all possible use of limited areas of ground. I have seen a little garden not more than sixty feet deep and thirty wide, which was so skillfully divided that it held a square of grass for a drying green for linen, a little garden of

(Continued on Page 70)



PHOTO. BY J. HORACE MC FARLAND CO., HARRISBURG, PA.

Phlox in a Corner of an Inclosed Garden



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WESTERN STUFF

(Continued from Page 21)

him a small, sweet, wholesome, sun-cured face whose shapely nose was decorated in a light spatterwork of ingenuous freckles, whose round cheeks were the color of two June wild roses, whose round blue eyes, trimmed with long, dark, curling lashes, frankly moist, were as blue as the Arizona heavens, and the whole framed with a swinging aureole of short, curly, sun-kissed hair whose undulation had no need of the permanent-wave octopus and appeared to have been dipped in liquid gilt. Moreover, the ensemble was dressed in strictly Eastern garments, in the most expensive-looking and most horribly arranged combination he had ever seen on a woman. One concedes a certain art, as in an automobile, in assembling the components of costume.

"How d'you do?" said Mrs. Buck Dayson. "I guess you must be from the Tribune. Mr. Dark? Will you step in and find yourself a chair?"

Mr. Dark stepped in with alacrity.

"You know," he said, "you are amazingly different from what I expected."

"Oh, I'm amazing all right—I can see that myself! Just what were you looking for? Maybe ——"

"Well," said Mr. Dark, with a little grin, "I expected to see the Wild West, I guess."

"Well, you're seeing the West, all right—and I s'pose you might call it wild." A faint quiver moved Mrs. Dayson's voice. "At least I must be, to see you at all. It has been the policy of my husb—of Buck Dayson—of Mr. Henry B. Dayson—who I am married to, always to take interviews with the reporters and never to let me say anything. We decided that before—quite a while ago—when he was around more. But I am going to talk to you now," added Mrs. Dayson firmly, "and you may ask me anything. There are just three things I won't answer: How do I like New York? What do I think of your people here? And what is my impression of the Far West?"

That, Mr. Dark explained, was farthest from his intention, and he set forth Mr. Blivens' request for human-interest stuff for women readers as persuasively as possible.

"I was going to call my article A Madonna of the Saddle, but I—I should like to change it to Beauty and Her Beasts. Really I should, Mrs. Dayson." Mr. Dark showed his very good teeth affably. "You see," he swept on, "all that I know of you is the figure which, as you say, your husband has allowed to appear in the public mind. The professional woman rider and rope artist, standing at the top of the profession in skill and salary, with a great tradition of horsewomanship and long training; born, you might say—er—in the saddle, living her life there. Yet there must be—there is the other side of it, the more feminine, the—the usual woman's reactions, the ideals, hopes, tastes of a woman—er—her passions ——"

In spite of himself, Mr. Dark's pet word escaped and Verena caught at it.

"Passions!" she cried. "A woman's passions and tastes and ideals—the usual ones. Yes, Mr. Dark, I've got 'em all, like any other woman." She clenched one hand tightly, with a deep breath, then plunged: "That's why I'm willing to talk now. You want the—the other side of my life and I'm going to give it.

"Well, I am a rope artist and Wild West rider, as you say; but I am like other women too. Although I was born in the saddle, you might say, papa putting my brother Al and me there when we were only three years old—where I have lived, as they claim, ever since, I also live in a house—when I am there! Buck and I saved every cent we made for five years, to build it, and I'll say it's a good one. It's out at Tulsa, Oklahoma. We had an architect from San Francisco for it. It has four bathrooms. We buy the best of everything too. Blue velvet overstuffed in the parlor—I wish you could see it—where I sit as often as possible whenever out of the saddle. We have an artesian well and some of the best stock and horses you can find anywheres in the West. No trick stuff, you know. We have a good manager, and Aunt Ida looks after the housekeeping—and our two children. Oh, yes, you may tell that—Buster and Henrietta, three years and eighteen months. Two children—and four bathrooms!" choked Mrs. Dayson bitterly. Her bridges were well ablaze now.

"I know horses and I know riding, but I know other things too. I've got the cutest babies you ever saw, and—and I've played with dolls in my time too. Plenty. When I was growing up I always wanted a house with—with a linen closet and a lot of jam, and little pink aprons to work round in, like anybody. I counted on it and I got it, along with Buck. I mean with my husb—with Henry B. Dayson, who I am married to. We wanted just the same things. We knew that right off when we met at Cheyenne six years ago. We liked each other right off. Buck changed a lot of his dates right away and followed my schedule down the map for three months before we got married. That was the time we rode together early every morning—out over the prairie, while the sun came up, or up into the hills." Here Mrs. Dayson paused abruptly, having apparently a slight constriction of the throat. She swallowed twice and repeated in a rather high, thin, strained tone, "Riding out together in the mornings that way—over the prairie or up in the hills."

Mr. Dark, whose pencil had a minute earlier been fleetly chasing her revelation in his notebook, looked at her, aware of a sudden tension.

It is a fact, as Mr. Dark well knew, or any of us who ply the craft, that words are the poorest possible conveyancers of intent, the weakest imaginable vehicle of emotion or actual psychology—a barrier usually raised between people and a smoke screen rather than a revelation for the soul. That is why Mr. Dark's pencil poised at Mrs. Dayson's commonplace phrase "riding out together in the mornings."

Some very deep emotion seemed to burn in the little rodeo queen. Her blue eyes were dark and soft, and perhaps a little tragic. They shone with the memory of some older loveliness, now denied to her; perhaps the picture of two young figures—a tall, swarthy, supple shape, godlike, superior, bending to a little slim eager companion with a freckled, wild-rose, pink-and-tan face under rough gilt curls. Figures that turned to each other like Clytie to the sun, in an age-old idyl, their horses touching shoulder to shoulder, light feet repudiating the yielding turf, where dew still clung to grass and wild flower in silver meshes; where the air blew sweet with early morning perfume and was filled with whistle and song of lark and quail.

Mrs. Dayson resumed after a moment: "It was then that Buck and I planned our lives; to build a house and to do our stuff together; to sell it on itself without any publicity or fussing; Buck to manage our business and fix all contracts. And we have never changed from this until now. Everything," said Mrs. Dayson, "is changed now. Everything we planned as far as up to when we got on the boat at Liverpool is ruined and spoiled. We were on our way out to our house—to Buster and Henrietta. We are not going now. We were on our way to a stampede in the Central West circuit. We are not going now. I may possibly never see the West again. I may never see Buster and Henrietta. I don't know about this. I don't know anything."

"Mrs. Dayson—why not?"

"Because," said Verena, "Buck, my husb—— Mr. Henry B. Dayson has gone East—or, you might say, loco. Because we are going to stay East, right here in New York for a year at least, and maybe longer, on contract with this new Castle Garden Theater, to perform our stuff on a platform—on tanbark, mind you—with canvas scenery round us. And that's not all. We have never done such a thing before, but we will begin our contract by a special advertising feature—a kidnaping—of myself. I'm to go in a taxicab down to Pell Street and be stolen by two Chinamen. Can you beat it? To call public attention to me!"

"Mrs. Dayson! How singular! What an idea—for Mr. Dayson!"

"Don't lay it to Mr. Dayson. It isn't his." Verena bent closer and two great tears like flat silver disks slipped from beneath her eyelashes. "It belongs to a woman we met on the boat coming over; a regular publicity woman, now attached to our outfit. Her name is Sennay—Violet Sennay—and she always—for everybody begins with a kidnaping, to get attention. But not for herself. I wish to God she would. She—she's cruel, good-looking, b-beautiful, and her clothes ——" Mrs. Dayson swallowed hard. "Clothes!" she choked. "What is the matter with me—with mine, I mean, Mr. Dark?"

But she didn't wait for an answer. She crumpled down and wept wildly again.

"She calls him Buck dear and mong chair, and it's only been three weeks she's known him. Oh, Mr. Dark, what'll I do? What'll I do?"

This, you will admit, is no way to receive the press.

Mr. Dark laid down his notebook. His official capacity ceased here. He found himself patting Mrs. Dayson's hand as he would have patted any pretty distressed girl's, as he would have wished his sister's patted.

"What you need," said Mr. Dark, "is a friend."

The rodeo queen agreed. It was true. She had no friend, no soul in New York to confide in.

"It's this repression stuff," sobbed Verena, "that you're always reading about. You hold in and you hold in till you nearly burst, until a time comes when you cut loose in the wrong place. Think of telling your secrets to a reporter! Oh, I beg of you, don't print this! I should have held my tongue, but I'm so miserable. Forget what I said. I—I shall not say another word!"

Whereupon she entered upon a rather lengthy and impassioned monologue provoked by Mr. Dark's kindness and sympathy.

Into her monologue she wove many and divers references—Buster and Henrietta, Buck's good looks, his prowess, his previous loyalty, their happy life, his passion for elegant long words, incidents that had occurred at the Pendleton and Salinas roundups, tricky horses they had ridden, how they bought up all the bad ones so they could really test their stuff; tales of a certain star-faced buckskin used at Wembley, a blue roan that had tried to kill Buck last year; a white cayuse, a California sorrel. Terms like crow-hopping, fanning, hazing, sunfishing, got all mixed together with the blue velvet overstuffed, some fine French mirrors, Aunt Ida, the artesian well and the bathrooms, with certain concluding mention of clothes and her great handicap here. In feminine fashion, her clothes were the first matter she had thought of.

It was, she explained, part of Buck's policy for them both while on tour to wear their show clothes. It was lots of fun, and going around together made it plenty easy. Also, speaking as a cowgirl, she was, if she said so herself, the niftiest dressed riding artist on any circuit. She could afford it, and made a point of it. Still, it got her nothing here in New York. Beside the beauty and sophistication of Mrs. Sennay—who had in addition a line of talk of the kind Buck loved—beside anybody, the way they looked here, she was nothing at all.

She related what had happened yesterday afternoon when—alone, as she always was now—she had stepped out to a Sixth Avenue news stand for a paper, wearing a costume that would make any female riding artist ache with envy. A divided skirt and blouse lately cut by an English tailor, over a Laramie pattern, of pale supple pearl doeskin stuff; her very best neckerchief and white sugar-loaf hat, lovely handmade high-heeled teetering Mexican boots of soft pale-gray leather, set with little bronze and turquoise patterns, a rattlesnake belt with a massive hand-tooled silver buckle, pale soft gauntlet gloves.

Some little flappers passing made open fun of her. They wore, Verena declared, little short tight shimmies of color-splashed silk and apparently no stockings above high-heeled tottering black-satin slippers. There were pieces of fur or colored strips of silk fastened around their necks, and their arms were bare to the shoulders. Colors were mottled on their faces, too, and little gay bowls of cheap felt pulled over their eyes.

"I could have laughed," sighed Verena; "honestly, they looked so funny to me, and if they hadn't laughed at me and pointed at me so people stopped ——"

She had defended herself, as she could.

"I stopped and said to the worst one right out loud, 'I paid three hundred dollars for my felt hat—how much was yours?'"

Not that it made a bit of difference, in the long run. Whether she dressed herself West or East, she was, apparently, out of it; out of everything that her old life knew.

The situation, so banal, so bourgeois and—outside the range of the darker, more exotic forms of emotion—so normal, one might say, almost bored Mr. Dark in its simplicity but for the fact that Mrs. Verena Dayson's pretty blue eyes, moist, appealing, unfortunate, challenged and pleaded with him to consider her case. He patted her hand again.

"Well," said Mr. Dark, "it's simply that there's a lot you get out of practice—er—from being in the know. There's a knack about it which—er—I should say you hadn't learned, not that your instinct wasn't sound. I'll tell you what, Mrs. Dayson, there's nothing at all to worry over, really. I know Vi Sennay. Everybody on the newspapers knows Vi. She's a one-story man, though a nifty looker. She hasn't any tricks, no real imagination. Every time she joins up on a case, she pulls a kidnaping, as you've said; after that it's a general diminuendo. Only she's got a lot of appeal, and she's a good dresser and talker. I went to a studio crush she gave once, with a friend. She—she dressed the part. Edgar Saltus stuff—a little. She had her bed on a little platform, with a bearskin thrown over, and three little wooden steps painted orange going up, and one of those wrought-iron torchères. But you've nothing to worry over, because people all get sick of her. Vi's a home wrecker on Monday, but by Friday she's the landlord collecting three months' back rent, with any fellow."

"Well, but," gulped Verena—"but it's only Tuesday now. I've got to live through the rest of the week. She's got Buck going strong yet. He's going to sign this contract in ten more days; she's got him a practice ground down on a tanbark pen at Mullahey's. She's got Buck caring whether it's black or white ties at dinner. I'm losing my husband, Mr. Dark, and I want to go home—to Buster and Henrietta."

"You'll go," said Mr. Dark confidently, "and I'll tell you why—because I'll help you. We'll put it over together. It amounts to a formula, almost; purely mechanical. You can follow it anywhere you like in the fiction of the day," he explained a little meanly. "You must put on a sketch and meet the lady on her own terms—outdo her, y'understand; put it over—go one better! Roughly speaking, the rescue of a husband divides itself into three parts—raiment, culture, jealousy." Mr. Dark waved his straw hat negligently. "You

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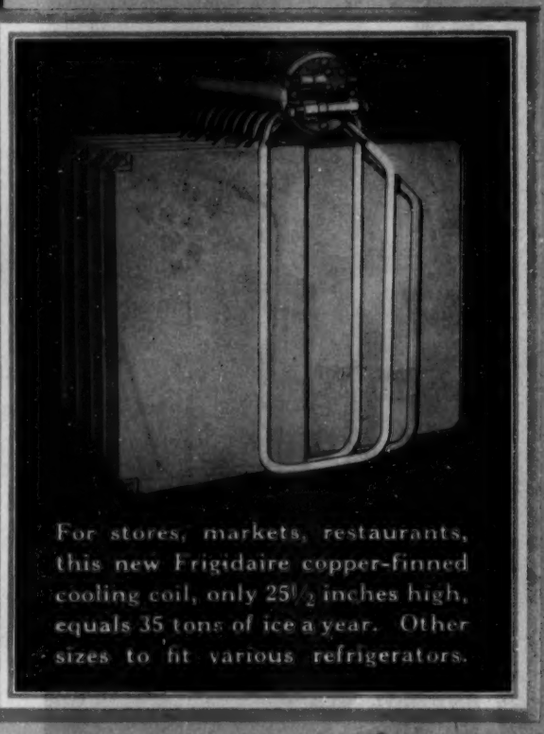
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(Continued from Page 56)

must outdress Mrs. Vi Sennay, you must outcharm her, you must outflirt her."

"Outdress her! But look at me!"

"I know the very lady to help you—Mrs. Pat Field, a buyer, with Blaine & Holding. She'd be tickled to look you over—put you together. She'd know your type. I'll just make a note to phone and ask her to call today."

"But you said—outcharm her!"

"I mean you must cultivate the sort of stuff Vi talks, her line of vocabulary. I will coach you. I am interested in creative writing and will give you samples to work from."

"But outflirt her? With who? I only know the boys with our outfit. Buck wouldn't get jealous enough to buy a bag of peanuts. And this Mr. Wirtheimer who wants the contract—he's a perfect sixty-six."

"You know me," said Mr. Dark significantly.

"You don't mean—not seriously!"

"Not seriously, of course." Mr. Dark waved his hat again. "But I'm perfectly willing to help you here, to work out this formula, beginning tomorrow. You can't work it alone. I can arrange to give you a good bit of free time in the coming week, as it happens, and—the thing would be rather fun. Another proof of the mechanistic laws governing psychology—the inevitable interweaving of given cause and effect. Your husband, Mrs. Dayson, at present a little fascinated by the novelty Mrs. Sennay offers, thinks of you only in the aspects he's always known. When he sees beside him a comparative stranger, beautifully groomed, cultivated and charming, a little cool and indifferent to him, and especially admired, courted by another man—well, just wait and watch."

"Yes, but," objected Verena, "what I mean is, Mr. Dark"—and she looked as Penelope might if summoned on Ulysses' peril to pack her suitcase and go and rival Circe—"do you think Buck'll be sure to notice that I'm doing it? Being that he knows me so well, being—I mean that we've been married over five years, and he's got kind of used to me."

Mr. Dark laughed and again referred to watchful waiting. It was, he told her, a practically infallible formula, used a thousand times by creative artists because of its soundness.

"Don't worry; human nature never alters. We'll give it a chance. I'll call you up tomorrow and begin our campaign. In the meantime trust me—with your confidence." As a matter of fact, Verena had forgotten he was a reporter. "I shall arrange a dignified interview for you, coached in language your husband will only be proud and envious of. As a matter of fact, it is because of a certain intellectual sympathy that we shall be drawn together, hereafter, in our little affair. Oh, trust me to manage it, Mrs. Dayson, and don't worry."

III

SHE was worried, however, all over, waking early the next morning. Or at least she thought it was morning. That was the awful part of New York. You couldn't tell whether it was night or day, with artificial lights all the time, and the ceaseless outer roar. You couldn't even tell if it was rainy or fair.

What had waked her, thinking it was pouring, was only Buck's nostrils collaborating with the radiator. Buck lay asleep in the companion bed. The dark virile head of the educated cowboy lay revealed above a cylindrical roll of pink brocade coverlet, a pastel court scene of Louis XIV above him. An effete setting for Buck of the crow-hopping, sunfishing, squealing broncos.

Lying under her own pink brocade, with her hands, so muscular and capable on the bridle and now impotent in this situation as two wax lilies, tightly clenched in her palm, Verena cried, and swore a little, and reviewed last evening. Never, never would she forget how Mrs. Sennay looked standing downstairs by the elevator with Mr. Wirtheimer! A picture to linger in anyone's—a man's especially—observing eye.

Buck himself had made unwontedly careful toilet. Ordinarily it was hard to make Buck go even black tie. Plain business clothes were good enough, he claimed, capped by a tall gray soft hat. But ever since he had known Mrs. Sennay he had been on soup-and-fish after six—things he had bought in Piccadilly, that Wales himself would not have blushed for.

They had planned to go to the Persian Nightingale, on Wirtheimer's suggestion. It was a night club, really, and Verena at first refused on pretense of feeling ill.

But when Buck merely said, "All right, Rena, if your head aches, better stay," she had hastily donned a pink-and-blue-shot taffeta with a lot of lace and a rather bunchy skirt in which she resembled a boudoir lamp, and had tagged along. She had tasted only gall.

Against the foil of Mr. Wirtheimer, the perfect sixty-six, Violet Sennay looked like a Cyprian deity. A tall, supple, voluptuously made woman, with black glossy hair poured tightly on her head, curving in two forward horns upon her fruitlike cheeks. Her dress was perfectly plain—easy, yet also poured, of lustrous black satin, that ended in a little pointed fin. Her perfect arms swung negligently indifferent. On one white wrist was looped a bracelet thread of brilliants; one hand held a long careless sweep of cerise-dyed vulture feathers. Mrs. Sennay's feet and ankles, incased in cobweb black silk hose and pointed black slippers with brilliant-studded heels, invited all eyes to perfection. Her large, rather theatrically shadowed brown eyes, suggested at once mood and mystery. She had floated forward.

"Buck, my dear boy, how you've kept us!" Without a word for Buck's companion lamp shade.

"And yet," reflected Verena, "I'm the one to be kidnaped, taken to Pell Street and rustled by Chinks, stowed away by chuck-wagon boys. How do I know she'll even return the body? No, I won't, I won't, I won't!"

Buck stirred a moment under his cover. "'S that, Rena?"

A dozen truthful cries fought in Verena for utterance, after the fashion of all women in like plight: "Buck, I'm sick of your carrying on with this woman! Buck, tell me the truth, are you in love with this Mrs. Sennay? What's going on here? Buck, are you tired of me? What's in your mind about me? What about our kids, our home?" and the like.

And like other women in like plight, she feinted and circled for the answer.

"I d'know," cried Verena with a gay little laugh. "I just woke up and got to thinking. I got to thinking about such a nice fella I met yest'day. He was a newspaper reporter, Buck, one o' these New York boys. I guess they're all pretty fast too. Anyway, he wanted to talk to me for the Sunday paper, and after a while he asked me out to lunch today and—I hope you don't mind—well, I said I would."

She cocked an eye at the pink brocade cocoon, to see what manner of emotional butterfly it would hatch. Buck only yawned and burrowed the deeper.

"'S right, do," he murmured, "though I don't know why you wake me up to talk 'bout it. You know, wantcha have good time, Rena, help 'self." And he was off on his duet with the radiator. Wouldn't you know? thought Verena, and yet three weeks ago—mention of an unprotected luncheon with a gay fast New York man and a reporter!

Nevertheless, she had an almost happy morning, shopping with Mr. Dark's friend, lunching and preparing a campaign with Mr. Dark himself.

Two o'clock found her in the tanbark pen at Mullahey's, with Dick and Dan bringing out a cow pony for her. In her rough riding clothes, working breeches and shirt, Verena was always happy. Now she proceeded to do a few practice turns, just a little exercise stuff to keep her in training. Anyone who had been present would have been quick to agree that it was a class of stuff far above the deserts of the average theater patron. It was riding for riders that the rodeo queen proceeded now to do; an exquisite connoisseurship in her art that hung her name in big electrics of opinion at Denver, Calgary, Salinas.

Ordinarily, in any prolonged stop, Buck and she went through their training drill together, but today he was not here. He had mumbled something about a conference on the kidnaping with Wirtheimer and Mrs. Sennay, so his wife had plenty of room to kick up dust, ample opportunity to pull all the tricks she knew. She went through them all, evolving every possible trick from her pony. She raced and loped and let it buck and crow-hop. She climbed round and over it, now in and out of saddle. She ducked and bent and doubled. She rode now on its back, now in one stirrup. She crawled under its belly as she raced, dropping from one side, reaching a hand under for a stirrup, coming up on the other, flying hoofs thrashing, flashing near her head. Round and round she flashed and whirled, courting death carelessly as a part of the day's routine, and when she was tired she uncoiled the rope on her saddle and sent a spinning curvilinear dark serpent into the air.

If Verena Dayson's riding was a legend in the West, her rope work was no less. Buck had taught it all to her. Now, remembering all those long, happy, careful instructions, Verena, as another woman might look over romantic ballroom souvenirs—a wan pressed tuberose, an old glove, a scented note—repeated each supple, graceful, intricate figure in the air, calling up the sweet association of older, more untroubled hours with the big brown-skinned boy she loved. When she had gone through all this—all the parabolas, figure eights, dancing jennys; when she had finished writing hieroglyphics in the air, she put on that final sketch that set spectators roaring, their hats fanning; that had been her particular show stunt at Wembley, that even Buck always watched anxiously, a little nervously, as performed by her tiny childish figure.

From a chute arranged at one side of the pen Dick and Dan released a steer; a wide-horned, sinister, browned figure that rushed forward, paused, head low, staring, then jerked madly away in a blind race.

Verena halted a moment, then bending low on her pony, her rope swaying out before her in a small perfectly arranged loop, was after it, horse and rider like one creature, centaur fashion; one moment the small loop floated in readiness, the dashing steer plunging away; the next, and the lasso curled out in the air, the loop settling over the running creature. There came a tightening swerve and turn of the pony, and the steer, leaping up, the rope checking it in midrise, was knocked from its feet, fell heavily on its side in as perfect a bust as you could wish. Light as a thistle the rodeo queen lit on the ground in a flying leap, loosening a smaller rope from her belt. With a half dozen motions she had it bound neatly around the steer as a housewife trusses a Sunday fowl for roasting. There were only two women in the country besides herself who could do it.

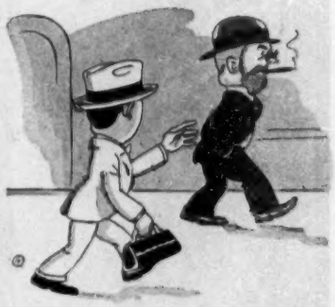
"Who," inquired Verena, a little breathlessly, as the boys ran up now—"who says I can't rope, throw, tie and deliver—yes, and stamp and take to the parcel post?"

But it was only a rhetorical question, there being no one of any importance to answer it.

It was five o'clock, anyhow, and time for the rodeo queen to begin formally her new program. Verena hurried back to her hotel to dress for dinner. No walking lamp shade tonight. She put on with trembling fingers and a final sense of ecstasy the lovely things Mr. Dark's kind friend had helped her choose. What looked out of the mirror finally was Titania herself, a figure of almost unearthly delicacy, fragility and

(Continued on Page 63)

Tough Customers



—I like 'em!

I like 'em hard to sell. Any grip-toter who has criss-crossed this U. S. A. and points Mex. for as many years as I have, comes to the bat with unholy joy when he meets a tough customer.

As for me, I'm selling Mennen "Shaving Service," and I know I've got something.

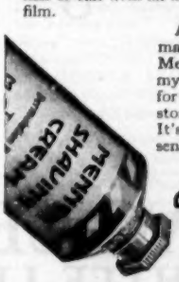
Now you take Mennen Shaving Cream—there's a product that has won over more tough customers than any he-man product I know of.

You see, this Dermutation—beard-softening process—is really scientific. It gets results right away. A half-inch of cream builds a magnificent, firm, creamy lather that makes each stiff and horny hair wholly soft and pliable.

The razor goes through without a tweak and when you wipe off your face, you've got a shave that's a *shave*.

Also Mennen Skin Balm. That's newer, but let a man once try it and he's sold. It's a balm, you know—comes in tubes—not a liquid. A tiny bit on your finger tips, rubbed gently on after a shave—and *boy!* First there's a little astringent *bite*, then a spicy, cool freshness spreading all over your cheeks and down towards your Adam's apple. In half a minute, it's all absorbed—and you've got a sparkling, toned-up feeling that's unique in your experience.

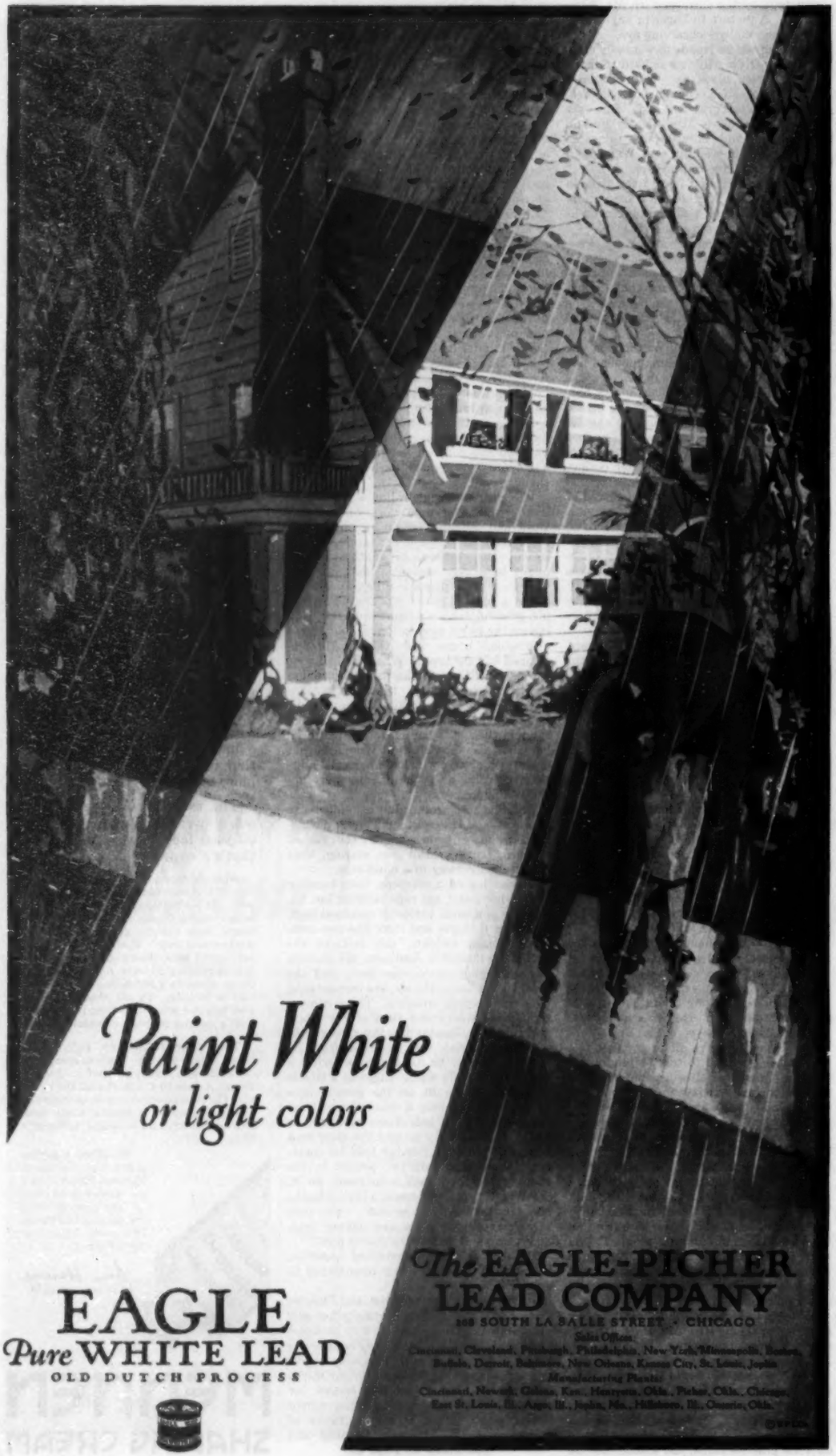
Then there's Mennen Talcum for Men. That's service. Made to match the color of man's skin so that it doesn't show. A dash of it absorbs all the moisture the towel doesn't reach, soothes the skin and protects it against wind, rain, hail or sun with an invisible, antiseptic film.



All three together make the Complete Mennen Shave. And my advice is to start for the nearest drug store and get all three. It's good, common-sense luxury.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

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White-Leaded Surfaces

offer the most enduring economical protection

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Eagle White Lead combines with this lasting protection rich, substantial beauty. And it can be tinted, in a moment, to any color you desire.

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(Continued from Page 61)

brilliance. Sparkling silver lace, fine as Jack Frost spins on the windowpane, formed the tiny bodice, the filmy soft-falling long skirt. From this emerged Verena's pretty little-girl arms and throat, covered now with a languorous siren coat of powder. Her curly gilt-tipped hair clung decorously to her shapely head, bound by a single thread of brilliants. On one wrist fell a bracelet loop of brilliants. The other hand held a great fan of brilliant-studded silver gauze painted in faint pink flowers. Little silver slippers peeped beneath her lace skirt, the heels set with rhinestones. Over a near-by chair hung a cloak of soft pink velvet, lined with silver lamé, a great collar of pink fox. A pink fox! Verena had whistled aloud when she saw it. At this moment Henry B. Dayson entered, and as Verena looked at him, all her heart stirred to realize how fit an accompaniment Buck Dayson was for any woman at her very gladdest.

"Buck," screamed her heart as he spoke to her and turned away, "notice my dress!" Then she remembered Mr. Dark's counsel.

"Oh, Buck," she drawled, "I was waiting for you, to—to show you my new costume. Rather a pretty affair, don't you think? I think the lines are lovely. It's after a Boucher print." She pronounced it Boo-shay very carefully.

Buck turned and gave the dress a careful consideration.

"It's nice," he pronounced; "it's downright pretty—if you like it. You don't sort of look natural to me. What I mean is, I like you in your workin' pants best—or one of your ginghams, back home, I guess. Some women take to being hossed up more than others, I reckon. But you look good, all right, Verena."

"Well," said Verena airily, "you ought to know—from your study of the different kinds of women. But I can assure you, Buck, this is a perfect costume. It's the dern-ee-ay cree, and that's, after all, what I want in a New York onsomble. If I'm to be metropolitan, as you seem to desire"—Verena curved a pretty little arm toward the glass—"I naturally want to do it in the best possible metropolitan form. I shouldn't care to have New Yorkers cherish the hypothesis that a—that a Western woman is not adaptable and cannot conform to sophisticated Eastern standards. Anyhow, I was stung enough jack—what I mean, I think it's very appropriate for a dinner dance or theater, and if we go to the Persian Nightingale again tonight ——"

"Look here, Rena"—Buck stirred uneasily—"would you—would you mind—the fact is we didn't get our plans finished off this afternoon—I mean about the kidnaping, and Vio—Mrs. Sennay suggested we conclude 'em at dinner tonight. Wirtheimer would like it too. He's got an appointment and has to leave early, but we three could finish off. It's a fact it would be dumb slow for you. What I mean is"—Buck grew more uneasy and refused her his eyes—"what we—I thought was—being you complained yest'day of being so tired, I thought you might like to rest tonight and have dinner sent up."

"I see," said Verena slowly. "Well, I admit I've been in a kind of peaked sickly state lately, falling off a little, and not able to lift a feather, as you might say, and you may be right. Anyhow, I guess I can try it—our eating separate tonight if you want it. Only, I don't believe I'll be eating alone. You remember, I spoke this morning of a charming boy I met who asked me to lunch. Well, we've got awfully on rappoor together—oh, a lot really. I mean, he's tremendously interesting as a type, rather stunning to look at too. But since I'm to be alone, if you don't mind ——"

She caught up the pink cloak and crushed the pink fox from No Man's Land beneath her pretty bitter little face. Buck looked at her in honest relief.

"Why, not at all, Rena. That's the very ticket. Business'd be awful dull for you—you don't wanta know all the details about this Pell Street stuff. Go ahead and get this dude and play with him."

It was not Buck Dayson speaking—that she knew by the look of his eyes.

There's a weed that grows upon the plains, and Western tradition has it that a horse grazing thereon goes loco. Buck Dayson had certainly eaten of the loco weed. Was there any cure?

IV

IN THE next ten days the rodeo queen followed with the most careful consistency the program young Mr. Dark indicated. If there was any subtle phase of the corrective ritual young Mr. Dark had proposed in his friendly interest in young Mrs. Dayson, as a tonic and alterative for Mr. Henry B. Dayson, it has never been recorded.

As an artist, a student and veteran analyst of all subjective human passions, Mr. Dark, out of his great fund of experience, his familiarity with literature and wide social observation, in the next few days left no stone unturned, Verena following faithfully, in his proposed effort, mechanistically speaking, to turn Mr. Dayson, as a matrimonial delinquent, back to the fold.

With no effect whatever! The three great levers of human conduct which he had indicated here—beauty, charm and male jealousy—were pumped on to the fullest extent, and made as much impression as a fly alighting on the proverbial wheel.

Some husbands are built like this. Queen Penelope's startled cry, summoned to outrival Circe, might not have been unfounded. Mr. Henry B. Dayson was a husband who knew all about the girl he had married—a fatal position, we are often told, yet unescapable in many instances.

He knew that his Verena was pretty; he would have knocked anyone down who claimed otherwise. Costuming might create some small advantage, but he had been well enough suited with Verena's costumes. Her beauty was sweet and native, and beyond any longer surprising him. The complete new line of dazzling correctly classy raiment which she proceeded to air passed completely over him.

Her mind he already knew as well. They had lived in the closest intimacy—equally, we are told, fatal to attraction. Her boyish candor, her slang, native spice and pep were as natural and comfortable to him as old shoes, as accepted a part of his life and thinking as his own mentality.

Verena, in new cultured aspects, trained by Mr. Dark to conversational expressions she had never used before, to little touches of sophistication, including polysyllables and foreign expressions, was noticed at first by her husband in a sort of daze, then very shortly, figuratively, slapped and put in place.

"What makes you talk so dumb, Rena?" he asked one evening. "You've been goin' round lately spoutin' like a gusher. Come to earth, girl, I don't like it."

As for jealousy, Verena had long since made the most fatal error of all. She had revealed to her husband how much she loved him. His faith in his invincibility here would have required mountains to move—a great deal larger mountain than Mr. Stanley Dark. Death alone, or its threat, could have aroused him suddenly, as with many husbands, to a realization of her special qualities—and the rodeo queen did not propose to die to secure her end.

Sitting with young Mr. Dark disconsolately at dinner one evening a week later, they reviewed together their lack of progress and Buck's impregnability.

"It must be," said Mr. Dark, running a desperate hand through his dark hair, "that your husband is extra—er—bull-headed, Mrs. Dayson. Er—possibly as a Western man, that type is stronger. Anyhow, no man ought to be so blind as not to perceive—what has been going on here," he added indignantly. It was an outrage, a personal insult actually.

"I don't know. Maybe it's just that Buck ain't ready to see things. Mebbe a man's got to be ready. You forget he's—he's still kind of interested in Mrs. Sennay. He's busy, too, with somebody calling him up all the time arranging things. Anyhow, it ain't working, is it? Suits this Sennay all the better, I guess, what I've been doing; and it'll soon be too late ——"

"No," said Mr. Dark. "About that, I've explained—in Vi Sennay's history. The men she plays round with get tired and break off with her."

"But they can't break off with a contract she gets 'em to sign meantime. Day after tomorrow is the time Wirtheimer's set to clinch everything. That's the evening picked I'm to mix in with the Chink boys. Buck told me something else this morning—we're to look for an apartment in Park Avenue. He said I could have Buster and Henrietta all next winter, with a trained nurse. I guess Sennay thinks that would keep me busy. She'll have Buck doin' his rope act in a frock coat with a gardenia soon."

"Well," said Mr. Dark, "something may happen to help us yet. Who knows?"

"At least, I don't," sighed Verena. "What could happen? Our time's up. I s'pose I'll just have to stand round and take my medicine in this like other girls do—let it wear away itself. Only, it's goin' to be a darn hard year. But don't think I'm not grateful. You've been my friend."

"I hope I'll always be your friend," cried Mr. Dark quickly, moved by the pretty distressed little face. "Anything that I can do at all—always! Anything!" he added warmly.

Verena sighed and shook her head. She was due now at what Mrs. Sennay called her studio—her private and anomalous apartment at the top of a house in West Thirteenth Street. Because, at last, they couldn't get along without herself in their plans.

After all, reflected Verena sarcastically, as Mr. Dark put her in a taxi and she rattled away down to Thirteenth Street, whither Buck and Wirtheimer had preceded her, you can't pull a kidnaping unless something is kidnaped; and it might be, maybe, that—just at the last moment—the victim might be allowed a word or two—listen in—on proceedings. It might be so! Possibly—perhaps!

Mrs. Sennay lived in a house with the door painted pea green, and when you opened it there were four flights before you reached her studio. Climbing these four flights slowly and more and more sarcastically, Verena felt with every step an accumulating fund of rage against Mrs. Sennay—this blandishing, poised woman who had come up on the boat, had flattered and followed Buck, ignoring her, preempting him for her own, dragging him to a new life.

It was her first visit to Mrs. Sennay's studio, and Verena batted her eyes carefully. It would probably not be the last. Mrs. Sennay gave little studio parties here—and very likely all next winter! Buck, she knew, had had a conference here at least once before—at least one time that he had mentioned.

A large room with a fanlight, a baby grand, a piece of armor and—yes, an alcoved platform, or dais, with a couch under a bearskin, three steps painted yellow and a wrought-iron torchère. The air was thick with smoke, for Wirtheimer, a man named Stendahl, a Miss Lester, Mrs. Sennay and Henry B. Dayson were already convened and engaged on tobacco. But a place was made for her, and Mrs. Sennay was very gracious, very sweet.

"Little Rena must hear what we have decided," she cried at once. "We've been so full of our plans and with insuring success, before our opening here for the summer, that we haven't been able to talk competently; but now we know what to do with you, *chérie*, you must, you really must hear."

What little Rena then heard was really a simple proceeding. A very kind Eurasian friend had agreed to turn over to them his perfectly appointed, really comfortable apartment in the Chinese region for a few hours for the completion of the plan. At nine o'clock, in a taxicab, on the given night Mrs. Dayson and a friend—no other than

Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address



This photograph signed by HOOT GIBSON will be sent you for 10 cents in stamps

I have always found that events in American history make popular pictures, even throughout the old world. Where they faithfully present the manners, dress, habits and courage of the time, they are educational. And no picture is more desirable than one which combines education, romance and adventure.

Custer's last campaign among the Sioux Indians, which we are showing in *"THE FLAMING FRONTIER,"* is America's own drama and no historical event registered greater courage, more thrilling episodes or faster or more furious fighting. It begins at Washington and ends among the buttes and mesas of Montana. It is a brilliant success as proved by crowds at the Colony Theatre on Broadway, New York.

Going from America to Russia we show in *"The Midnight Sun,"* a drama and romance of the former Imperial Russian Court as it was in the time of the Czar and the brilliancy of which was surpassing. DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI, who knew the Russian Court, directed the picture.

VIRGINIA VALLI and PAT O'MALLEY have a fine picture in *"Watch Your Wife."* It is full of clever touches and I am confident it will prove unusually entertaining. REGINALD DENNY is scoring more triumphs in *"Skinner's Dress Suit," "What Happened to Jones"* and *"Rolling Home."* Also you must see HOUSE PETERS in *"Combat"* and GEORGE SYDNEY, CHARLIE MURRAY and VERA GORDON in *"The Cohens and Kellys."*

Have you seen Universal's Gump Comedies from the cartoons by Syd Smith? If so, how do you like them? I am anxious to get a line on public opinion. Please write me about them.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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Mr. Stendahl—desirous of a visit to Chinatown, should have the conveyance stopped before the Eurasian's home in order to permit Mr. Stendahl a purchase of cigarettes. Gone not more than five minutes, in that brief interval a tragedy should ensue! Two men would rush from the Eurasian's home, overpower, bind the taxi driver and drag young Mrs. Dayson into the building.

"To perfect safety, my dear! The apartment will be entirely empty except for Lydia Lester here, who will be there to receive you. Mr. Wirtheimer's car will be at the next corner, and at once you and Lydia, leaving by a side passage, heavily veiled, will be placed in it and driven up to Yonkers, where you will lie perdu for three days with friends of mine—perfectly lovely people named Mitchell. But the police, notified of course within a few minutes of this by Mr. Stendahl, will have their hands full for an interval—the newspapers furnish plenty of space—before your discovery and return on a plausible basis we have worked out."

"How nice!" trembled Verena.

"My dear friends, let us drink to success!" cried Mrs. Sennay, whose faultless wrist and arm looked so well lifted in public attention.

They drank, because Mrs. Sennay had supplied not only tobacco but wherewithal for a toast, together with dishes of hors d'œuvres to eat—suitable to æsthetic studios. Such, for instance, as sweet ripe olives filled with garlic and anchovy paste; dabs of bread spread with caviar, and the like. We mention these because it is quite likely that without them the rodeo queen would never have had the idea that suddenly came to her.

She was watching Buck, as she always did in Mrs. Sennay's presence, and as Buck put down his toast—set down his glass, that is—he reached over and helped himself to some of Mrs. Sennay's hors d'œuvres. That is, in easy plain-man fashion, he treated it as food. He practically filled his mouth with the ripe olives stuffed with garlic and anchovy. And something very curious and terrible happened in his face. To Verena, acquainted connubially with its least shading, it took on a blending of agony, solicitation, surprise, frustration, utter horror and panic that made him look desperately though elusively familiar.

Buck had large handsome brown eyes. They rolled up slightly for a second above the blank dismay and consternation in his face. Of what did he remind her? What did Buck look like? Where had she seen a look like that before?

She got it in a flash of illumination. Buck looked like a steer, jerked to a fall, pinned on the rope, with herself running up to tie. She had seen a face—eyes like that, in their wildness and anguish, a hundred times before. Her knowledge shook her because of an accompanying flash of inspiration.

"Buck," she asked suddenly, in a level tone across the smoke, "do you approve of this? Do you believe that a couple of artists like us ought to pull a stunt of this kind—that our work will go better for it?"

"I do," said Buck, refusing his eyes again. "I've never held that policy before, Rena, but I have changed my views. I am strongly in favor of a kidnaping feature. I've told you so before a dozen times. As an advertising headliner for Dayson & Dayson's summer work ——"

"Then," said Verena quietly, "if that's the case, and I'm to be the goat, mebby Mrs. Sennay here'll call a cab and let me slip up to the hotel again. I want to rest up all I can and get in good fix, and I'm not needed here any more."

It was not to rest, however, that Verena retired. She summoned Mr. Dark. If Mrs. Dayson, the troubled wife, had earlier thrown herself upon his mercy, it was the rodeo queen who demanded his coöperation now.

"You said you'd help," she cried, "always—that's what you said, and I've got to have help. It'll take a lot of fixing with money—the door man, this proprietor and all the damage. I've got the money, but I want a man. Besides, I've got to have some atmosphere. You told me you acted in a dramatic society. It's little enough to do. And last of all, I'm a lady and I'll want to be chaperoned."

"Chaperoned!" cried young Mr. Dark dazedly. "I'll help you—why, yes, I said I would, but I don't think you need it—a chaperon—doing cave-woman stuff."

"Cave-woman stuff!" cried Verena. "Why, a cave woman was a gumdrop! She let a man beat her up and knock her down all he pleased—just as he pleased. No, sir, I wouldn't say cave-woman stuff. Let's call it all I know—Western stuff."

v

IF YOU are a patron of those forms of light relaxation beloved of the æsthetic-artistic set in New York, you are already acquainted with the Persian Nightingale, that Oriental garden and rendezvous of delightful dalliance with the subtler forms of evening pleasure, which is set like a jewel in the smart aloofness of the Sixties and approached like a guarded citadel by password and listed membership only. If you are not, it may be necessary to mention the famous mural decorations, by the Arabian Quenjidian, depicting love scenes—drawn so smartly, with no perspective—between a Persian troubadour and a princess of ancient Ecbatana, and capped by old legends from Hafiz; that a great many Hamadans, and Ferahans are draped around appropriately; that there are bulbuls painted on the china; that the air is musty, sweet, heavy with spice, the lights passionate, a reddish violet in color, the stringed orchestra really excellent; that Fisoshian has designed the fountain—a dancing bronze goatherd. And that the cover charge is as stiff as any night club's in New York.

Here, after the show, the lights of the theater burn to a very early hour, assisted by such kindred spirits as affect the midnight oil. Here come also more prosaic hangers-on, those of the half-world of the arts, the agents, publicity campaigners, go-betweens, and the like—the Mrs. Violet Sennay type. Here, on the evening preceding the closing of the contract, she came with, as had oftened happened of late, her latest affinity—her dashing cowboy.

Of the outer appearance of Mr. Buck Dayson at this point in Mrs. Sennay's interest, of his tall, easy, good-looking figure correctly valeted in smart evening wear, accompanied by a natural and attractive grace and topped by a picturesque well-shaped head, which included a rather stubborn jaw and handsome brown eyes that could certainly, under stimulus, resemble a profoundly scared steer's—it may be said that he was easily the handsomest man in the room.

Of his intellectual state, his subjective condition, as he followed Mrs. Sennay to the allotted table, it would have been more difficult to surmise. Not even the arts of divination of a Mr. Dark would have been quickly certain.

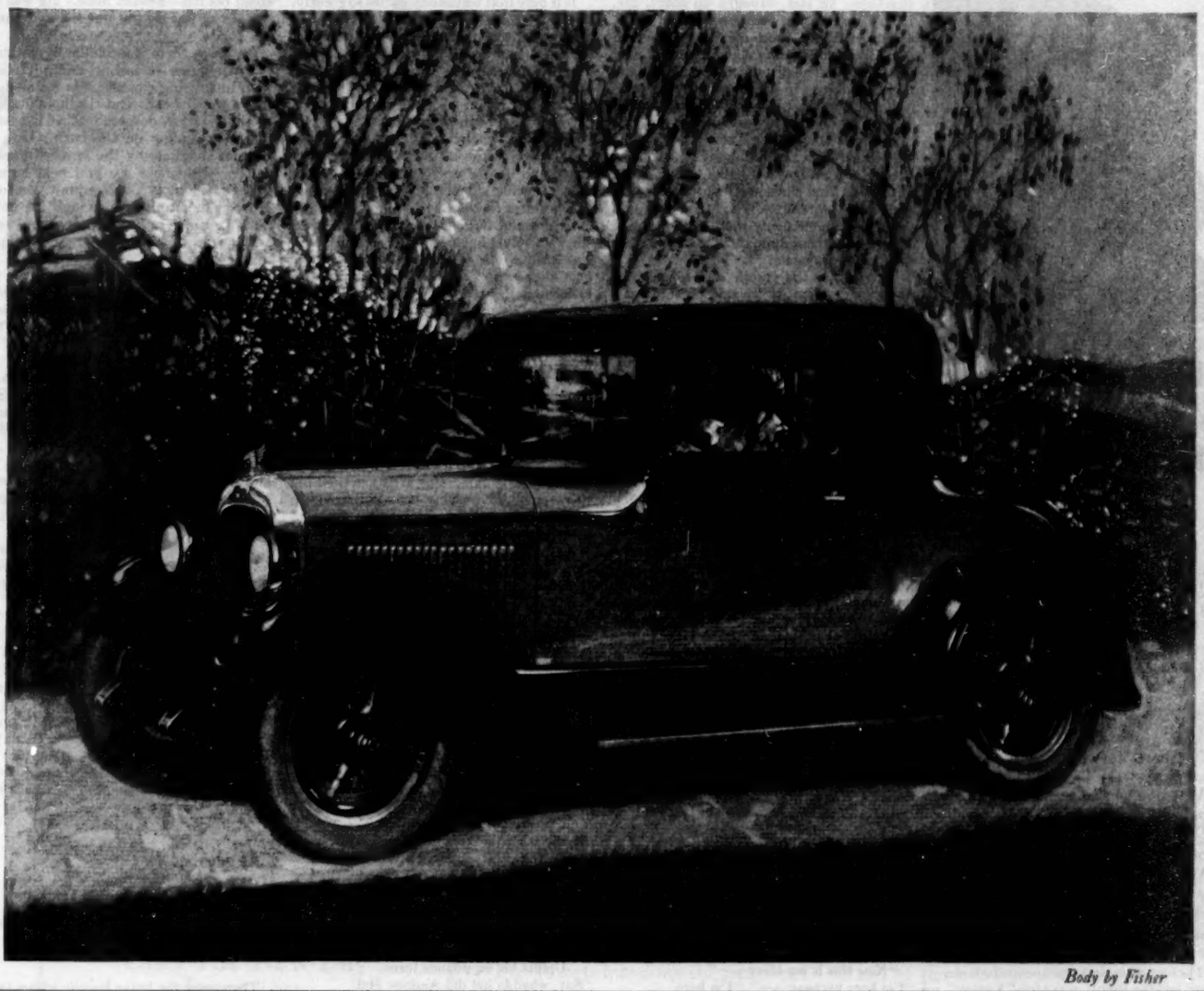
The educated cowboy looked in all respects like a man of the world, perfectly content with it and at ease. He would have been quick to claim that this was correct, yet actually a secret, hardly defined gloom weighed upon him; the sort of gloom a bridegroom knows on the eve of the fatal day and which he seeks to dispel by the factitious jollity of the stag dinner.

Mr. Henry B. Dayson, a humble understudy of Alexander the Great—who had pined for new worlds to conquer—who had responded so quickly to Mrs. Sennay as pathfinder, was aware of a slight undertone of reaction based on that impending contract. Light dalliance with a lady like Mrs. Sennay is one thing—light as air and of the emotions purely—but the lady on the dollar is a solider female, and flirtation with her as embodied in Eastern contracts and

(Continued on Page 66)



The Bitter Root Valley Road, With Como Peaks in the Distance, Near Hamilton, Montana



Body by Fisher

PONTIAC SIX

CHIEF · OF · THE · SIXES

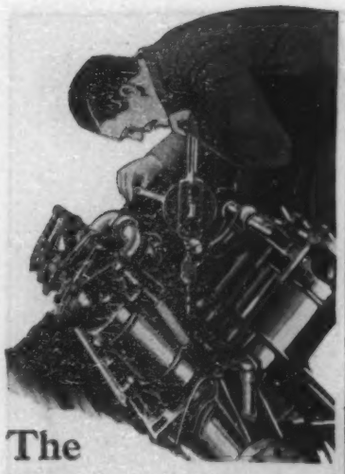


In the sense that it combines elements of stamina, size, beauty, power and thrilling performance heretofore undreamed of at its price, the Pontiac Six is an entirely new car. Yet more than three years have passed since General Motors set out to develop a Six of such high quality and low price as to gain immediate leadership · · · During those years, the Pontiac Six was not only designed, refined and developed, but also subjected to such brutal and unremitting tests under every conceivable driving condition as to warrant, without reservation, the following statement · · · No new car ever came to the public so maturely engineered—or more clearly meriting such universal admiration as is now being accorded this new General Motors Six.

Oakland Six, companion to the Pontiac Six, $1025 to $1295. All prices at factory.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

$825
COACH OR COUPE



The "Yankee" Ratchet Makes Hard Jobs Easy



A finger touch on Ratchet Shifter gives any one of five adjustments.

1. Plain Drill
2. Left-hand Ratchet
3. Right-hand Ratchet
4. DOUBLE Ratchet
5. Gears Locked

No need for a full turn of the crank.

Whether you have space for a half turn or only an inch, the "Yankee" DOUBLE Ratchet lets you drill continuously.

When set on DOUBLE Ratchet, any slight movement of crank, either back or forth, sends drill into work. This saves lost motion and, therefore, lost time.

The four other ratchet adjustments shown above, and two speeds, make this "Yankee" Drill the handiest and fastest ever designed.

You can change speeds instantly without removing drill from work. Just shift lever at base of hub.

No. 1855 (Illustrated) 3-jaw; No. 555, 2-jaw. Holds ⅜ in. Drills. No. 1545, 3-jaw; No. 545, 2-jaw. Holds ⅝ in.



For smaller drilling jobs use "Yankee" Ratchet Hand Drill No. 1530, with five ratchet adjustments.

Some other "YANKEE" Tools

Ratchet Screw-drivers
Ratchet Bit Braces
Automatic Push Drills
Automatic Feed Bench Drills
Vises, Removable Base

Dealers Everywhere sell "YANKEE" Tools

No. 1855

"Yankee" on the tool you buy means the utmost in quality, efficiency and durability.

Write for FREE "Yankee" Tool Book, of interest to those who love good tools.

North Bros. Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

(Continued from Page 64)

removal from more familiar paths of practice —— In fact, brought up short, Mr. Henry B. Dayson, facing his actual crisis, as an erstwhile man of sound practical sense, was undergoing a slight case of cold feet, the while he drummed upon the table, affected interest in a cigarette, the potation placed before him, the seductive languors of the Lilli Lehmann music floating near.

It is well that this was so. It is possible that it had its contributing influence on the success of Mrs. Dayson's plan. It may well be that, as Mrs. Dayson once propounded, a man must be ready. What that was, and what its dénouement, there will never, I fear, be two similar testimonies at the Persian Nightingale.

There is, in the middle of the room, an open space devoted to acts of entertainment, which, witnessed by leisured, drinking, smoking guests, has been the scene of many an odd divertisement; yet I think nothing like that supplied by two figures, who appeared suddenly, quite silently, between the double doors at 12:30 that evening and who moved on the actual space.

They were figures not in keeping with either Persian Nightingales or gardens. Say, rather with the atmosphere of the Shooting of Dan McGrew. At least it was suggested by the more masculine of the two mounted riders who, masked over the mouth by spotted handkerchiefs, faced the gay idlers, on respectively a speckled cow pony and a cayuse. Of this shape, there were some who averred later that for bushiness of clothing, quantity of revolvers, redness of bandanna and height of sombrero it transcended anything seen this side of the Rio Grande after '49.

But the other, the feminine figure was not less grim. Small as a child, beautifully strong, correctly accoutered in gray cowgirl's clothes, she appeared to be doing something with a thin dark rope on her wrist. It formed suddenly in a small oscillating flat ring beyond her hand, trembled, swayed in the air, moved forward with a settling, beautiful precision, like a slender licking tongue.

It is here that testimony varies so greatly. There are some who state that the circle of rope swooped down unswervingly and selectively, snatching its victim as he sat; others who claim he rose, pale, startled, and advanced a little toward it from the end of the room. But all are agreed on the confusion of the next instant.

The rope settled, clutched its victim tightly above the elbows; the cow pony sidled and feinted and circled, as the rider began to wind. Tables, chairs were pushed aside, diners receded with mingled shrieks, china crashed, bulbuls flew into the air, glass shivered, silver jingled, music stopped; there was crying out, scuffle, as the West gave battle with the East. In less time than it takes to tell, a man's figure, neatly triced yet compellingly drawn at the horn of a saddle by a small gray amazon, was clearly realized—a figure bewildered, outraged, yet drawn irresistibly to the door by a small hand that, firm, yet subtly practiced, adjusted the leverage to poundage with just enough skilled compulsion to keep it on its feet.

"Featuring," cried a gay voice at the door, "ladies and gentlemen, Dayson & Dayson; rope-and-riding artists in their big spectacular advertising act—kidnaping in the Western style, or extracting a husband from quarters that do him no good."

Everybody is agreed on this. Only a few near the door heard the passionate exhortation the small gray figure made from her saddle to the roped-and-tied man before her.

"Buck Dayson," she flamed, "you wanted a kidnap—and you got it. I am going home. There's a train at midnight, and our trunks are at the Pennsylvania. Do I go alone? Out to Buster and Henrietta and our house. Out to our two babies—and four bathrooms. Out West, where we rode together in the mornings ——"

Language is a poor conveyancer of feeling; but Buck, looking at his little rodeo queen with that memory of cold feet, that now stirring gale of laughter in the Persian room behind—needed none. He was coming out of it. He put out a dazed hand to his wife.

As I say, there is a conflict of testimony. Two figures—a cowgirl and a handsome man in evening clothes, it is claimed—got into a waiting car. But the more desperate of the Western desperadoes, it is said, remained standing on the curb. One man claimed overhearing the farewell message:

"—— when we see you next summer, Mr. Dark, out at Tulsa—don't you forget. Never can thank you enough for helping me! It was bang-up help, too, and reg'lar stuff, even if you did put your chaps on hind end to."

With the omniscience of our kind, there is no reason, however, why we should not follow Buck and Verena, two of the ridingest kids the West ever knew, on their flight away from the lures and the voice of New York.

Not that Buck at once forgave Verena. He raged and sulked at the hurt to his dignity as far as Pittsburgh; he gloomed beyond Indianapolis; he was injured and reserved through Illinois; but when they had crossed the Mississippi and the freer airs from stretches of wheat blew on his forehead, he began to relent. He admitted error, he became a little sheepish, he finally laughed, as they neared Kansas.

And Verena, who had hoped and prayed and battled and lost—and finally used her last arrow—like any wife, relaxed with a fearful joy.

"I guess—I guess," grinned Buck, "you were right. I don't wanta see the East again. Goddy, some of the eats are awful! I like to try new things. But Goddy! I guess—I could say it—you were right, Verena. I don't know what else I can do."

For answer Verena flung herself on him like a Bar-K boy bulldogging a Texas yearling.

"You could kiss me, I guess, Buck," sobbed the little rodeo queen in her relief.

THE CABINET OF DOCTOR CALCOOLY

(Continued from Page 8)

Official visitors appear
And slowly hem him in.

"I want to see——." "I'd like to know——."
"Now this is my ideer——"
"I'm here because——" "I'm here because——"
"I'm here because I'm here."

To one he speaks, to four he speaks,
Attempting to look gay.
"The cabi-net, you know, has met,
And he can't be seen today."

A spectral silence seems to reign
Along those narrow halls
Where once did roar great Theodore,
Receiving party calls.

Where once big Grover growled and growled,
Where once the chairs did shriek
When William Taft sat fore and aft
On the problems of the week.

Now the soft goddess Quietude
Her poppied spell employs
With the sign Be Brief—for Cal the Chief
Is Hooverizing noise.

Along the whispering anteroom
Sit suppliants a score,
Each morbid glance waiting its chance
To look behind the door.

Then ting-a-ling! A bell doth ring.
Brave Sanders shows the strain
As he tiptoes to the inner room
And tiptoes out again.

There sits a man from Mexico,
His eyebrows knit with toil,
Who cranes his neck and sighs, "Hey, sec!
Have they got around to oil?"

There sits a man from Keokuk
Who whispers, "Did the Chief
Come through, come clean with Bill Jardine
About the farm relief?"

A financier from Italy
Uplifts his suppliance teeny,
"Say, whadda hel did Andrew Mel
Reply to Mussolini?"

There sits an English duchess, too,
In a charming French creation;
"Did they release my little niece
From the immigration station?"

But Everett Sanders, like the owl,
That wisest of the birds,
Looks very bright, sits very tight,
Economizing words.

IV—Psychoanalysis of a Presidential Dream

AT MIDNIGHT, when his work was done
to save the overhead,
The President to his chamber went and
snuggled into bed.
Then, wild and mad, a dream he had
which oft had come before—
The younger set of his cabinet were trooping
through his door.

Came Secretary Wilbur with a hornpipe slow
And a chantey plain with the sad refrain
Of "Blow, blow, blow!
Though times be slack we must blow more
jack
On the fleet—yo-ho!
Come, ye civilians, and pungle the millions
To blow, blow, blow!"

Then in marched Dwighty Davis with a big
fat gun
And the orders, "Hup! You must pony up,
For we must have mon'.
E'en though you grudge it, we're out for
a budget
Broad as the morning sun.
Don't be afraid of it, play that you're
made of it—
Mon', mon', mon'!"

Then came the brave bucolic whom they
call Jardine,
Followed by pairs of jardinières
Both lank and lean.
"If farms go smash, say where is the cash
To carry the mortgage mean?
When corn won't sprout, you'd better
shell out
The long, long green!"

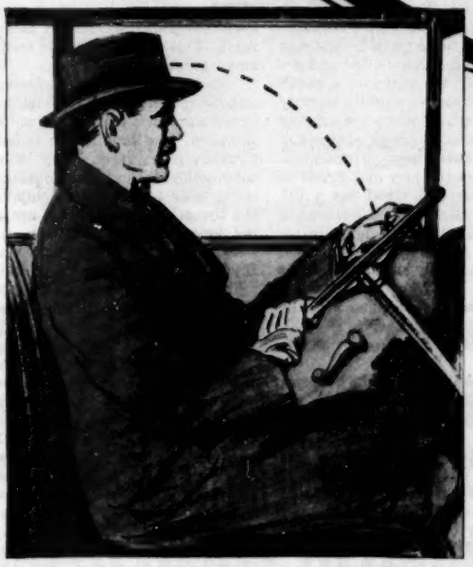
Then in there walked the P. M. Gen. who
sorts the mail.
"That a two-cent stamp is a two-cent
stamp
Is an old wives' tale.
I'm held as a hostage to parcels and
postage—
Love letters turn me pale.
Oh! All I implore, sir, is more, sir, and
more, sir,
Of kale, kale, kale!"

Then round and round in a demon ring the
cabinet skipped like goats,
And turn by turn they hurried to burn large
million-dollar notes.
Till up and up leaped careful Cal that
spendthrift game to stay;
But every time he saved a cent a dollar got
away.

Then suddenly he came awake to greet the
morning air,
To view his sober pants and vest neat folded
on a chair.
He sat a while with a chary smile, reviewing
his dream extensive,
Then murmured, "Whew! If it had been
true, it might have been expensive!"

as Quick as you think

The New-Day JEWETT SIX does it!



No motor car manufacturer can build a brain into an automobile. But Jewett has done the next best thing. It has made an automobile so responsive, so agile, so nimble, and so thoroughly dependable—that it actually responds more to the *wish* of the driver than to his *touch*. As the driver *thinks*—his New-Day Jewett *acts!*

As quick as you think of stopping—your New-Day Jewett *stops!* As quick as you think of shooting through a sudden traffic opening—your New-Day Jewett *has done it!* As quick as you think of passing slower, more cumbersome vehicles—your Jewett is up at the head of the line! It is absolutely the most *responsive* motor car ever built at any price.

Your first trip at the wheel of this New-Day Jewett Six will quickly prove that *there is* a new thrill in motoring. It will give you a confidence both in your car and in yourself that you have never known before.

Entirely without obligation—won't you drive this New-Day car and let it *prove* just how much better it really is?

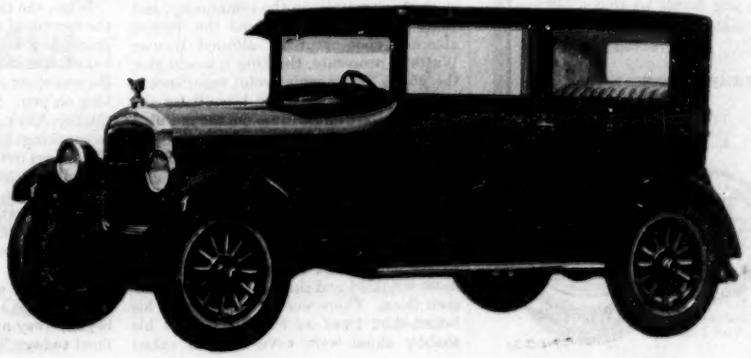
Only The New-Day Jewett Six

Offers All These Features:

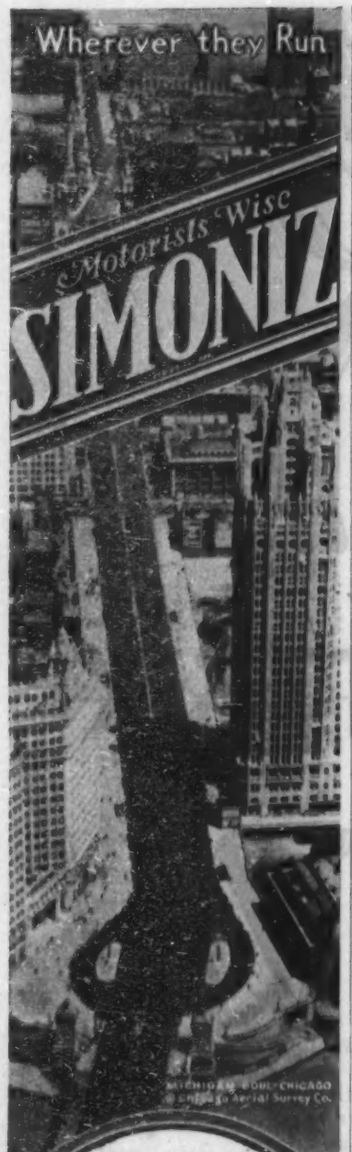
- **Lightning-like acceleration.**
- **Paige-Hydraulic 4-wheel brakes.**
- **Abundant power and speed for any driving need.**
- **Easiest steering, shifting, and parking of any car built.**
- **Clearest vision—almost total elimination of the deadly "blind spot"—steel body.**
- **Interior roominess equal to much longer cars.**
- **Paige quality throughout in materials and workmanship.**
- **And Jewett's lowest closed car price.**

$995

for the Standard Sedan; De Luxe Sedan, $1095; De Luxe Touring Car, $1095—Paige-Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes included without extra cost. Prices f. o. b. Detroit, tax extra.



(763)



Beauty
On the Avenue

In town or in country
the most beautiful cars
you see are

SIMONIZED

SIMONIZ KLEENER easily cleans and removes all traffic and travel stains, then SIMONIZ gives its brilliantly beautiful lasting finish so that *a soft cloth keeps your car well groomed*

ALWAYS SIMONIZ A NEW CAR

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
2116 Indiana Ave., Chicago
New York London Paris



THE SIMONIZ TWINS
They Work Together

Getting On in the World

Hunter Watts

IT WAS only the other day that Hunter Watts, the celebrated criminal lawyer, unexpectedly came into the bank to see me. He was, he said, on his way to attend court in a remote community and stopped in our town between trains. Though he now lives at the state capital, we still feel a proprietary interest in him, for it was here he made his start as a lawyer a dozen years ago; invariably our newspaper carries the headline, Home Boy Again Makes Good, whenever Hunter Watts successfully conducts a case in any part of the state.

On the occasion of this visit I made bold to ask him how it was he manages so to bend juries to his will.

In private life he is an affable man, and at my question he only laughed and said, "Just luck, probably, and a little understanding of men. When I go before a jury in a criminal case I try to appear that I am just one poor human being defending another."

Then he laughed again and opened the suitcase he carried, showing a very rusty old Prince Albert coat and a pair of wrinkled gray trousers. He asked me if I recognized the garments.

"Are they," I asked, "the clothes you wore at the Gus Williams trial?"

"The very same," Hunter answered, "and still in service!"

I had occasion to remember the garments because they practically constituted Hunter Watts' entire wardrobe when he first came to our town and began the practice of law in a little twelve-dollar-a-month office over the bank. No one at the time seemed to know why he dressed so eccentrically; besides the Prince Albert coat and wrinkled trousers he always appeared in a boiled white shirt and a flowing black tie. Some seemed to think it was for advertising purposes, but I had an idea it was because he was too poor to buy anything else, for in those days he often had trouble in paying the bank for the rent of his little office.

It was the Gus Williams trial that gave Hunter Watts his first great opportunity, and oddly enough on that occasion he appeared for the prosecution. Some of the other lawyers in town evidently knew what a hard time he was having, and had induced the district attorney to take Hunter on as assistant at a small annual salary.

This, of course, was long before prohibition. Gus Williams was a prominent saloon keeper and politician who ran the Happy Hour barrel house, across the street from the Union Depot, and who one certain morning had a violent altercation with a person named Hank Kinney, a well-known insolvent and leader of the younger barroom set. When the altercation was over, Hank Kinney lay dead on the sawdust floor and the other clients came out from under the tables in time to see Gus Williams put up his revolver and go to the phone to call for the police to come and arrest him.

Everyone expected Gus Williams would get off easy enough. There was a general feeling that Hank Kinney's death had not worked a hardship on the community, and when the case came to trial the district attorney good-naturedly allowed Hunter Watts to prosecute, thinking it would give the young fellow some useful experience.

Hunter Watts prepared himself for the case with the utmost care. On the morning of the trial I had gone up to his little office over the bank to see if he wanted to pay his rent, then overdue, and found him getting ready to go to the courthouse. He had let his hair grow long and scraggly on the back of his neck, and I believe he must have slept in his clothes a night or two, for the Prince Albert coat and gray trousers were more wrinkled and shabby than I had ever seen them. There were some stains on his boiled-shirt front as from food, and his shabby shoes were covered with caked white mud. I asked him if he wasn't going to slick up a little before appearing in court, and he said wearily that he didn't feel like it and would go just as he was.

It seemed as though everybody in the county was present when the trial began. When it came time for Hunter Watts to address the jury he made a rather sorry spectacle of himself, speaking in a halting way as though he had stage fright, and stopping to look helplessly at the judge every little while. The opposing lawyer smiled indulgently, and Gus Williams, the defendant, sprawled back in his chair with an impatient look on his face as though he was wondering how long before the farce would be over and he could go back to his saloon to relieve his substitute bartender.

Suddenly Hunter Watts got over his stage fright and faced the jury resolutely, intimately. In low tense tones he sketched the pathos of Hank Kinney's life and demanded to know if the purity of a man's soul was to be judged by worldly poverty and shabby raiment. It was a hot summer afternoon and one of the large windows of the court room stood open. Hunter abruptly turned from the jury and strode to this window, where he stood for a full minute, his face raised to the heavens, a pathetic and terribly sincere figure in his wrinkled Prince Albert coat, his bagged trousers, and his scraggly hair falling on his dusty shoulders.

Flinging his arms outward, he called the dead man's name three times:

"Hank Kinney! Hank Kinney! Hank Kinney!"

There was no response from the heavens, and Hunter Watts turned again to the jurymen.

"Hank Kinney cannot answer," he said dramatically. "He cannot answer because he is dead!"

The jury was so impressed by this proof of the death of poor Hank Kinney that it assessed a penalty of thirty years against his slayer, Gus Williams. It took the saloon keeper's whole fortune to get cleared in a subsequent trial, the case being transferred to another county.

As I have said, this was the beginning of Hunter Watts' rise to prominence. He dresses like any other well-to-do man nowadays; but in important cases, where it is necessary to appear as one poor man defending another, he still wears the old Prince Albert coat and baggy trousers.

—J. R. SPRAGUE.

In the Traffic Field

IN THE general offices of the Chicago and North Western Railway Company is a high official qualified to speak with peculiar authority on the opportunities in a certain phase of railroad work little exploited. This man is Alex. C. Johnson, vice president of the entire North Western System, in charge of traffic. On his shoulders rests the responsibility of seeing that the road has an income sufficient to pay its employes, its bills, its financial obligations, and have a little left over for dividends to stockholders.

When the two Dakotas were together in the territorial cradle he was tickling a telegraph key in the little wind-swept, sun-baked, blizzard-beaten station of Raymond. He was short on capital and education and long on pep. Since those days as a cub at the key, Aleck Johnson has done a lot of different things in the railroad repertoire—but all of them in the line of preparation for his present position. As chairman of the Western Traffic Executive Committee—all lines and about sixty thousand employes—he is chief opportunity pilot for the great army of traffic men on the pay roll of the Western roads.

"Business methods were crude," says Mr. Johnson, "when my railroad service began; they are highly specialized and refined today. This is especially true in the traffic field. Competition for traffic has increased and intensified beyond anything we could dream in the earlier days. Selling transportation service now calls for a knowledge of a complicated variety of matters which did not enter into the situation when government regulation of railroad rates was an unknown art and treat-'em-rough methods prevailed.

"The volume of business has expanded immensely, owing to the development of the country's natural resources, the increase of population and the remarkable elevation of the common standard of living. The workingman's family today uses perhaps ten long-haul articles where it used one then; every community now exchanges products with other communities hundreds of miles distant; in pioneer railroad days each community was largely sufficient unto itself. This spells increase of traffic volume and intensified competition.

"The coming of the gasoline motor car and the modern improved highway has injected a new element into the railway-traffic situation. The motortruck is fast making virtually every farm, every little country community in the United States comparatively near to a railroad shipping point. On the other hand, trucks are undertaking long-haul transportation which the railroads can deliver more economically. Briefly, the division of traffic between the railroad and the truck is still in dispute. Here is a big traffic problem, and a new one, calling for men of originality and capacity.

"This should, I think, suggest rather clearly that there are greater opportunities for better men in the traffic branch of railroading than there have been at any time in the past. Remember, virtually all the pressure of transportation competition comes in the traffic field. The men who are going to meet the complex problems at which I have hinted will need as fine and as thorough an educational equipment as they can bring to this task. But above all, they must have that distinctively modern endowment, ability for organization. Without that they will be automatically sidetracked a long way short of their intended destination. The man who cannot delegate authority and make it carry is not fitted for any of the higher places in railroading."

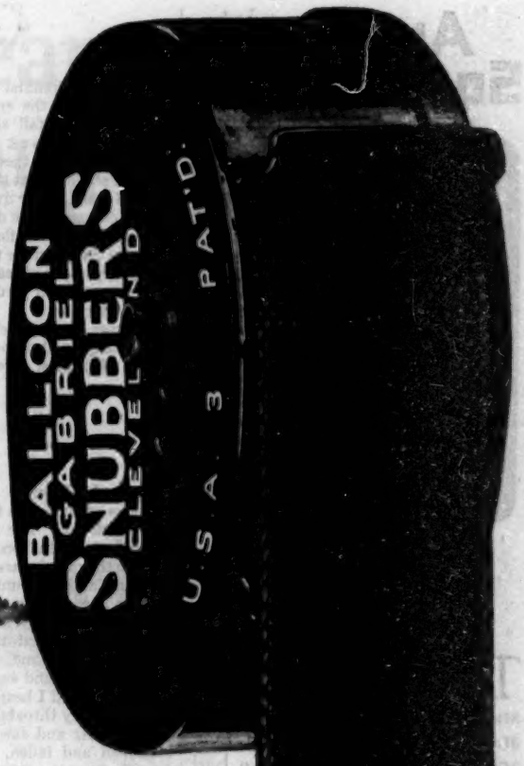
Mr. Johnson admits that the seniority rule in railroad service operates to block traffic on Promotion Avenue to a discouraging degree in many cases. However, he has been able to dodge this blockade in several ingenious ways. For example, off-line agencies are not subject to the seniority rule; also the off-line agent is an important transportation salesman. In 1910, when Mr. Johnson came to Chicago as passenger-traffic manager of the North Western System, he instructed ten district agents to make a systematic search for bright country boys who were water-logged in country stations waiting for something to happen to the station agents above them. The best of these were assigned to cashier positions in large offices. Then they were made district agents and finally jumped to traveling agents—all in off-line territory, where the seniority rule could not set the block against their advancement. About one hundred and fifty boys in Northwestern country stations are on this preferred list for promotion.

The fact that this plan has been devised to facilitate the promotion of outstanding young talent pointedly suggests that railway management today is eager to clear the opportunity tracks for the benefit of ambitious and capable young men—also that railway management in these days has a lot of handicaps tied to its saddle. It is far from being a free agent. There is no doubt that the railroads can use quite a number of bright boys—those from the country preferred. —FORREST CRISSEY.



Greater Riding Comfort

Gabriel Snubbers provide the gradually increasing brake action or resistance necessary to prevent the occupants of car from being bounced or thrown from the seat. They permit a greater speed over rough roads, rail crossings, cross-walks, etc., with safety and comfort.



You pay for Gabriels even when you don't *have* them. You pay in time lost over rough roads, in damage to your car over *the bumps*, in the discomfort of your passengers. But in riding *comfort alone* Gabriels quickly pay *for* themselves. Ask for *improved* Gabriels with 4½ coils, *the only* Snubbers

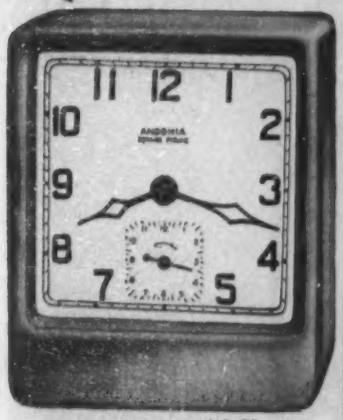
Gabriel Snubbers

4½ Coils-The only Snubbers in name and principle

41 manufacturers equip their cars with Gabriel Snubbers. 30 drill their car frames *for* Gabriels. Any *of* the 3100 Gabriel Sales *and* Service Stations which sells you a set *of* Gabriels will refund the price if you are *not satisfied* after 30 days' trial

The Gabriel Snubber Manufacturing Company
Cleveland, Ohio — Toronto, Canada

ANSONIA SQUARECLOX



SQUARE PIRATE $2.50

On Time

THINK what a difference between oversleeping, a hurried and insufficient breakfast, a hasty and probably cross good-bye, and a run for the train—a bad start for the day's work; and

Getting up a few minutes earlier, enjoying breakfast in a leisurely fashion, chatting with the family, and strolling down to the station—a good beginning, the effect of which will be felt all through the day.

A good reliable alarm clock will start you right—and there are none better than Ansonia Squareclox. They keep accurate time, the alarm rings at exactly the hour set, they last practically a lifetime and are so good looking that you can use them in any room.

Platinum-like finish or antique gold finish at the same price, with different movements, as described below.

Square Pirate. Continuous alarm; 4¼" high x 3½" wide. Runs 30 hours $2.50
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.00 extra.

Square Rascal. Continuous or intermittent alarm; 2¾" high x 2¾" wide. Runs 30 hours. $3.25
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.00 extra.

Square Racket. *The ONLY alarm clock striking hour and half hour.* Gong strike silenced when desired. Strikes correct hour when started again. 5½" high x 4½" wide. 30 hours. $5.00
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.25 extra.

Square Simplex. *The ONLY 10 DAY automatic alarm clock.* Alarm stops and automatically resets. 5½" high x 4½" wide. $6.00
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.25 extra.

Prices in Canada are a bit higher.
(Patents Pending)

At Jewelers', Department Stores and Drug Stores.

THE ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY
Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century
7th Ave. & 12th St., Dept. P, Brooklyn, N.Y.

ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

OUT-OF-DOORS

(Continued from Page 54)

annual and perennial flowers, another for vegetables. At the end of this garden a high screen of tall shrubs, mainly bush honeysuckles, was set next to the high wire fence, and below these shrubs a painted wooden seat stood at the end of the central walk of grass. Four dwarf fruit trees stood at the corners of the drying green, and an informal hedge of flowering shrubs surrounded the lot on the two sides. The effect was not only one of real variety, it was not only a very useful garden as a whole, but a very pretty one.

Another one of which I know has almost the same general proportions; this is altogether of flowers, three long narrow beds of flowers on either side of a long panel of well-clipped grass and two little almost triangular rose beds at the east end of the garden holding about ten plants each. This garden is outlined by a very low clipped hedge of Thunberg's barberry and at its farther end is a small platform of dark brick on which two seats stand facing each other. The whole is completely hedged in by masses of shrubs below trees of various sorts, and is a little picture in itself.

Here is one of the comforts of such screening; it hardly matters at all what is beyond your ground, if you can shut it out with something so beautiful, so changing, so interesting as foliage. You can make of your ground just what you will. Of course it would be a pity to shut out a charming view.

The ultimate beauty or ugliness of the little garden depends upon whether or no we think about it, think ahead about it, try to see in the imagination what it will be like if this is done, or that not done; and how such effort pays. In the second or third year of the garden's existence, sitting contentedly in a lovely little place, cool with trees, tranquil with a bit of nice lawn and bright with flowers, the garden's owner may well say to himself, "Yes, this was work, but it was well worth while."

—MRS. FRANCIS KING.

HANDS UP!

(Continued from Page 33)

we kept side by side. The old freight trail was two wheel ruts a foot deep, worn into the prairie sod. The man's pony kept in one rut, the girl's horse in the other, and I rode on the raised place in the middle. Each was pushing his mount as hard as he could to keep ahead of the mob. The big man's pony had not been trained for such a spurt, and when he lagged, the old fellow, pretty drunk by that time, began to larrup his flanks and yell and swear.

As I galloped I heard behind me a great shout of many throats. I looked back over my shoulder and saw that his pony had stumbled and fallen. His jug, smashed into pieces, was scattered ahead of him, his gun flew in another direction, and he fell full-length into the rut of the road. I had only a glimpse of him, for in an instant he was hidden in a welter of pounding hoofs and flying dirt. He must have been trampled to death as that mad mob charged over him.

The girl and I were in the lead. She bent low over her horse's neck, talking to him and urging him on, but a sixteen-mile run like that was too much for a race horse trained to short bursts of speed, and he slackened into a trot just as my Indian pony was getting his second wind.

One reason why I had chosen the freighters' trail was that big areas of the prairie through which it led were covered with heavy growths of bluejoint grass, from six to eight feet tall, and a horse could be forced through it only at a slow pace. That jungle of grass kept many a racer from winning a farm that day.

To Have and to Hold With a Gun

Halfway to Perry I saw that the plain ahead was on fire. The dry grass had been set ablaze in many places, supposedly by sooners. A sooner was one who had evaded the guards and sneaked in before the hour of opening. As I neared the fire I saw that if I would go on I must plunge through it. The grass, thick and high, grew close up to the trail, but in the narrow trail there was none; and where it led through the flames there was an open space, like a notch in a range of hills. I made for that opening and bent low as we dashed through. The blaze singed my hair to the scalp below my hat and a tongue of it licked my face. Poor little mustang, it singed his coat to the hide in spots, and he began to cough and sneeze.

Farther on we came to a sooner camped at a white stake beside the road. In this fellow's wagon was a barrel of water. As I rode up he drew a six-shooter and motioned me to keep on going.

I halted and he yelled, "This is my claim! Keep on traveling unless you want to leave your bones here."

"I don't want your claim. I'm riding to Perry. I want to buy a drink of water for my horse and myself," I said.

He refused at first, but finally let me have two pints at a dollar a pint. I took a small sup and with the rest bathed the nose and face of my mount, wet my handkerchief and swabbed his throat with it, and we went on.

Just before I reached the land I was riding for, I had to leave the trail and cut across the prairie, and there I came to one of those deep gullies common in the plains country. It begins with a crack in the dry earth in time of drought, and is enlarged by each succeeding rain until it becomes a small canyon. This one was ten feet deep and almost that wide. There was no way around it, so I took a running start and urged my pony to a leap. He did his best, but did not quite make it. He fell across the farther edge, was broken down in his loins and died the next day. From the ditch to my claim was only a hundred yards. I made it on foot, planted my flag and stood guard over it. I was the first man to reach Perry that day. My little pony had won the race against thousands of contestants but gave his life in doing it, and I am not ashamed to say that his head was on my lap and in my arms when he died.

My familiarity with a six-shooter was of good service to me the first and second day in Perry, for without it I would have lost my 160 acres. I had to drive off three different claim jumpers. One drove up and started to dump a load of lumber on it. He showed fight and I was really afraid I would have to shoot him.

I believe that nine-tenths of the settlers in the Cherokee Strip won their homesteads and lots with the six-shooter. It might almost be said that Oklahoma was settled by the six-shooter, for in none of the openings were there enough farms or town lots to supply all who raced, and a man who was unarmed or unwilling to fight had a slim chance to hold his land, even if he got there first. Thousands who reached the land first, and were clearly entitled to hold it, were driven off at gun point. Many were killed and their land taken.

I reached Perry before two o'clock that afternoon and I saw the place grow in six hours to a tented city of 10,000 people. Before dark, saloons and gambling and dancing places in tents were going. Beer sold for a dollar a bottle, ice for twenty-five cents a pound, coffee for seventy-five cents a tin cup, ham sandwiches for a dollar, and water could not be had at any price.

With the racers had come riffraff from every part of the country. There was no town government. The leading men of the new town held a council. At that time Bill Tilghman was marshal of Guthrie. He had been a peace officer on the border for more than twenty years and was known as a man of iron nerve. A hurry-up messenger was sent to ask Tilghman to come and keep peace in Perry. He came, with his winning smile, his two silver-mounted six-shooters and his sawed-off rifle.

Late that first afternoon Tilghman and I were standing in front of my tent when Crescent Sam came along. His nickname came from a long crescent-shaped scar on his cheek, caused by a powder burn. Crescent Sam was a "long rider" with the Bill Doolin gang, which had headquarters on Horseshoe Ranch, in a remote and wild part of the Indian country.

"Hello, Crescent! When did you leave the Horseshoe outfit, and when are you going back?" asked Tilghman.

"I'm going back when I get good and ready, and not before," replied the outlaw.

Tilghman said, in his quiet way, "Crescent, I am marshal here. Don't let the setting sun find you on this town site."

"I'll be here after the sun goes down, all right," the outlaw answered.

"Don't do it, Crescent, that's all," Tilghman warned.

That night Tilghman and I strolled down an avenue between two rows of tents, toward the Buckhorn, a saloon and dance hall under canvas, lighted by six large coal-oil lamps. As we neared it Crescent Sam stepped out of its door holding a six-shooter.

A Bandit Behind the Times

He fired twice at the moon and wailed: "I'm a wild wolf and it's my night to howl! If there's a hombre in this man's town can send me home till I'm ready to go, I'd like to see the color of his hair."

At that moment he spied Tilghman, and for a second or two they stood and eyed each other, Tilghman with a six-shooter in his hand, ready, and the outlaw with his.

Crescent fired first, from the hip. Tilghman fired so soon after that the two reports sounded almost like one. The outlaw fell. Tilghman blew the smoke from the barrel of his gun, shoved in another cartridge, raised his left arm and examined a hole where the bullet from Crescent's gun had gone through both coat and shirt, and then stepped over to where the dead bandit lay.

He looked down at him and said, "Poor fool! He belonged to a day that is passing. Today a new Oklahoma was born, and the day is coming when it will be a crime here even to carry a gun."

A tent, which I had arranged to follow me by wagon to Perry, arrived at sundown. I set it up and late that night lay down under my own roof on my own homestead, a saddle my pillow. Before I fell asleep a bullet struck the horn of the saddle, glanced and went through the tent top. The report of a second shot followed and something fell heavily against my tent flap. I scrambled out and found a dead man at my door. He had been killed as he passed my tent. Who he was or who shot him I never learned.

Now there arose a crop of outlaws the like of which Oklahoma had not known before, recruited largely from cowboys whose occupation was gone. The open range fenced in and plowed, the ranch riders migrated to West Texas, New Mexico, Wyoming and Montana. Others settled on claims or in towns and were among the best citizens of the embryo state.

(Continued on Page 72)

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(Continued from Page 70)

But there were others, scorning to be cramped on a quarter section of land or the streets of a town, despising the whole rabble of small farmers, tradesmen and white-collar dudes brought in by the opening, bred to the open and the saddle, fearless, reckless, used to danger and liking it, the six-shooter a tool of their trade, who scorned either to run or to conform.

From the first there had been outlaws in the Oklahoma country; but in a day when property was pretty well confined to cattle and horses, rustling and horse stealing were the only crimes against property. Now there were banks and trains to tempt the mettle of the long riders.

These men frequently were an absurd combination of good and bad, courage and bravado, chivalry and blood lust. I knew most of them. They must not be classified with the bank and pay-roll bandits of the modern city.

These latter are another breed, shifty-eyed, treacherous prowlers puffed up with the false courage of heroin and cocaine, who kill without reason, and whine, sniffle and snitch when captured.

There was a grandiose gesture to most of the gun play and robbery of the dying frontier. I do not write to glorify banditry; it was a sordid, foolhardy enterprise, and its practitioners usually died with their boots on or else in prison.

Running in gangs, they were constantly being hunted down, disintegrating, reorganizing and merging into other gangs. A journeyman outlaw would develop into a leader, branch off from the parent stem, form a band of his own and lead it until he was killed. Thus, Bill Doolin was a member of the Dalton gang, virtually annihilated by the embattled citizens of Coffeyville, Kansas. He and the Daltons had been cow-punchers together. Doolin was a buster, a noted rider, a dead shot with rifle or six-shooter; a big, masterful man, totally unschooled and barely able to sign his name, but with a native shrewdness and courage that enabled him to outwit the border law longer than most of his kind.

Doolin was with the Dalton gang on its ride to Coffeyville, but his horse went lame the night before, and the band rode on. Doolin stole another horse, a Thoroughbred, and followed on. He topped a hill, came in sight of the roofs of Coffeyville and saw riding toward him a lone horseman. Years afterward Doolin, in jail in Guthrie, told me about it.

The Midday Ride of Bill Doolin

"When I saw that rider coming at a gallop I knew that something had gone wrong, but I didn't have to ask what it was. He reined up in front of me, so excited he could hardly talk, and asked, 'Have you met any bandits down this road?'

"'No,' I said.

"'They came this way. The Dalton gang rode into town this morning, three went into one bank, two into another, got $20,000 from one and $11,000 from the other, and when they come out it looked like the whole town had rallied against them. It was a battle! The Daltons killed four, and four of them were killed. One was shot full of lead and they've got him in jail. They say some escaped and they're making up a posse. They sent me down this road to warn everybody.'

"'Holy smoke!' I said to him. 'I'll just wheel around right here and go on ahead of you down this road and carry the news. Mine is a faster horse than yours.'"

The lone rider had been mistaken in his belief that some of the robbers had escaped. There were only five in the band; four were killed and they killed four citizens of the town. In the midst of the battle Emmett Dalton reached his horse, tied in an alley, mounted it and might have escaped; but he saw his brother Grat, wounded and staggering blindly. Emmett rode back into the thick of the fight, tried to lift Grat to his saddle and was himself shot down and captured.

Later he went to the Kansas penitentiary, served a long term and came out to be a good citizen.

All that afternoon and night Doolin rode his best. As he passed through a village some men saw him coming and gathered in the street to stop him.

"Hi!" he shouted. "The Dalton gang has robbed two banks in Coffeyville and some of 'em escaped down this way. I'm ridin' to warn everybody to be on the lookout." And he galloped on, never stopping until he reached a friendly camp west of Tulsa. There he rested and organized the most vicious, reckless gang of outlaws ever known in the Southwest. In it were Bill Dalton, brother of the three Daltons



FROM THE COLLECTION OF FRED E. DUTTON

Henry Starr, Recovered From the Butcher Boy's Blast in the Stroud Bank Robbery

shot in the Coffeyville raid; Bitter Creek; Arkansaw Tom, sometimes called the Gentleman Outlaw, who had killed a dozen men; Red Buck, a manslayer who said he liked to shoot a man "just to see the fellow fall"; Little Bill, a renegade college graduate, formerly of Pennsylvania; Charley Pierce, so reckless that his outlaw associates nicknamed him the Wild Man; Little Dick, of the 3-Circle Ranch, who was born on the prairie and would not sleep in a room, but even in the coldest, roughest weather would roll up in his saddle blankets on the ground; Tulsa Jack and Dynamite Dick. Each had been a cowboy, was an expert shot, a killer, had no fear of man or death and had sworn never to be taken alive.

They robbed trains, banks and stores and stole horses and cattle. Bill Tilghman made a list of the amounts they got in their largest robberies. I have that list before me now. The total is $169,500, divided as follows: Bank at Pawnee, $10,000; Gordon train robbery, $67,000; Santa Fe train robbery at Cimarron, $13,000; bank at Southwest City, $15,000; bank at Derby, $3000; bank at Spearville, $5000; bank in Texas, $50,000; express office at Woodward, $6500.

Business men, the railroads and express companies asked the Government to give them a marshal who would exterminate the outlaws, and E. D. Nix was appointed for that express purpose. He selected as his field marshals only frontiersmen who were experienced man hunters, and his instructions to them were, "Go and get 'em!"

Bill Tilghman, Chris Madsen and Heck Thomas were known among the field marshals as the Three Guardsmen. Another great marshal of that day was Bud Ledbetter, who captured Al Jennings and his gang. As an incentive there was a reward of $5000 on the head of Bill Doolin. A posse of marshals was after him when he held up a Santa Fe train at Cimarron, Kansas. It chased him southward into Oklahoma and in that running fight Doolin was shot in the foot. Arkansaw Tom carried him to the H. X. Bar Ranch and nursed him back to health.

The Ingalls Fight

Then the marshals heard that Doolin and his gang were gathered at Ingalls, preparing for another raid. What is known as the Ingalls fight, the most desperate battle that ever occurred between bandits and law officers, followed. Tilghman, John Hixon, Jim Masterson—brother of Bat—Lafe Shadley, Dick Speed and A. H. Houston organized a posse and divided it into little groups, in covered wagons and on horseback, aiming to reach Ingalls at the same hour from different directions. Tilghman's team ran away, his leg was broken and he was not in the battle.

Ingalls, now a booming oil town, was then just a wide place in the road, a cow town, far from a railroad, with a hotel, a saloon, two or three stores, a livery stable and maybe a dozen houses. The posse got under cover behind buildings and trees, fences and wagons, and sent a messenger to tell Doolin he was surrounded, with no chance to escape. His answer was, "Go to hell!"

The bandits were scattered when the fight began, in the saloon, hotel, stores and houses. Each tried to reach the livery barn, where their horses were. Every little while a bandit would stick his head out or dart across the street or between buildings, rifles and six-shooters would crack, little puffs of dust would snap out from his clothing where the bullets had hit, and he would head in for shelter. Men of the posse were hit, too, as they dodged out for better sniping vantages. When the battle began, Arkansaw Tom was sick in bed in a room on the second story of the hotel. He knew instantly what the shots meant, crawled out of bed, got his rifle and began shooting. His window commanded the street. The fire of the posse was centered on that window. Tom backed away and barricaded himself behind a bureau and a washstand.

Bullets smashed the water pitcher and bowl and splashed water over him. Another crashed into the mirror and splattered him with glass.

His comrades were creeping and dodging from one shelter to another, trying to reach their horses, and the firing grew so heavy upon the window of Arkansaw Tom's room that he could not help them from there. Dragging his rifle, he crawled up a ladder into the attic and with the muzzle of his rifle poked a hole through the shingle roof. He thrust the barrel through and shot from there, killing Marshal Houston and wounding several others.

The Rose of the Cimarron, sweetheart of Bitter Creek, was in the hotel when the fight began, but Bitter Creek was across the street. From a window she saw that he was wounded, had run out of cartridges, and was snapping his empty six-shooters at the marshals. She ran to his room on the

(Continued on Page 74)

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(Continued from Page 72)

second floor of the hotel, got his rifle and ammunition belt, tied them to a corner of a sheet, lowered them to the ground on a sheltered side of the hotel, lowered herself by two more sheets tied together, and in the thickest of the fight ran across the street in a hail of bullets and gave them to Bitter Creek. But on the way a bullet, barely missing her, shot away the magazine of the rifle and it was useless.

A marshal crept up to the hotel to set it on fire and smoke Arkansaw Tom out. The landlady, Mrs. Pierce, a widow, begged him to spare the building and promised to make Arkansaw Tom surrender. She went to the attic. Tom's last cartridge was gone, but he was snapping the empty gun at the posse. She threw his rifle and six-shooters out the window and led him, bleeding from bullet wounds, down to the marshal. Even then he tried to snatch the six-shooter from the marshal's hand. His wrists and ankles were tied, he was left on the floor, and the marshal went back to the fight in the street.

After an hour of that the remainder of the bandits reached the barn. Bitter Creek, with Rose's arms around him, helping him to crawl, and half dragging him, was the last to get in. The fire of the posse now was concentrated on the barn, riddling it with bullets. Doolin ordered the other bandits to get away by a rear door. They refused to go unless he went too.

"Me and Dalton will stay and hold the posse back; you all hike out," commanded Doolin.

"They'll get you," said Little Bill.

"Who's boss here? Get out!" said Doolin.

The others mounted and dashed out the rear door. Marshal Dick Speed saw the movement and stepped into the open where he could command it with his rifle. Doolin walked out in plain sight in the barn door and shot at Speed.

Dalton, peeking through a crack, said "You missed him, Bill."

Doolin, with bullets whining past him, put one knee on the ground, rested his elbow on it, took aim, fired, and Speed threw up his arms, his rifle dropped and he fell on his face, dead.

Bitter Creek, bleeding and weak, reeling like a man drunk, could hardly mount his horse, even with Rose helping him.

"Can you make it, old scout?" called Doolin.

"Sure! Never mind me; I'll get there," replied Bitter Creek. Rose mounted the horse in front of him and he clung to her, with both arms around her.

The Rose of the Cimarron

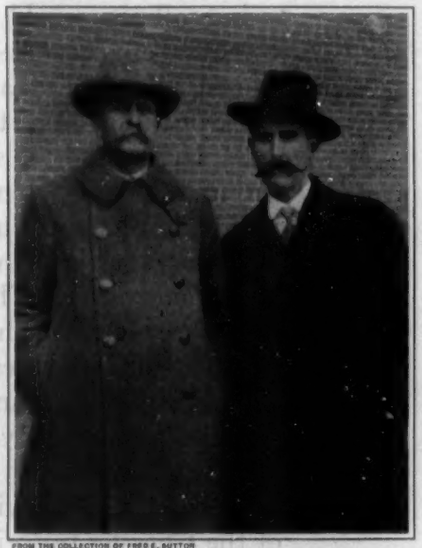
Doolin and Dalton, like captains who are the last to leave a sinking ship, waited until the others had ridden out. Then all rode away together to a sheltered pasture in the hills. Bitter Creek and Rose were missed and Doolin and Dalton rode back to look for them. Bitter Creek had been too weak to stay on the horse, had fallen off and Rose after him. The horse wandered away and was lost. Rose dragged Bitter Creek into a tangle of turkey brush by the roadside and Doolin and Dalton found them there.

Doolin was kneeling beside Bitter Creek when the posse, led by Marshal Lafe Shadley, rode up and opened fire. Dalton's horse was shot dead and he was wounded. He rolled over and over into the ditch and lay there, with his right arm helpless.

Doolin, broad-shouldered and tall, his hat swept away by a bullet, stood there bareheaded, straddling the body of Bitter Creek, one man facing five. At his first shot Shadley fell forward, his six-shooter still clutched in his hand. Doolin was almost out of ammunition. He ran to the body on the ground, stooped over it and snatched the six-shooter from the stiffening fingers and fronted the posse. He seemed bulletproof.

At that moment Red Buck and Little Dick, having heard the shooting, rode back. Doolin, alone, kept the posse back, shooting with a gun in each hand and giving orders to his men. Bitter Creek was lifted up across the shoulders of Red Buck's horse and they rode off. Then Doolin and Little Dick helped Dalton up to a place behind Dick. Doolin was the last to mount. He took the Rose up behind him and rode as a rear guard, shooting back at the posse.

All the bandits except Arkansaw Tom escaped into the rough jungled brakes of the Cimarron. The woman carried bandages and medicines and food to them and nursed the wounded. Later on, the Rose, who was really a comely and intelligent girl, was captured, together with Cattle Annie and Little Breeches, two other girl bandits, and the three were sent to a government reform school at Framingham, Massachusetts. While the Rose was there Bitter Creek, with Charley Pierce, was killed by two ranchmen who had been commissioned by Bill Tilghman to watch for them.



FROM THE COLLECTION OF FRED E. SUTTON

Bill Tilghman and Arkansaw Tom

The Rose came out in due time, took her own name again, married an honest, prosperous man, has three children, is a member of a church and is much respected. I am the only person alive today who knows or even suspects that the quiet Christian matron was the Rose of the Cimarron, the most reckless woman bandit of Oklahoma, and that secret will go with me when I cross the last frontier.

The winter following the fight at Ingalls, Bill Tilghman and Neal Brown, in a covered wagon, with a camping outfit, went out after a ranchman charged with stealing cattle. With a foot of snow on the ground and snow still falling heavily, they lost their way and came to a dugout almost hidden under drifts. It was the middle of the afternoon, but almost as dark as night. Tilghman pushed the dugout door open. It was a long room, half underground. At the far end a fire of black-jack logs blazed in a fireplace and a lone man with a rifle across his knees sat there. Tilghman walked the length of the room, spoke to the man and turned his back to the fire to warm himself. Glancing back, he saw there were rows of bunks along each side, curtained with burlap. The muzzle of a rifle or six-shooter protruded from the edge of each bunk, and each one was aimed at him. He could not see a hand or a face, but he knew that behind each gun was a pair of eyes watching him.

Known by sight to every desperado in the Territory, he expected to be shot at any moment.

"I suppose I better be moving on," said Tilghman.

"I suppose you better," replied the surly ranchman.

Without another word Tilghman walked to the door, the gun barrels following him. He went out slowly, shutting the door after him, mounted beside Brown and said earnestly, "Do just what I say. Drive on, but go slow, and don't look back."

How Bill Doolin Was Captured

Later Tilghman went back with a posse and arrested the old ranchman. Then he learned that it was Bill Doolin and seven of his gang who were in those bunks. Some were awake, some asleep, when he entered; but as soon as he spoke they all heard and recognized him, and quietly shoved the muzzles of their guns out, ready to shoot, but waiting for Doolin to give the word. When Tilghman went out, Red Buck, most desperate killer in the gang, with a rifle in his hand, sprang to the door. Doolin caught and held him.

"That's Bill Tilghman! Kill him!" cried Red Buck.

"No," Doolin commanded.

"What? You're going to let Tilghman get away? I'll kill him if you won't." Tilghman was climbing over the front wheel of his wagon and Red Buck would have dropped him, but Doolin snatched the rifle out of his hands.

"Bill Tilghman is too good a man to be shot in the back," he said.

A year later Tilghman came to me one night and said, "I have a tip that Doolin is in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, taking the baths for rheumatism. I'm going over to get him."

"Who's going with you?" I asked.

"I'm going alone."

"Alone? No one man can take Bill Doolin. I'll go along and we'll take two or three more."

"No. If others go there'll be shooting and Doolin will get killed. He saved my life once and I won't go in on any plan to waylay and kill him. I'll take him alone and alive."

In Eureka Springs, Tilghman, dressed as a preacher, in a black frock coat and derby hat, entered the lobby of a hotel where sat Doolin in a corner, his chair tipped against the wall. Facing the door so he could see everyone who entered and pretending to read a newspaper, he saw Tilghman come in, but did not recognize him in his strange garb.

Tilghman walked straight through the lobby to a bathroom in the rear. There he examined his six-shooter, stepped out quickly, shoved its muzzle against Doolin's stomach and said, "Put 'em up, Bill."

Doolin leaped to his feet and reached for his revolver in a holster under his left arm. Tilghman grabbed for his wrist, but caught Doolin's coat cuff instead. They wrestled about the lobby, Doolin struggling to get his right hand in under his coat; Tilghman clinging to his sleeve, fighting with all his might.

"Don't make me kill you, Bill!" coaxed Tilghman. Doolin growled and tried harder to reach his gun. As they wrestled Tilghman felt Doolin's coat sleeve beginning to rip, and each second Doolin's hand was getting closer to the gun under his left arm. Throughout the scuffle Tilghman held his six-shooter against Doolin's stomach. His thumb was on the hammer and he could have killed his man any instant. The sleeve tore a little more and Doolin's hand edged closer to his left armpit.

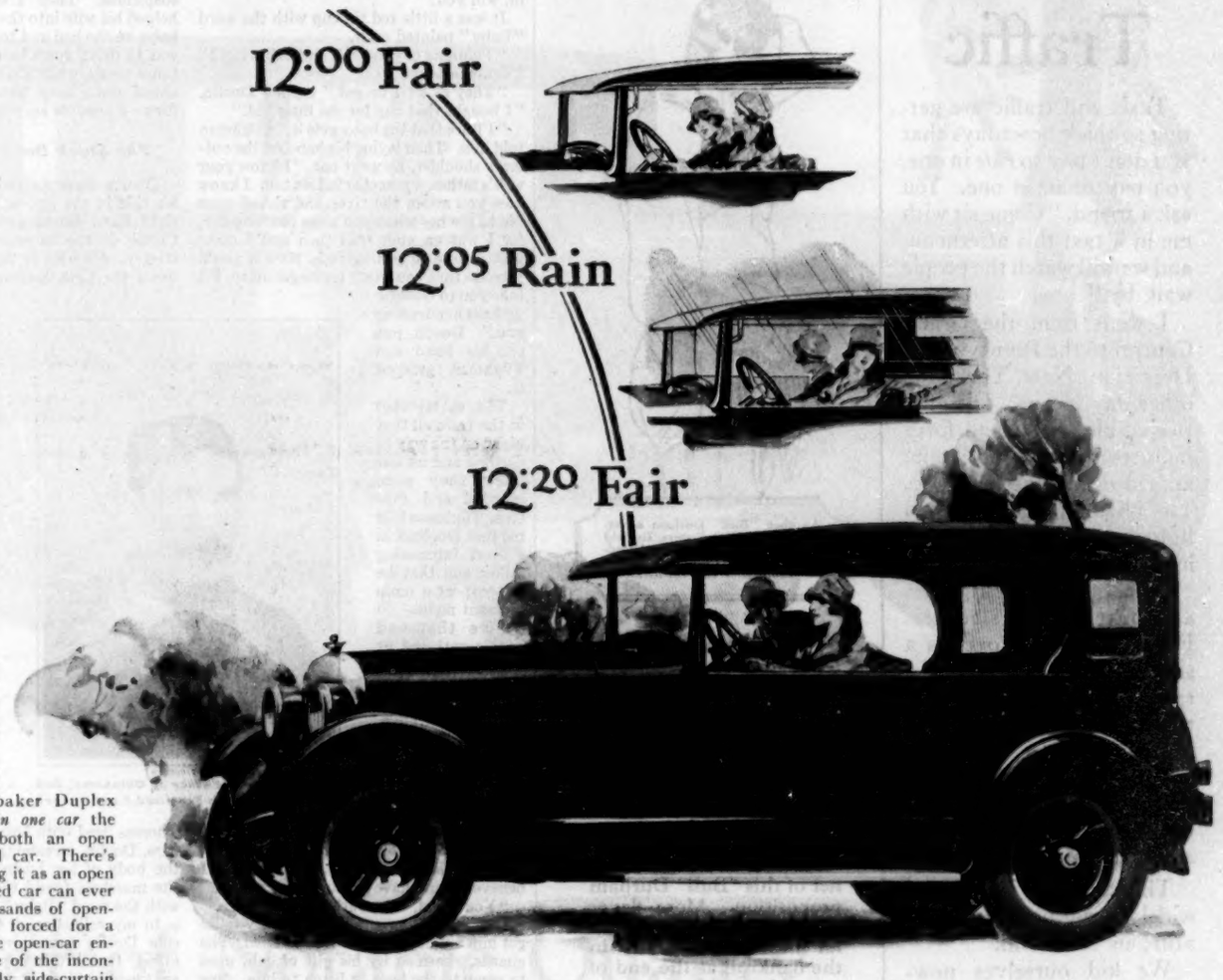
"Don't force me to kill you, Bill! I remember what you did for me at the dugout," urged Tilghman. Doolin knew that he would be hanged if captured, and he gave a mighty wrench; the sleeve ripped.

"Good-by, Bill!" panted Tilghman, and Doolin, looking into his eyes, saw there what made him give up.

(Continued on Page 78)

In 30 Seconds

Open to the sunshine or closed against the storm



THE Studebaker Duplex gives you *in one car* the advantages of both an open and an enclosed car. There's a thrill in driving it as an open car that no closed car can ever give you. Thousands of open-car enthusiasts, forced for a time to sacrifice open-car enjoyment because of the inconvenient, unwieldy side-curtain arrangement, have now become Duplex owners.

Studebaker Standard Six Duplex-Phaeton $1145

f. o. b. factory

World's most powerful car of its size and weight

Shut out storms in 30 seconds

Concealed within its steel-framed upper structure are roller side enclosures which may be lowered in thirty seconds, giving you complete protection from rain or cold winds. With equal ease the curtains slide up out of sight as the shower passes.

Safety unknown in other open cars

Unlike the old-style open car, the upper structure of the Duplex is an integral part of the body. It is built of strong steel and will support the entire weight of the car in an upside down position. Since Studebaker pioneered this revolutionary type of body construction the Duplex has saved many lives in accidents which would have been fatal in the old-fashioned touring car.

The Standard Six Duplex-Phaeton (illustrated) is the most powerful car of its size and weight. Its performance on hills or in traffic is nothing short of thrilling.

Seats are wide, carrying five in roomy comfort. Upholstery is genuine leather. The spark is automatically controlled by the speed of the engine. The spark lever is thus made obsolete and is replaced on the steering wheel by the safety lighting switch. There's a gasoline gauge on the dash, automatic windshield cleaner, rear-view mirror, cowl ventilator, stop light, coincidental lock to steering gear and ignition controlled by the same key operating spare tire.

One-Profit manufacture makes low price possible

Because the Duplex is built under Studebaker's famous One-Profit basis of manufacture—it can be sold to you at the price of the old-style open car. Obviously, a car with so many advantages could not be produced at so low a price by any manufacturer with less than Studebaker's facilities.

Few motor car "manufacturers" have foundries, forges, etc., to make their own engines—yet one-fifth of an automobile's cost is in the engine. Even fewer build their own bodies—yet one-third of a car's cost is in the body.

One-Profit value

Studebaker builds *all* its own bodies, *all* engines, *all* clutches, gear sets, springs, differentials, steering gears, brakes, axles, gray-iron castings and drop forgings. Only Studebaker in the fine-car field enjoys such complete manufacturing facilities.

These facilities enable Studebaker to manufacture quality cars on a One-Profit basis—effecting vital savings which are passed on to Studebaker owners in the form of higher quality and lower price.

Unit-Built construction

Studebaker facilities result, too, in cars designed, engineered and built as units. The hundreds of parts in a Studebaker function as a smooth-working unit, resulting in scores of thousands of miles of excess transportation, greater riding comfort and higher resale value.

Always kept up-to-date

Direct manufacturing control enables Studebaker to keep cars constantly up-to-date. Improvements are continually made, giving Studebaker owners the immediate advantage of our engineering achievements. For a complete illustrated story of One-Profit manufacture and for a beautiful colored catalog of Standard Six Studebakers drop a postal or a letter to The Studebaker Corporation of America, South Bend, Indiana. Ask for Combination D600.

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then.

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Traffic

Taxis and traffic are getting so thick nowadays that you don't pay to *ride* in one, you pay to *sit* in one. You ask a friend, "Come sit with me in a taxi this afternoon, and we will watch the people walk by."

I went from the Grand Central to the Pennsylvania Depot in New York the other day in one. It's only twelve blocks. I had forty minutes to make my train, missed it and the next two. The chauffeur got arrested before we got there for having a last year's license.

Smart Taxi Companies are putting on sleepers. Fifteen blocks or over is a sleeper jump. The life of a taxi driver now is thirty trips and then he is retired for old age.

Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C., is now open for cross-town traffic between the hours of 4 and 6 in the morning.

The taximeter is the most widely read piece of literature in the world.

We kid ourselves nowadays that we are moving fast, yet half the time a "stop" sign is against us.

Traffic and tobacco are our daily expenditures. Solve the traffic problem by walking, and solve the tobacco problem with "Bull" Durham. The eyes of an anxious world are on the Taximeter, and the lips of



Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

an intelligent world are on "Bull" Durham.

Will Rogers

P. S.—There will be another piece here in two weeks. Look for it.

More of everything for a lot less money. That's the net of this "Bull" Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.





(Continued from Page 74)

"All right, you win," he said. Tilghman took the weapon from under Doolin's arm. It was the same six-shooter Doolin had snatched from the hand of Lafe Shadley after he killed him. "It's an unlucky gun; take it and keep it," said Doolin.

Tilghman took Doolin to his room and was packing his belongings in a bag when the outlaw said, "Tilghman, put that cup in, will you?"

It was a little red tin cup with the word "Baby" painted on it.

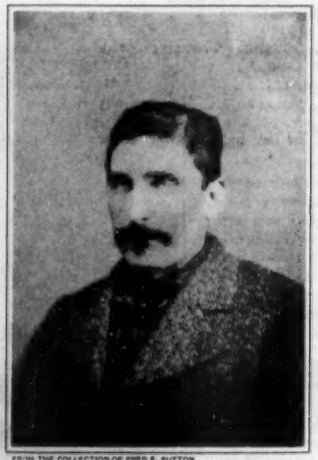
"Thinking of your wife and baby, hey?" Tilghman asked.

"They're all I've got," replied Doolin. "I bought that cup for the little kid."

"I'll see that the baby gets it," Tilghman told him. Then laying his hand on the outlaw's shoulder, he went on: "I know your wife's father, a preacher in Lawton. I know how you swam the river and risked your life to see her when you were courting her, for I was on your trail then and I came pretty close to getting you. Now if you'll promise that you won't try to get away, I'll take you to Guthrie without handcuffing you." Doolin put out his hand and Tilghman grasped it.

They sat together in the train all that night on the way to Guthrie and no one knew they were marshal and captive. Tilghman told me that Doolin was a most interesting talker and that he never spent a more pleasant night.

Five thousand people gathered at the depot in Guthrie to see the outlaw and the man who had taken him alive. The sheriff and his deputies and the whole police force could not clear a way to the jail until hundreds had shaken hands with Doolin.



FROM THE COLLECTION OF FRED E. SUTTON

David L. Payne, Father of Oklahoma, Did Not Live to See His Promised Land Opened

A handsome woman said to him, "Why, you don't look so terrible, Mr. Doolin! I believe I could have captured you myself."

"You could," the outlaw assured her.

Doolin's gift as a talker and story-teller got him out of jail before he was tried. The guards, charmed by his gift of gab, used to come to the bars to listen to him. One Sunday Bill lured a guard close to those bars, and while the guard was convulsed with laughter at a funny story, his head thrown back, Bill reached through the bars and took his six-shooter. He forced the guard to open the door, took his keys, locked him up, unlocked the doors for every prisoner, turned them into the street and walked out with them.

One Robbery Too Many

A young man and his girl were driving past in a buggy. Bill put them out, got in himself, drove away and disappeared.

Ever since their marriage Doolin's wife had been urging him to go to some far-off place and begin life over again. After this jail delivery Doolin promised her that he would engage in just one more bank robbery and if successful follow her advice. Calling his gang together, they robbed a bank in Missouri which netted him several thousand dollars; he bade farewell to his men and returned to his wife and baby in a little cabin near Quay.

Then loading their household goods into a covered wagon, with a bed in it for the wife and baby, one midnight he started on the trail to a new life.

United States marshals had learned about the lonely cabin in time to get there at that very same midnight. Heck Thomas was in charge. It was a night of bright moonlight. As the marshals crept up through the grass and stunted willows they were surprised to see the covered wagon at the cabin door with a team hitched to it, and Doolin's horse tied to the front wheel. The original plan was to get close and lie in wait, even if all night, until Doolin came out.

Doolin and his wife, with the baby asleep in her arms, came out. They were both suspicious. They always were. Doolin helped his wife into the wagon, she put the baby on the bed and took up the reins. She was to drive down to a creek a short distance away, while Doolin was to walk on ahead until they were beyond the willows—a possible ambush.

The Stock Book on the Stock

Doolin never walked anywhere without his rifle in the hollow of his left arm, his right hand closed around the stock, his thumb on the hammer, his finger on the trigger. He held it that way as he came down the path leading the horse by the tips of the bridle reins. The marshals could see him peering this way and that from under the brim of his slouch hat.

With a double-barreled shotgun, which Bill Tilghman had loaded with twenty-one buckshot, Heck Thomas stepped out from a clump of willows into the moonlight and commanded, "Hands up!"

Doolin swung his rifle forward. Thomas had an old eight-bore shotgun, too long in the breech to handle quickly, and before he could shoot, Doolin fired, but missed. Then Thomas fired both barrels and Doolin fell. Mrs. Doolin, screaming, ran and fell upon the body of her husband. In the wagon the marshals found the little red tin cup with the word "Baby" painted on it.

In my collection of firearms I have the rifle Doolin was carrying when he was killed. On the thin upper edge of the stock are twenty-seven notches cut close together with a knife. In the barrel are filed three more notches. With that rifle Doolin had killed thirty men.

I never have known for a certainty the answer to why the Western gunman cut or filed a notch on his revolver or rifle for each man he had killed. I once saw Pat Garrett adding a seventh notch to the stock of his six-shooter with a barlow knife as we were camped on the Cimarron the day after a scrap with an outlaw, and I asked why.

Garrett looked puzzled. "When you come right down to it, I don't know," he admitted. "It's kind of a habit, I guess."

When the frontier had tamed and Bat Masterson had joined Alfred Henry Lewis on a newspaper in New York City, I visited him, told him I was making a collection of firearms of historic interest and asked for one of his six-shooters. He gave me one, and pointing to the notches in its gutta-percha stock, said, "It has twenty-two credits."

"You killed twenty-two men with this gun, Bat?" I asked.

"And I didn't count greasers or Indians," was his answer.

But he did not know the origin of the custom. "I suppose it was because everyone did it," he hazarded, "but when I think of it, all of them didn't do it. There never was a notch in Bill Tilghman's gun. He preferred to forget."

(Continued on Page 78)

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value



Special Six Sedan

$1215

f. o. b. factory

A Car of Notable Quality

—at an Arrestingly Low Price

Never have Sedan buyers been offered a more impressive example of motor car value than this Special Six model.

Though carrying the lowest price ever placed upon a Nash Sedan it is a car of striking quality and thoroughly exceptional performance.

Nash engineering has developed the motor smoothness, quietness, and responsiveness to an extreme degree.

The twin flywheel construction enables the crankshaft and main and secondary flywheel to be accurately balanced as an integral unit.

And this is of important value since it insures scientific precision and results in added power-evenness and quietness.

The smoothness with which the motor functions is further intensified by reason of the unusual extent to which Nash employs force-feed lubrication.

All main bearings, connecting rod bearings, and camshaft bearings are continuously filmed with rigorously purified oil.

The rich beauty of this Sedan's outward aspect is similarly preserved thruout the interior, for the hardware is of chastely patterned, silver-finished Colonial design and the upholstery is of fine Mohair Cloth.

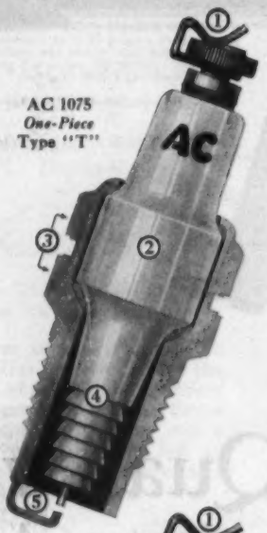
Among its interesting attractions are the size of its doors, the adjustable character of its parlor-car type front seats, the oil purifier, gasoline filter, air cleaner, and—*at no extra cost*—4-wheel brakes, full balloon tires, and 5 disc wheels.

(3141)

The Nash-Ajax Price Range on Sixteen Different Models Extends from $865 to $2090 f. o. b. Factory

The NEW AC 1075 for FORDS

A better design, a better metal for sparking points, a better insulator core, together with the following additional features make the AC 1075 a better plug for Ford engines.



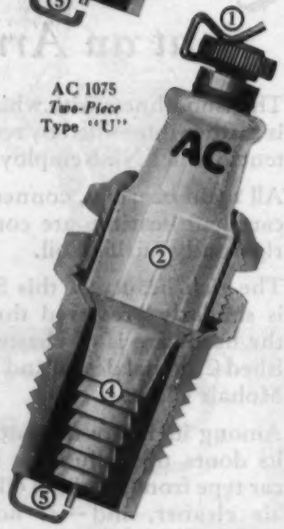
1 Spring Terminal Clip

2 Heavy Body Porcelain

3 Hexagon of Extra Length Permits Easy and Positive Application of Spark Plug Wrench

4 High Temperature Fins—Patented Carbon-Proof Porcelain

5 Heavy Electrode, Forming Natural Oil Drain



The AC 1075 is now made in both one- and two-piece design—as illustrated.

You can secure better and longer spark plug service with AC 1075's in your motor—your dealer can supply you.

AC-SPHINX Birmingham ENGLAND — AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, Michigan — AC-OLEO Levallois-Perret FRANCE

Makers of AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers—AC Air Cleaners

U. S. Pat. No. 1,133,727, April 13, 1915; U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

(Continued from Page 78)

The most satisfactory explanation came from Henry Starr, the bandit. "A skilled workman is proud of his tools," Starr suggested. "Watch a barber honing and fondling his favorite razor. It's the best razor in seven states, if you believe him, and he'll brag about how many thousand faces it has shaved, the wonderful steel in its blade and how it holds its edge. Or listen to a conductor or engineer bragging about his watch that never varies the hundredth part of a second; or a carpenter talking about that saw he has had for nineteen years.

"Well, a six-shooter is the working tool of the outlaw and the fellows who chase him, and a darned sight more important to him than the razor to the barber or the watch to the engineer, for his life hangs on it. A good six-shooter costs about forty dollars, and if you want to go in for ivory, stag horn, silver or gold mountings, you can go up a lot higher. A fellow gets a new gun, gets the hang of it, learns its peculiarities and learns to love it. When he gets into a hole and it downs the other fellow he's proud of it. He gives it a notch for remembrance. By the time there are six or eight notches on the stock he is a killer. He's liable to be case-hardened by then and drop a man just to add another notch. Maybe he's jealous of somebody that's got fourteen notches on his shooting iron. It gets to be a kind of contest, like a fellow getting a lot of medals."

Starr was among the first and he was the last of his tribe. He worked at the bandit trade off and on for thirty-five years, and he was killed February 19, 1921, while robbing a bank at Harrison, Arkansas. His mother was part Cherokee, his father of Scotch-Irish stock. He was educated in an Indian school, and with a natural taste for reading, had spent most of his many prison terms with his nose in a book. While there was enough of the Indian in him to make him taciturn, he would talk hours at a time in his low-pitched, even voice with those he liked, and then he was one of the most companionable men I ever knew.

Ill-Starred Starr

He did not use liquor, tobacco, tea or coffee. His eyes were black as eyes ever were, his hair as black as a crow's wing, and straight, and his skin had just a tinge of Indian swartness. A slight man, he had the physique of an athlete, moved with an aboriginal grace, could dogtrot half a day, had the Indian instinct for finding his way, and could live on roots, berries and nuts and sleep on the ground for months at a time, if need be.

To me the most striking trait about him was his even, unexcitable poise. Men who were with him when a whole town was shooting at him, his men falling around him, his clothing pierced by bullets, have told me he was as calm then as when lying under a tree on a summer afternoon, reading some of the classics, a supply of which he always carried in his saddlebags.

The owner of a large Oklahoma ranch, a man of high respectability, was a warm personal friend of Starr. He said to me: "Starr is a curious mixture of good and bad. I know he is a bandit, but I cannot help liking him. There has always been a conflict in my mind as to whether I should forbid him coming to my home, or still keep him as a friend, but Starr has always won. He would come quietly, generally bringing books with him, and spend hours at a time curled up in a window seat or in a chair, reading. But nearly always when he departed the newspapers soon would be telling of a bank somewhere raided by a gang led by a swarthy man who spoke courteously to the bank officials, even as he held them under the spell of his six-shooters and swept their money into his sack."

Starr assured this cattleman that if he were only away from his Oklahoma reputation he believed he could go straight. Soon thereafter the cattleman was appointed to a position in St. Louis, in connection with the livestock industry there. He sent for Starr, installed him, under an assumed name, in a room adjoining his at the Planter's Hotel, bought him fine raiment, including a dress suit and a white sombrero that cost seventy-five dollars, and Starr, posing as a cattleman from the Southwest, went into society and really cut a swath for several months. The plan was for Starr to form influential connections that would help him to drop into a good position.

One evening Starr put on his dress suit and went to a function in Webster Groves, a suburb. Next morning at breakfast the cattleman asked how he had enjoyed himself at the party. Starr's face lighted up with enthusiasm.

"Say, I saw the swellest bank out there, right on a corner, and I'll bet it's lousy with money! It's ——"

"Hold on! Hold on there!" interrupted his friend.

"I couldn't help noticing how easy it would be to hoist that bank, that's all," said Starr.

Stakes and Mistakes

The cattleman thought no more about it, but three weeks later that bank was held up in true border style, and Starr disappeared the same day.

When I was in the banking business in Oklahoma City, Starr walked into my private office one day. I had known him for years and had talked with him in the jail at Fort Smith when he was under sentence to be hanged. Later I had been with posses in pursuit of him. I had met him when he came out of prison, repentant and trying to reform.

I knew there was a price on his head when he came into my office, and I asked, "Henry, what are you doing here?"

"Just came to visit you a little while."

"You know there is a big reward out for you?"

"Yes," he answered in his easy way, "I know that."

"Aren't you afraid to come in here and see me with that reward hanging over you?"

"If you had a marshal's badge hanging onto you I'd steer clear of you, but this is safer for me than the street."

"I could use two or three thousand dollars just now."

"Go to it," he laughed; and then, in a more serious tone—"I am here as your guest, not as an outlaw. You can't do it."

His picture and notice of the reward were posted at every crossroads, but he had driven in a car from Clovis, New Mexico, stopping at hotels on the way, and was going on to Tulsa to see his wife and little boy, Roosevelt. I asked him then why he did not quit and get into some honest business, and offered to help him.

"It's too late now," he said. "I could never wipe the slate clean. The law has too many grudges to settle with me."

"Why didn't you quit it long ago? You're a sensible man; you know it doesn't pay."

"It's the chance of making a big stake," he answered. "There's always the chance that I'll make a haul that will make me rich. But I never make that big haul. We don't get the amounts people think we do. After I've divided with my men I've never had more than a few thousand dollars from any robbery, and generally I get only a few hundred. Then, to be honest, I must admit that there's the lure of the life in the open, the rides at night, the spice of danger, the mastery over men, the pride of being able to hold a mob at bay—it tingles in my veins. I like the homage men pay me, to have them defer to me and point me out as Henry Starr, the outlaw."

"They'll corner you some day and tear the flesh from your bones with lead," I told him.

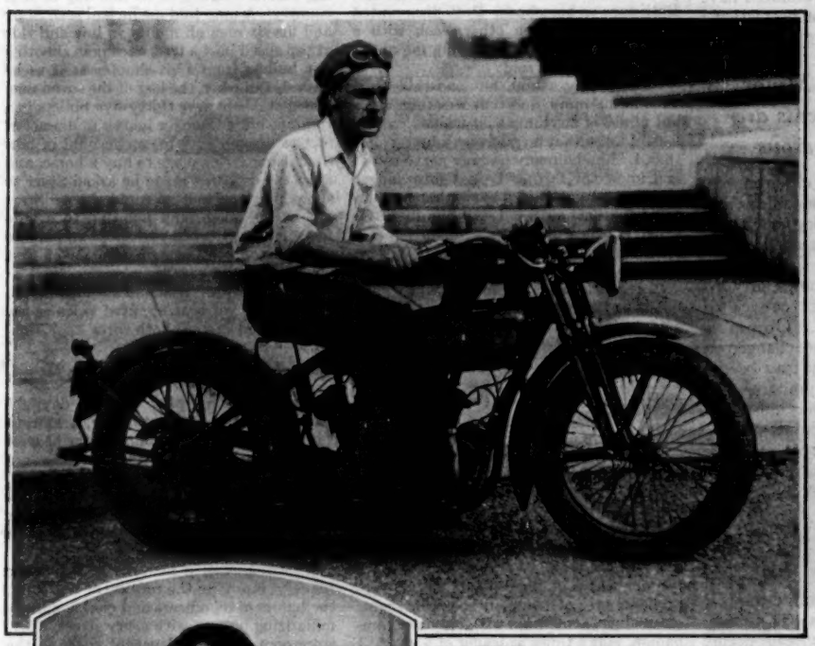
"I know it, but what of it? It will be over in a flash and I won't feel it."

Starr differed from most bandits I have known in that he had an aversion to killing.

(Continued on Page 80)

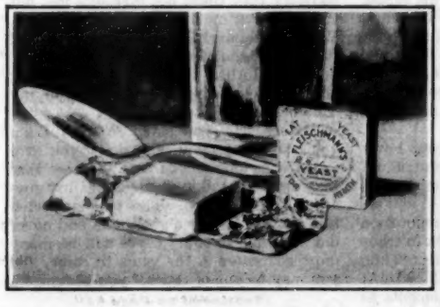
Now—Life At Its Best

People typical of thousands who conquered their ills—found youthful energy again—by eating one simple food





"I WAS bothered with constipation. I was also troubled with indigestion, accompanied by disagreeable skin eruptions. A friend recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. I took three cakes a day faithfully. The results were amazing. My digestive troubles vanished. My complexion cleared. I can now eat all the sweets I wish without having any trouble with my skin."
ALMA L. BROTHERS, Norfolk, Va.



"WHEN at school I used to sit up far into the night and study. This seemed to disagree with digestive powers. I became a slave to constipation. Then came examination time—sleepless nights, trying days and sweltering heat. I suffered untold agonies. After a short vacation I was again in the clutches of constipation. My life was miserable. Our physician advised me to take a cake of Fleischmann's Yeast each day. I did so. Today I am enjoying the best of health."
EDWARD A. ROSS, Montreal, Quebec.

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-9, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.



"THE study of fine and applied arts has been my hobby. The creating of hand-made fabrics necessitated long hours at my loom. This close application to my work resulted in a general run-down condition. I felt tired and listless. The daily eating of Fleischmann's Yeast worked marvels for me. It toned up my entire system. I have returned to my work with renewed energy." FLORENCE ATEN IVES, 2nd, N. Y. C.



M. J. Faber and daughter

"SEVERAL years ago I suffered with skin eruptions. A New Yorker I met advised me to use Fleischmann's Yeast, suggesting one cake in the morning and one again at supper. To my surprise, after a few days following his instructions, the pain ceased; gradually the eruptions disappeared. I have had none since. We use the same remedy in our family for constipation and stomach disorders."
M. J. FABER, Chicago, Ill.

Protect the Blossoms

THE business of being a parent is difficult at best. There are days when everything seems to go wrong, when Jimmy is mischievous and Janet is disobedient—days when the children are so exasperating that you forget what they really mean to you.

But at night, when you steal quietly in for a last good-night look, how like blossoms they seem—exquisite promises of the future. You dream of the things you hope to do for them—of the advantages you wish to give them—of the gifts you would like to lavish upon them. But has it occurred to you that there is something else that perhaps you should be doing for them right now?



Today — Before It Is Too Late

Use the great gifts of modern medical science to protect your children from disease and to help them become strong and healthy men and women—physically, mentally and morally. Many deadly diseases can be prevented by vaccination or inoculation. Do not risk the blighting of a single blossom.

Three Important Things to Do

These are things which, if not already done, you should do at once:

First. See that your children are vaccinated against smallpox.

Second. Make sure that they have toxin-antitoxin treatments to prevent diphtheria.

Third. Have them examined at least once a year to correct physical defects. Especially—teeth, eyes, ears and tonsils should be thoroughly inspected; adenoids, when present, should be removed.

With positive protection offered against two of the most dreaded diseases, smallpox and diphtheria, it is little short of criminal negligence to overlook these simple precautions. And a great amount of illness will be avoided when, as a matter of course, children have an annual health examination.

Can you call yourself a good parent unless you are able to say, "My children have the best protection I can give them!"

Even Minor Ailments are Dangerous

More children die from measles and whooping cough than from dreaded scarlet fever. Chicken-pox and mumps may be indirect causes of death. Common colds are dangerous for they may be the first symptoms of something more serious. Some of the most contagious diseases, such as measles and whooping cough, for the first two or three days appear to be nothing but "colds". Even at this stage, before the real sickness is recognized, infection of others may occur.

Frequently whooping cough leads to pneumonia or permanently injured lungs. Unless a child who has measles is carefully nursed,—pneumonia, mastoiditis or kidney trouble may result. The most skilful nursing is necessary in all children's diseases. In not a few instances, an attack of measles is the indirect cause of tuberculosis. Sometimes the little sufferer is left blind or deaf.

Do not make the mistake that some parents have made—do not think that your child must have all the children's diseases and "the sooner the better".



Never let well children play with a child known to have a contagious disease. Protect your boys and girls from sickness.

Health is the greatest blessing you can give your children. Now is the time to plan for it—in blossom time.



For the past three years May Day has had a new meaning. It has become National Child Health Day—the day on which every state in our country takes stock of the health and welfare of its children.

While there has been great gains in protecting the lives of children, these gains have been accomplished by the extraordinarily good work done in some parts of the country. Tremendous betterment will result when the same good work is carried on everywhere.

The New May Day unites us in planning for more sanitary school buildings, for more and better playground facilities and for unremitting supervision of the water, milk and food supplies of a community.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared pamphlets on the cause, prevention and care of almost all the diseases with which children are threatened.

Send for the booklets on Measles, Whooping Cough, Scarlet Fever and Diphtheria. They will be mailed free and may be invaluable to you.

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

NEW YORK

Biggest in the World; More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

(Continued from Page 78)

So far as I know, he slew only one, Floyd Wilson, and that was in the strangest duel I ever heard of. It occurred away back when Judge Parker's court held sway in Fort Smith. Starr, then a boy of eighteen, had robbed a railway station and several stores; a reward was posted for his capture, and Wilson, a former deputy marshal, went to get him. He met Starr on the prairie and called to him to surrender. Both were on horseback. Both dismounted and they faced each other, each with a six-shooter in his hand. Telling me about it afterward, Starr said:

"I was only a boy, but one thing was fixed in my mind, and that was that I was not afraid of anything that walked on two feet. I knew that no man was a better shot than I. I had already had my nerve tested and knew the farther I went into danger the cooler I got, and I knew that no man could take me alive if I saw him first. So when Wilson called on me to surrender I called back, 'You can't take me, Wilson; go away!'

"'Throw away that gun and put up your hands or I'll kill you,' he replied. He was edging closer all the time, so I drew down on him and ordered him to halt. I didn't want to kill him. He probably thought that as I was only a kid I was afraid of him, and he shouted, 'Now, I'm going to kill you.'

"'All right,' I told him. 'I'll lower my gun and give you the chance to shoot first, and you better make a clean job of it. If I kill you it will be in self-defense. Shoot!'

"Wilson took cool aim at me, fired, and the ball sang past my ear. Then I put a bullet through his heart, mounted my horse and rode away."

Starr was a daylight bank robber. He robbed scores of banks in broad daylight, often alone, sometimes with only one companion, many times as leader of a gang. I asked him once why he preferred to rob in the daytime, when the whole town could see him at it, and see to shoot at him and chase him.

"That's where you're wrong," he explained, in his unemotional way of talking. "In the first place, to rob at night you must understand the use of nitroglycerin for opening the safe, and that's a messy business and too much like burglary and night prowling, and it's far more dangerous than daylight robbery. In the dark any coward can hide behind a post and shoot, but in daylight it is a brave man that will come out in the open and swap shots with a bandit.

"In the majority of daylight raids where the bandits were shot down, the townsfolk had been tipped off and were lying in wait. It is essential that the raid be a complete surprise."

A Little Fancy Shooting

"There is a sort of hypnotism about a man or a bunch of men who come coolly into a town in the middle of the day, walk up the main street, rob the bank and walk out again, doing just enough shooting to show they can hit anything. The very daring of it puts a spell on the people, paralyzes them with surprise and awe. Before they recover, the bandits are gone."

I knew of one instance where Starr went into a town alone, robbed the bank, walked out three miles and was eating his supper at a farmer's house when the telephone rang. The farmer answered it, and with the receiver in his hand, turned to Starr and said, "The sheriff is calling. He says the bank was held up by one man today, and he wants to know if I have seen a suspicious character out this way."

"Tell him the robber is at your house eating supper and for him to come on out and get me," said Starr, and he finished his meal, paid for it and went on.

Starr used to tell me that his reputation as a crack shot was his chief stock in trade as a bandit. That reputation protected him from many a sheriff and other official. At cow camps and in outlying settlements he gave exhibitions of his marksmanship. A man told me that he saw him kill a running coyote with a rifle at 685 measured yards. At one time he and his gang fitted out a chuck wagon which carried a sheet-iron stove and a lot of bedding and cooking utensils, extra guns, cartridges enough for a five-day battle and food to last a fortnight. They kept constantly in practice by shooting at marks, and gave exhibitions of shooting that are talked of to this day in that country. A man told me he had seen Starr and his six men all mount in line and ride at top speed past a tree, each man shooting five bullets from a six-shooter at it as he passed, and when the last of the seven men had shot, there were thirty-five bullets in a ring not more than six inches in diameter.

A ranchman gave me an account of how Starr came to his place to buy a horse, and after the deal was made he asked Starr to show him how well he could shoot. Starr got on his horse, and pointing to a wire fence, said, "I'll fire two shots and try to cut the top and bottom strands of that fence."

He rode toward it at full speed, wheeled when thirty yards away, fired twice as the horse turned and cut both wires.

The Man Who Wouldn't Be Good

Starr's first big play was the daylight robbery of a bank in Bentonville, Arkansas. The town lay in open country, the nearest cover fifteen miles distant, and it was a reckless job; but he was in love with a girl who refused to marry him unless he reformed and he wanted a stake to take her away to South America and set himself up in business.

He was a week in Bentonville before the robbery, studying the routine of the bank, the habits of its officers and clerks, and familiarizing himself with every street, alley, storeroom, house and vacant space in the place until he knew the town as minutely as its oldest inhabitant. He and his men rode in at 2:30 one afternoon, stuffed $11,000 into a sack and fought their way out. Divided evenly, the $11,000 gave Starr about $1500; hardly a stake for marriage and emigration to a foreign land.

Only one of those seven men died a natural death. Frank Cheney was killed by a Federal marshal. Link Cumpelin was killed in a robbery in Alaska. Happy Jack was shot to death a few months after the Bentonville robbery by marshals. Kid Wilson was arrested in Colorado Springs with Starr, went to the penitentiary, was paroled, returned to banditry and was killed. Hank Watt was shot by a marshal. Bud Tyler alone died in bed.

Three years after the Bentonville raid, Starr was captured and taken to Fort Smith, where fourteen indictments for robbery and one for murder were awaiting him. He was sent to the Columbus, Ohio, penitentiary as a Federal prisoner, was pardoned by Roosevelt on his promise to reform, married, entered the real-estate business at Tulsa, prospered for five years, then relapsed.

"Why didn't you stick?" I asked him after he had been captured again, and he told me this story:

"After I robbed the bank in Bentonville the authorities there indicted me and kept that indictment alive, waiting for Oklahoma to become a state. While Oklahoma was a territory they could not extradite me, but they watched me as a cat would a mouse. When Oklahoma became a state and elected its first governor, I took my boy, Roosevelt, down to Guthrie to see him inaugurated, and I lifted little Roosevelt up on my shoulder and said to him:

"'Roosevelt, you listen to what I am going to say to you, and don't you ever forget it as long as you live. You see that man up there, talking? He is the first governor of Oklahoma. The people elected him because he was a good man and never did anything wrong. There will be many more governors in the years to come, and you may be one of them if you never do a

(Continued on Page 82)

Women voted for Horton long before they won political suffrage



SPEAKING of votes . . . When one candidate receives more votes than his (or her) party running-mates, they call it "running ahead of the ticket." It is citizenship's tribute to the personal popularity of the candidate.

In business, when one product consistently receives a greater demand than all other products in the same industry, they call it "leadership." It is the public's preference for a product of known superiority.

Take, for example, the field of household laundry appliances. The industry's sales records tell a very significant story. For the last three years Horton sales have increased *three times as fast* as the sales of all other Washers and Ironers.

There must be a good reason for this. Ask the average woman and she tells you immediately that Horton Washers do better washing, and Horton Ironers better ironing. That, of course, is reason enough.



Horton has made no leap to leadership. The name of Horton has been accumulating prestige ever since 1871, when Horton built America's very first Washing Machine—the maiden step in the liberation of women from the tub-rub-wringer toil of old-time "Blue Monday."

Fifty-five years! . . Three generations! . . The whole history of washing machine progress is Horton's history. First, the hand-power type. Then, water-power. After that, gasoline and electrical power. Today Horton supplies the homes of America with all these types.

Through all these years Horton has maintained economical distribution through America's great Wholesale Hardware Merchants. Horton Washers and Ironers are sold in *local* stores, with the backing of local storekeepers—and not by door-to-door canvassing by crews of salesmen traveling from town to town.

If anyone calls at your home to talk about Horton Washers and Ironers, it will be a bona fide representative of a *local* store—a resident of the community, not a traveling stranger. And your home store will make it just as easy for you to buy as will anyone.

The economy of store-to-home distribution means much to buyers. Low-cost selling in stores enables Horton to endow Horton Washers with that extra quality, durability and dependability women are conscious of when they say, "There's nothing like a Horton."

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY *(Established 1871)* FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

HORTON *Washers Ironers*

SOLD BY 6682 STORES



Shoe style for men who think that *comfort* is only a bed-quilt's name

LOOK at the shoes in this picture—and know what new style is in shoes for men.

Step inside a Walk-Over store—and learn how Walk-Over personal fit does add comfort to your shoes.

Your feet need never be afraid of Walk-Overs, for Walk-Over shoes fit. Choose a pair. Stamp timid feet down into them. Strut about in those new shoes. Stroll down the street with heels pounding on the sidewalk in the sheer joy of walking—really walking—once again.

Next time you have your shoes off, notice the shape of the back of your heel. It is wide at the bottom, narrow at the top—and that's why the Walk-Over pear-shaped heel is made as shown in the diagrams below.



Walk-Over shoes are made on special lasts to give you that personal, comfortable fit. You'll find one shoe, among the many Walk-Over styles and shapes, that will fit you as if made to order. Wear that shoe once, and you'll wear Walk-Overs for life.

You'll come back to the Walk-Over store, time after time, no matter what part of the world you may be in, for the one shoe that gives you what no other shoe can give. That is the velvet-smooth, downy-soft and gorgeous comfort that Walk-Over special lasts and the *pear-shaped heel* can give you. Write for the Walk-Over style book. It will be sent free on request.

Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Mass.

Walk-Over Shoes *for men and women*



The diagram at the extreme left shows, in black, the space left by ordinary shoe heels. No wonder shoes gape. See, at the right, how the exclusive Walk-Over pear-shaped heel fits. Look for this trade-mark: Walk-Over on every shoe.

© 1926, G. E. K. Co.

(Continued from Page 80)

thing that is wrong. I want you to promise me.' And little Roosevelt put his arm around my neck and said, 'Daddy, I promise, and I'll be the governor some day.'

"As soon as the new governor got settled, Arkansas applied for my surrender. I sent a friend to see the governor to tell him how for five years I had been going straight, and to beg him not to let the Arkansas wolves get me. I did not know what the governor might do, but I was determined not to go to Arkansas, for there I would have been sent up for life. So I hid out in the home of a friend in the Osage hills, and my friend in Guthrie was to watch for the governor's decision and telephone the very moment it was made. One day the telephone rang and the message I got was: 'He has granted it.'

"I stayed in hiding. Within a month several banks were robbed in Oklahoma. I had nothing to do with them, but the newspapers printed scare-head stories saying that I had got off the reservation again, with forty kinds of war paint on, and was robbing in daylight in my old style.

"Well, what could I do? I was a fugitive. I had the name of robbing the banks. I might as well have the game. So I decided to touch up a bank or two to get enough money to leave the country. I did that and I and my bandit friend started on horseback for California. Passing through Colorado, we came to the town of Amity, and there was a bank that looked so easy to rob it was a shame to pass it up. I was caught and I went to the penitentiary in Canyon City for twenty-five years."

While a convict in Colorado, Starr was for four years in charge of a road-building camp with 100 convicts under him. He managed them so well and his record was so good that he was paroled.

"I promised not to leave Colorado," Starr said to me. "But the desire to take my boy into my arms became so strong that I beat my way back to Oklahoma, sleeping in cattle cars, bumming my chuck at back doors. When I reached Tulsa I found that my wife had got a divorce and I did not see my boy after all."

Not Quite Bulletproof

"Bank robbery had become an established business in Oklahoma. In the seven years just prior to my return 201 banks were held up in that state. Between June fourteenth and September fourteenth, the three months after my return, fourteen banks were robbed in daylight. The newspapers said I did it. The legislature, for the first time in its history, offered a reward for a bandit. It posted $1000 for me, dead or alive. It made me desperate."

Probably the most spectacular robbery that ever occurred in Oklahoma was at Stroud, where Starr and his six men held up and robbed two banks in one day. After getting the money they started for their horses, Starr walking backward as a rear guard to his men and holding the townspeople at bay. On the way they passed a butcher shop in which there was a loaded sawed-off rifle used for killing hogs. Paul Curry, a boy, snatched this rifle from a corner and shot Starr in the hip. Starr fell and his men turned to help him.

"I'm done for, boys, save yourselves," Starr said to them.

It was the first time in his life that Starr had been wounded. Thousands of bullets had been fired at him, at close and at long range. His clothing had been cut by bullets many times, but his skin never touched. He had an idea that he was bulletproof.

There was talk in Stroud of lynching Starr. He sent for Bill Tilghman. I went with Tilghman to see Starr, who said to Bill: "You are the only officer who ever spoke kindly to me and gave me good advice. I don't want to be lynched. I have sent for you to protect me and to bring my old mother and my boy here to see me."

Tilghman stopped the talk of lynching and Starr was removed to the jail in Chandler. I saw his boy come into the cell where he lay on a cot, and Starr clasped him in his arms and sobbed.

"Starr, you promised me you would quit. I believed you, and here I find you, not satisfied to rob just one bank but pulling a double-header," Tilghman said to him.

"Well, Mr. Tilghman, when I came to Stroud to look it over, I saw it was just as easy to rob two banks as one, so I decided to kill two birds with one stone."

Starr recovered from his wound and was sent to the penitentiary for twenty-five years. He served five or six years and was such a model prisoner and seemed so thoroughly reformed that he was paroled. I lost track of him for several years.

Six years ago I was in the Baltimore Hotel, in Kansas City, and met Starr in the lobby. He seemed old and broken. There was a troubled look in his eyes; his shoulders were stooped and he limped as he walked. We sat down together to have a talk.

"Henry," I said, "you are robbing banks again."

"That's what they say," he replied.

"If I did my duty I'd turn you over to the police here."

"That wouldn't do anybody any good," he suggested.

With His Boots Off

"You promised Tilghman that you'd give up banditry. You've broken every promise you ever made. You're incorrigible, a habitual criminal. A criminologist would class you as a born criminal, impossible to reform. In all the annals of criminology I don't suppose a more discouraging case could be found than yours."

"There is no more a science of criminology than there is a science of eatology or drinkology or lawyerology or carpenterology," Starr replied. "You say a criminal has certain wheels in his head that lead him to be always a criminal, in spite of all efforts to reform him. You might as well say that a carpenter has certain cogs in his brain and bumps on his nut that make him build houses in spite of all efforts to get him to do something else. Bunk! We all know a carpenter can quit that game any time he wants to. So can a criminal quit his game, and they do. There are thousands of former criminals in honest occupations in this country today. Any criminal may take a notion, any time, to be an honest man; and when he does that and acts on it, he is no longer a criminal. A criminal is just an average man who has gone wrong, that's all, and the worst thing society can do for him is to put him in a class by himself and brand him as a confirmed criminal."

"Well," I said, "when are you going to reform, Henry?"

"One of these days, when I make the big strike and get money enough to settle down."

As we parted he limped to the door with me and said, "Mr. Sutton, you are saying good-by to the biggest fool and failure in seven states. I've wasted my whole life, but I did it myself and am wholly responsible, and so is every criminal."

A year later Starr held up a bank at Harrison, Arkansas. He backed the two officials into the vault, intending to lock them in and take the money and escape. But the cashier had hidden a loaded gun in the vault for just such an emergency, and with it he shot and killed Starr.

Starr did his first bank robbery, and his last, in Arkansas. In the thirty-five years between the two he had spent twenty years behind the bars in different prisons. He died without a dollar, but he was not buried as a pauper. Years before, while flush with money from some robbery, he had paid in full for his burial expenses, in advance, to an undertaker at Tulsa.

"Some day you will read in the paper that Henry Starr was killed while holding up a bank," he said to the undertaker. "Then you see to it that I am buried decently, with my boots off."

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Macdonald.

Low-cost Transportation

Star Cars

MORE POWER and SUPERIOR QUALITY

IMPROVED FOUR AND NEW SIX

Improvements and refinements wherever possible —new in every detail where creative science could interpret public needs; that is the story of the Improved Star Four and the New Star Six.

MORE POWER

30-brake horsepower in the Four and 40-brake horsepower in the Six means power to climb hills on high, or to go through mud and sand where weak-motored automobiles struggle or stall.

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Sturdy chassis; Hayes-Hunt bodies in colors; modern equipment; long easy riding springs; nickeled radiator; balloon tires (except on open Fours) make the Star the quality leader in its price class.

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CHASSIS	$620
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COM. CHASSIS	$470
ROADSTER	525
TOURING	525
COUPSTER	610
COACH	695
SEDAN	795

Prices f. o. b. Lansing

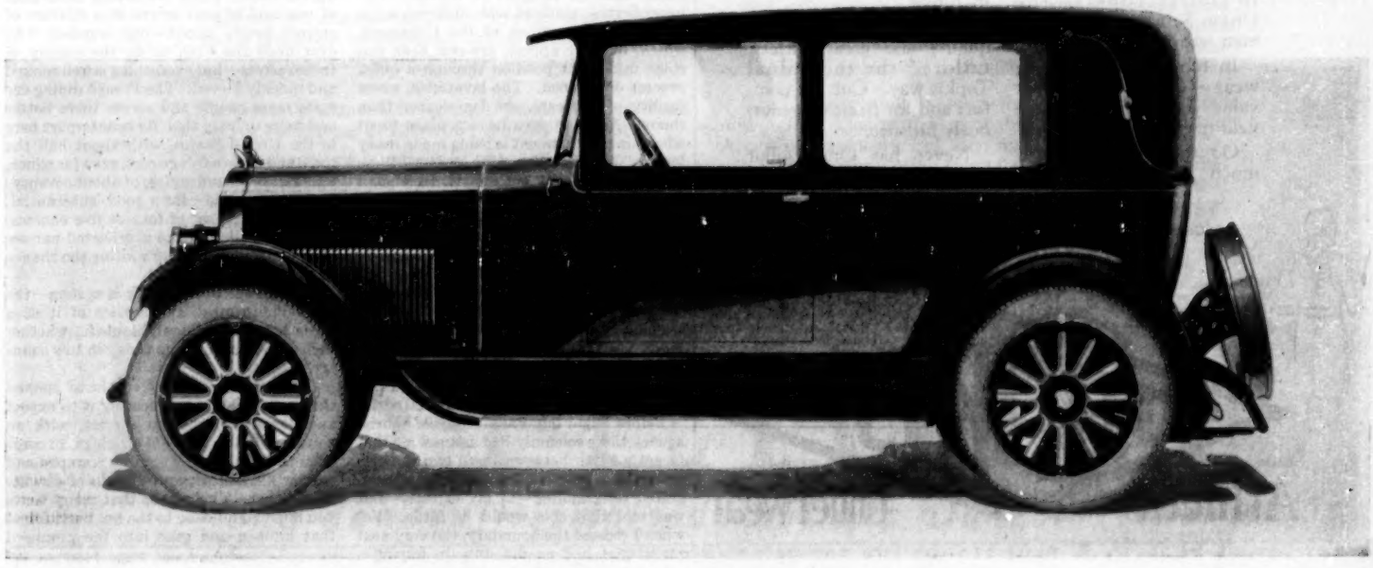
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Millions of men now know that One Dollar will buy everything in comfort and wear that any man can look for in a Union Suit.

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You get unheard-of value in Dollar Topkis—the Union Suit that millions of men wear with pride.

In fabric, in fit, in long wear—it is the greatest value you can find in the field of men's apparel.

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Fabrics of wonderful quality and great variety, tailored the individual Topkis way. Cut for comfort and for health—generously full size.

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The Flatlock Seam. Nine needles weave the materials together into a seam that is the strongest part of the garment.

Be sure to read this label

Men's Shirts and Drawers, Boys' Union Suits and Children's Waist Union Suits, 75c each. In Canada, Men's Union Suits, $1.50.

TOPKIS

Athletic Underwear

AT THE TOP OF UNDERWEAR FAME STANDS THE TOPKIS NAME

TRAVELING DE LUXE—EUROPEAN PLAN

(Continued from Page 53)

The answer to all his questions is in the discouraging little two-letter word "no." There are none of these things. When he comes to get up in the morning he will have to stand in the corridor of the train while the porter of the sleeping car transforms his compartment into a stuffy little all-day sitting room, whose chief view is of a paneled partition. There is also a window, and from it he may catch a small glimpse of the scenery along one side of the railroad. This is the de luxe. Probably all that the American, accustomed to rail-travel comforts of the greatest degree, will bring from it is remembrance and some large, gaudy labels pasted on his trunks which will affirm that he has traveled on one of the transportation wonders of Continental Europe.

For two or three weeks the American has been struggling to get a passage aboard this train. In the beginning he had thought it would be a simple enough business. He would drop into the sleeping-car office on Monday and engage his berth on to Milan or to Venice for the following Thursday evening.

"Believe in giving them a little time," he explains. "It seems the fair sort of thing to do."

But the bland and somewhat indifferent young man in the sleeping-car office smiles a sweet, wan smile when the American asks for a berth for the following Thursday. He explains, in his own way, that there is nothing doing.

The de luxe is sold out for Thursday, for every day that precedes Thursday and for ten or twelve that follow it. Perhaps a fortnight hence——

By this time the citizen of the U. S. A. generally explodes. But a few minutes later he takes his medicine and his sleeping-car ticket—a huge blanket-sheet sort of affair covered with advertisements of hotels, liquors and mineral waters and bearing the essential details written in lead pencil along one margin—with the philosophy and resignation that are part of his national upbringing.

Once aboard the sleeper, the Yankee traveler finds that his troubles have only begun. If he travels alone, they are multiplied. If he has asked for a lower berth, he probably has received an upper, and vice versa. My sure rule to get the berth I really want on a European sleeping car is to ask for the other one.

Bickering for a Berth

Car for car, the American Pullman is far better than its compeer in Europe. Our lower berths, made of seat cushions, are a bit harder than those of the Continent, which, like our uppers, are real beds and come into night position through a quick process of reversal. The lavatories, every facility of our cars, are far cleaner than theirs. And one does have a place to sit when his compartment is being made ready for day use. The European sleeper has no counterpart of the conversational end of our American Pullman.

Of course, if one can have a compartment all to himself, he is in luck. The sleeping-car company and the railways do all they can to prevent this; and when it is permitted, double fares, both railway and sleeping car, are to be paid. Yet the sleeping-car porters and conductors are more susceptible to tipping than the sleeping-car booking clerks. One of these last once tried to sell me the entire car on a ride from San Sebastian, Spain, up to Madrid.

Before I had left Paris the chief tourist agency there solemnly had assured me that to get a berth between these two Spanish cities was a practical impossibility. I suggested telegraphing—at my expense—but was told that this would be futile. Yet when I crossed the boundary, the very next morning, I had no difficulty in buying a lower berth through to Madrid; after the train was under way, climbing those unforgettable mountain slopes that look down upon the Bay of Biscay, the sleeping-car conductor came to me and negotiated for selling the rest of the compartment to me.

For 100 pesetas cash in hand—at that time about thirteen dollars—the entire beautiful compartment would be mine all the way to Madrid, fifteen long hours of travel. I countered by saying that the lower berth had only cost me sixty-five pesetas—$8.50—in the first instance, and suggested ten pesetas as a compromise. The conductor shook his head. Eventually we compromised at twenty-five pesetas; but this is a mere detail. The point of the thing was that this is the sort of trafficking that goes on between crew and passengers upon European railways. Over there it is recognized as part of the code. In America we have made it a criminal offense.

French Restaurants on Wheels

There come back to me other memories of that trip through Northern Spain a few years ago. One of them is of the railroad eating house at Miranda del Ebro, where we stopped that night for thirty minutes to "feed the train," as we used to say up in New York State. The eating house on the Northern Railway at Miranda del Ebro was not bad, save that it looked far less like Spain than those which the beneficent hand of one Mr. Fred Harvey long ago sprinkled down through our own Southwest. The building itself at Miranda was far more reminiscent of Northern New York than of Northern Spain. The meal itself was not bad—except that there was entirely too much meat—and it cost only sixty-five cents in our money. We sat at long tables, keeping our hats on, and had eight big, well-cooked courses, to say nothing of excellent native wines—all served in twenty-five minutes—and then we had five minutes left for the inevitable coffee, cigars or cigarettes.

The traveler in Europe does pretty well, as a rule, on the eating part of his voyaging. Eating stations, even in France, are not always above reproach; and boats, particularly those engaged in the Channel services between France and England, often show a distressing lack of imagination in the menu cards. But the man who dines within the average French restaurant car is apt to fare very well. Not that there is any astounding variety in the bill that is offered there. There is a deadly monotony of veal and of peas served in a mixture of carrots neatly cubed—one wonders who ever finds the time to do the cubing of those carrots—but everything is well cooked and quickly served. The French dining car seats more people and serves them better and more quickly than its counterpart here in the United States, with about half the force and at an average cost, save for wines, liquors, cigars and coffee, of about seventy-five cents a meal—for a good, substantial, well-cooked repast of four or five courses; and no standing in the overheated narrow corridor of a swaying car waiting the chance to get to a table.

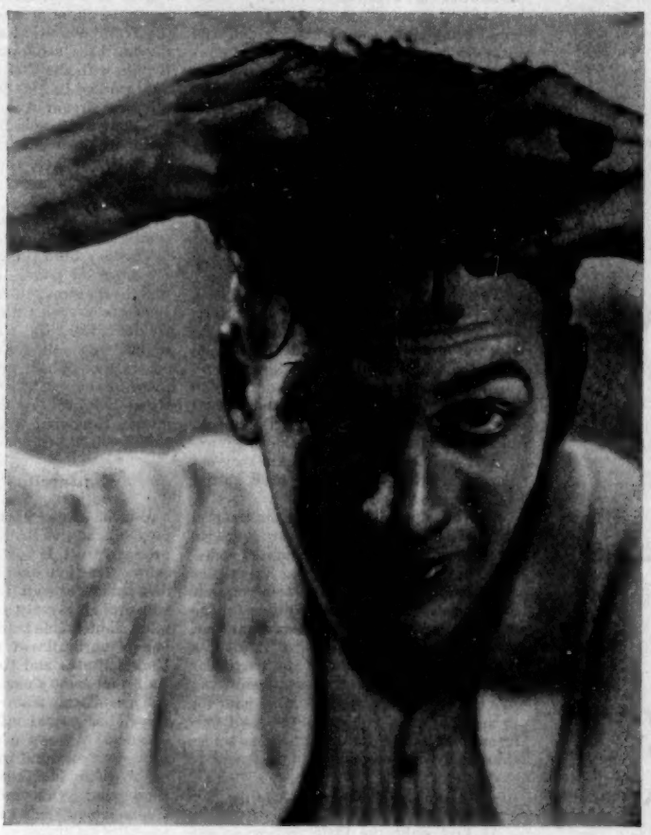
The answer to all of this is system—the table-d'hôte meal, the service of it at a given hour. It is highly doubtful whether such a system would go today in this country.

Our railroads themselves have spoiled their own public by educating it to expect an à-la-carte restaurant service, with an almost infinite variety of offerings, to come from the confines of a terribly cramped and narrow kitchen within the walls of a swift-moving car. This means that many times you must stand close to the hot partition of that kitchen and gaze into the promised

(Continued on Page 86)

A Challenge
We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more. LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

DANDRUFF?





Bottle Bacilli, the cause of Dandruff. Illustration Reproduced from Hazen's "Diseases of the Skin." C. V. Mosby, Publisher.

Dandruff, known scientifically as Pityriasis Simplex Capitis, is a disease of the deeper rooted cells of the scalp.

It may spread by infection through personal contact (combs, brushes, etc.). Many people, for instance, and especially children, are free from the disease until infected by actual contact with dandruff bacteria.

Dandruff is a disease difficult to cure, but easy to check.

When checked it has a persistent tendency to reappear, and often in more virulent form, with possible loss of hair or even total baldness.

The treatment to check dandruff requires constant cleanliness and the use of a suitable antiseptic solution to combat the disease and to heal the scalp.

Do something about it!

DANDRUFF is a danger signal. If you have it you should do something about it.

Perhaps you never knew it before, but dandruff is a germ disease. It spreads by infection from personal contact, as with the common use of combs and brushes. Children, for instance, are never troubled with dandruff until actually infected by some contact.

Dandruff is a disease difficult to cure but easy to check. It has a tendency to reappear, unless properly treated, and often brings with it the possible loss of hair or actual baldness.

The ideal treatment to combat dandruff conditions is the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

We have received hundreds of unsolicited letters from Listerine users, who are most enthusiastic in their claims for what Listerine will do in this way. If you are troubled with dandruff you owe it to yourself to try it.

The use of Listerine for dandruff is not complicated. You simply douse it on your scalp, full strength, and massage thoroughly. The effect is antiseptic, cleansing and healing. And you will be amazed to see how this treatment, followed systematically, combats dandruff.

Moreover, Listerine will not discolor the hair nor will it stain fabrics.

Not only men but women have become devoted users of Listerine for this purpose—women, particularly, since bobbed hair has been in vogue and has made them more conscious of dandruff if it happened to be present.

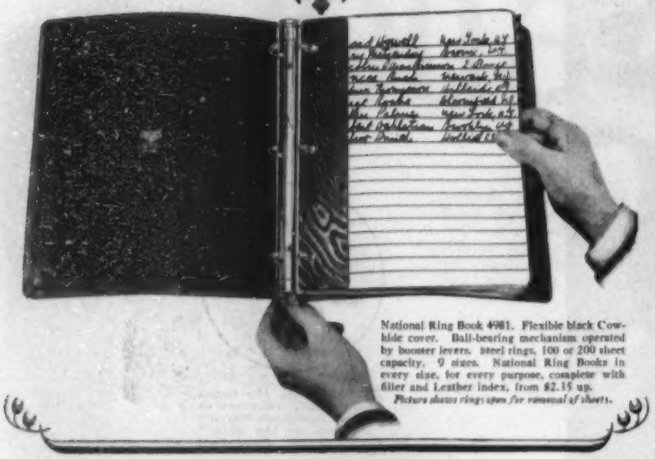
Try Listerine some evening when your scalp feels tired and itchy. Dandruff is probably causing the trouble. Apply it generously and then massage vigorously. You will find it a stimulating tonic for the scalp, and in addition to combating dandruff, you will find that it adds that luster and softness to the hair that is so important a part of being well-groomed.—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together

National Loose Leaf *and* Bound Books

NATIONAL



National Ring Book 4981. Flexible black Cowhide cover. Ball-bearing mechanism operated by booster levers. Steel rings, 100 or 200 sheet capacity. 9 sizes. National Ring Books in every size, for every purpose, complete with filler and Leather Index, from $2.15 up.
Picture shows rings open for removal of sheets.

BOOKS *with ball bearings*

EASY to insert sheets or remove them from this book. Its wide-opening rings work on ball bearings.

At top and bottom of the book in the picture are small levers. Press these with your thumbs—and the rings snap open wide—*as* wide that you can slip in or take out 50 or 100 sheets at one motion.

Then press the two sections of the rings together, and they snap shut. And how they *stay* shut. A bulldog's teeth could hardly grip tighter.



Close-up showing National Ball-bearing mechanism.

The booster levers, as they are called, work on ball bearings, which make the action of the mechanism quick, smooth, positive and easy. This ball-bearing mechanism is found only in National Ring Books and Ring Binders.

Rings open wider, lock tighter—don't tear sheets

PERHAPS you've used ring books that always seemed to tear their pages at the punch holes. National Ring Books don't do this. Here's why:

The rings in a National Book are oval in shape. The inside is flatted. This flatted side—against the edge of the paper—makes accidental tearing unlikely.

When you buy a ring book or a ring binder, either stiff or flexible cover, in which to keep and carry your larger record sheets, you certainly want this easy, sure-acting ball-bearing mechanism and non-tearing rings. To be sure of getting both tell your stationer "Only a National will do." And look for the National Eagle on the inside cover.



Section of National Ring, showing tubular oval shape that helps prevent sheets tearing at punch holes.

NATIONAL BLANK BOOK COMPANY
121 Riverside, Holyoke, Mass.
Chicago, 620 W. Jackson Blvd. Philadelphia, 1001 Market Street
New York, 54 Duane Street Boston, 165 Devonshire Street

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(Continued from Page 84)

haven of the dining room while distressingly slow travelers linger over their dessert and their coffee. Your predicament is as nothing to them.

The European system is infinitely better than ours, and vastly more efficient. The restaurant car, which in its two large compartments generally seats forty-two persons, completes a meal service and the clean-up of the car within forty-five minutes. After that the entire performance is repeated. In this way, in five successive services—the first beginning, say, at 11:15 in the morning and the last at 2:15 in the afternoon—210 passengers may be served quickly and with comparative ease. This is, of course, an extreme instance. On the average train rarely are there more than 100 to be fed, and the thing is then done in three sittings with no difficulty whatsoever; and with but four employes, occasionally five, to the car.

The thing the French dining car lacks, however, and lacks decidedly, is comfort. Efficiency and a good cuisine do not necessarily mean comfort. And the French main-line express which makes speed—and already we have seen that some of them do make excessive speed—pounds and careens a good bit as it goes its way. Practically all the restaurant cars on the Continent are prewar equipment. Not only are they old but when they were young they hardly could have been good riders.

Soon after you boarded your Continental train, a little man in a faded-brown uniform came through the cars and shouted something in unintelligible French. Experience or a friendly fellow passenger told you that he was distributing the reservations for the different seatings in the restaurant car. You got your small paper slip; its color as well as its wording showed the particular seating for which you were destined. And five minutes before the appointed hour for it the little man in the faded-brown uniform came through again shrieking a something that you were bidden to the feast.

Rough-and-Tumble Eating

At first sight the little restaurant car looks rather inviting. The tables are neatly set and on them stands a variety of bottled goods. The wines are not included in the price of the repast. Like the coffee and the cigars, they are extras. A minute or two after you are seated one of the car's three stewards will come along and take away all the bottles that are not desired. The corks of the others will be drawn and pretty soon along will come another brown uniform who will pick up these corks in a large wicker basket. They go to the comptroller of the International Sleeping Car Company as a check to assure him that there is no dishonesty in the crews of the restaurant cars.

Service is swift and easy—that is, as easy as the motion of the train will permit. Some of the French railways have a penchant for curves and long, black tunnels. And on none of them these days are the roadbed and the track any too good. Your coffee slops into its saucer, and there may come a time when there is a gambling chance that the forkful of food that is destined for your mouth may land in your ear.

The waiters are acrobats. They know the line, anticipate each curve, and under the circumstances do astonishingly well. Hurried as they always are—there is never on a Continental train an impressive line of negro servitors standing with folded arms back of empty and waiting tables—they are almost always polite. Invariably you are asked to have a second helping for each course. And the bill for the entire meal is, as has been said, astonishingly low.

On the whole, your impression of the meal upon a restaurant car of a Continental railway will be good rather than bad. If the French lines could be induced to fix up their tracks and cars a bit, and to abandon the use of the dirty briquettes which they use as locomotive fuel, they would not be so bad to ride upon. As it is, they are considerably inferior to those of Switzerland, of Belgium, of Holland and of Germany, yet vastly superior to those of Spain, Italy and the countries farther south and west in Europe.

The British railways stand in a class by themselves. Isolated always by the rough waters of the Channel from their Continental brethren, it is only since the days of the World War that any sort of train ferries has been attempted to connect Great Britain with the Continent; and these are only worked in a half-hearted way; while the great dream of a railway tunnel under the British Channel from Dover to Calais remains a dream. In the passenger services that they render, the railways of Great Britain are, in many respects, without a superior or an equal in the world. For cleanliness, for regularity, for speed and for comfort, they stand unsurpassed.

This is a hard thing for an American to set down on paper—one who knows full well the sheer magnificence and the creature comforts of such trains as the Sunset, the Golden State, the Capitol, the Congressional and the Knickerbocker—many others too. There are no such trains as these in the entire length and breadth of Great Britain; few that may even be remotely compared with them, save in one thing—speed. Of which more in a moment.

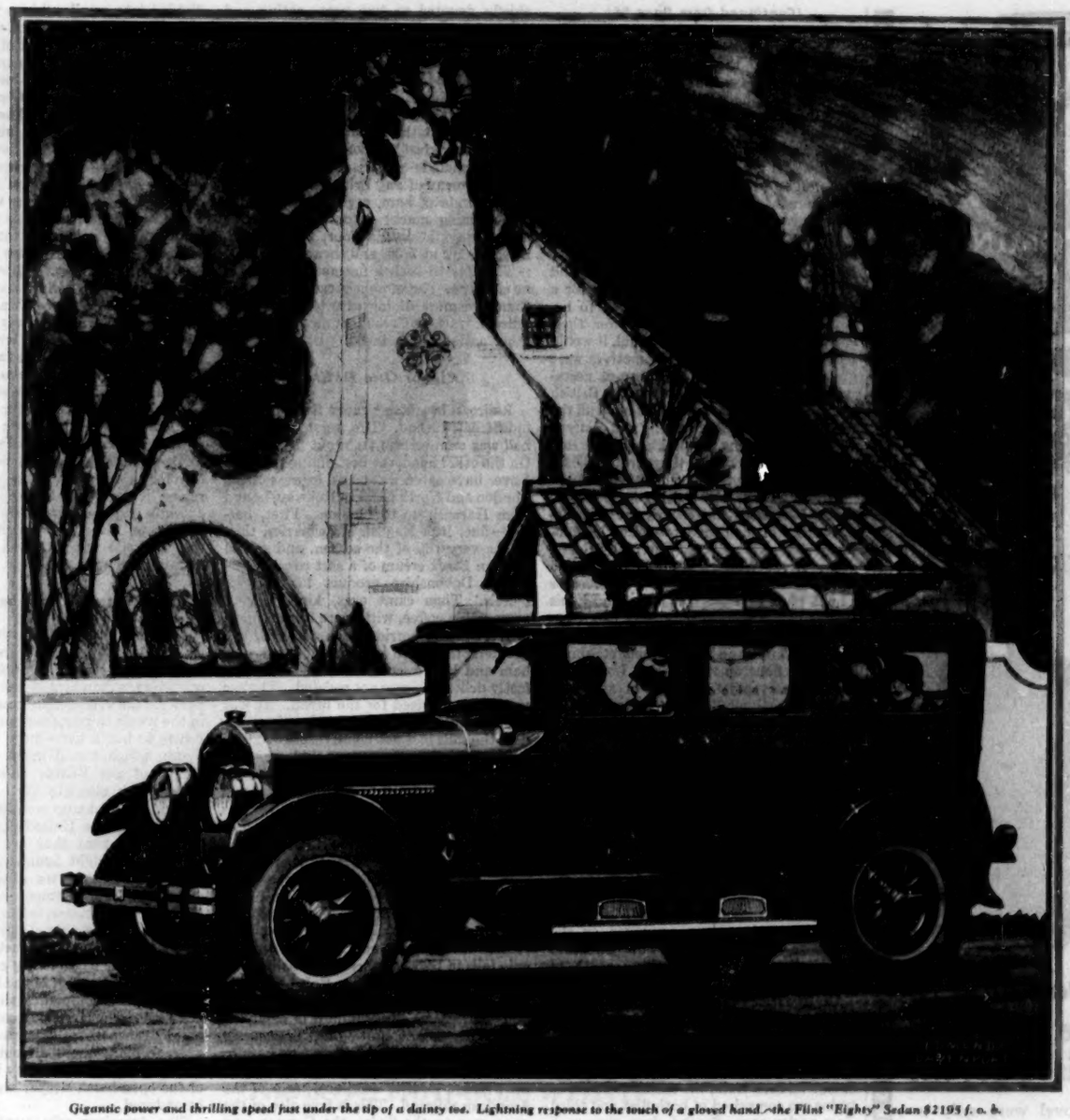
Cinderellas of the Rail

What I mean when I make this statement about the British passenger train is precisely this: If you will go to the nearest railway station over there and take the first passenger train that comes along, you will probably get a better, a swifter and more comfortable train than if you went to one of our railroad stations here in the United States and took the first average train that came along. The American local and semilocal train—in far too many cases—has passed into a sad state of decadence. Always a somewhat neglected child, going around with unwashed face, it has become in recent years a veritable Cinderella. Our railroaders have been outspoken in their contempt for it. And recently—in the onward sweep of the competition of the motorbus—they are reaping the reward of their shortsightedness. But that is another story and not to be discussed here.

England is a tremendously congested country; the only portions of the United States that really approach it in intensified traffic conditions are Southern New England, New Jersey and certain portions of Pennsylvania and New York. She, too, has a motorbus competition for her railways. In her narrow lanes and highways today are running a vast number of *chars-à-bancs*, in addition to the continuing competition offered by the privately owned and operated automobile. One can now hire a good car, with competent chauffeur, and tour Great Britain for about the price of five first-class railway fares.

Yet despite all this, the British railways are putting up a good struggle for business, largely because they always have been in the habit of fighting for passenger traffic. Merchants of transportation, they have never neglected the possibilities of a large volume of small orders. Some of the straight suburban fares—not commutation—in and out of London are as low as four cents—American—for the entire trip. British railway executives are highly expert in fixing fares and rates to bring the traffic out of hiding. Their cars and the stations in many, many instances are not new. To an American, some of these last today look rather shabby. But they generally are clean and sufficiently commodious, and in a land where rain is by no means unknown the station platforms are almost invariably covered from end to end. Moreover, these are at the practical level of the car platforms; and with the many doors in the English railway carriage, loading and unloading is a swift and easy matter for both passengers and railway men.

(Continued on Page 88)



Gigantic power and thrilling speed just under the tip of a dainty toe. Lightning response to the touch of a gloved hand—the Flint "Eighty" Sedan $2195 f. o. b.

ANOTHER REASON WHY FLINT SALES ARE GROWING



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MODEL "EIGHTY" 7-PASSENGER SEDAN
$2395, f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

THE Flint "Eighty" was designed to exceed the demands of the most exacting, and the remarkable thing about this car is that owners who have spent years behind a wheel are even more enthusiastic than those who are enjoying the thrill of owning their first car.

The Flint is now available in three price ranges: Model "Eighty" $1595 to $2395; Model "Sixty" $1285 to $1525; "Junior" $1085 to $1185, f. o. b.

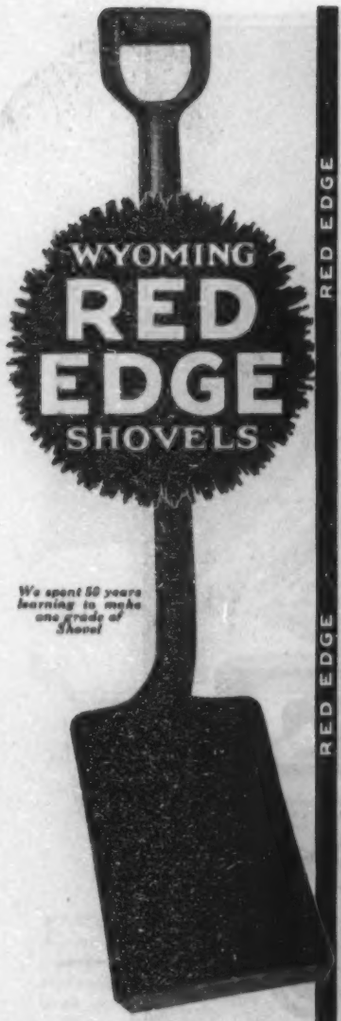


MODEL "SIXTY" BROUGHAM
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FLINT MOTOR CO. **FLINT** FLINT • MICHIGAN



RED EDGE RED EDGE RED EDGE RED EDGE

Why Do You Suppose We Advertise Shovels?

IF a shovel were only a shovel, there wouldn't be much point in it. But there is as much difference in shovels as there is in saws or motor cars. There is a shovel standard by which others are judged. As this standard happens to be *Red Edge*, we spend good money to tell you about it.

You may buy a shovel for your furnace twice in a lifetime. You may buy a garden spade now and again or shovels for your factory. But whether you buy shovels singly or by the dozen you might as well have the best. You might as well have the shovel that is easiest on the back and has two or three times the life of the ordinary shovel. In other words, *Red Edge*.

You might as well have the shovel that the miner, the railway fireman, the contractor—men who *know* shovels—select as the most efficient. There is a Red Edge for every shovel need. Ask your hardware dealer.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
WYOMING, PA.

(Continued from Page 66)

The carriages themselves are small—to an American, ridiculously small—and old-fashioned; but they, too, are clean. You can ride all day on an English train—through an infinite number of tunnels—with the car window wide open and emerge as clean as if you had driven by motor over a concrete highway the entire distance. The track is not only smooth but it, too, is clean. The engine fuel is of a high grade and there is little or no smoke from it. The thing is astonishing, but it is true.

These trains are, indeed, small. A good many years ago the English railway builders fixed the clearances of their bridges and their many tunnels at figures which for a time afterward they were inclined to believe too cramped—but today, for their classes of traffic, chiefly short haul, it would seem as if their cars and locomotives were quite large enough. Size does not necessarily mean speed, and some of the British trains today are among the fastest in all the world. They get away quickly and easily—there is no jerking or yanking of the cars whatsoever—and soon they are traveling at sixty—seventy—eighty miles an hour.

Since the war the British have busied themselves with the refinement and development of their moderate-sized locomotives. An engine like the Caerphilly Castle of the Great Western Railway may weigh less than 120 tons all told, but she develops 31,625 pounds of tractive effort and hauls twelve or fourteen long railway cars from London down to Plymouth, 225 miles, at a rate of 54.7 miles an hour, without stopping. A similar nonstop run is from London to Swindon, seventy-five miles, at a rate of 61.6 miles an hour. These new Great Western engines of the Castle type are four-cylindered mechanisms, carrying almost all the new devices added to the steam locomotives anywhere in recent years, and they concede nothing whatsoever to locomotives of any size anywhere else in the world. The Flying Scotsman, of the London and North Eastern Railway, seen by thousands of Americans who visited the exposition at Wembley, is another of those super-passenger locomotives of which the Britons have grown so exceedingly proud. Others are the King Arthur class, employed on the Southern Railway, which now embraces practically all the steam lines south of London.

On this last system is operated, and has been operated for a number of years past, the pioneer all-Pullman train of Great Britain—the Southern Belle. Because English law compels the running of all classes of cars on each train, the exclusive Pullman trains are comprised of both first and third class parlor cars. Second class, save on a very few of the lines to the southeast of London, ceased to exist on British railways almost a score of years ago.

Eating to Live and Loving Life

Over here we would call the little Belle a clip of a train. She measured off the sixty miles between Victoria Station and Brighton in an even fifty-five minutes, which must include several fairly dragging miles through the great suburban and terminal district of metropolitan London. Her success led to the installation this past summer of an all-Pullman train—again composed of both first and third class cars—on the North Eastern for the 400 miles between London and Edinburgh by way of Harrogate and Newcastle. This last train already has had a fair degree of success.

In addition to these exclusive Pullman trains, on several of the British railways individual parlor cars are operated on some of the better and faster trains.

The English Pullman is an interesting vehicle. It is bright and gay in its white and red and gold exterior and its exquisite woodwork of the interior; but to an American accustomed to the rather severe lines of his own Pullmans these days, it looks rather fussy. In front of almost every chair is firmly fixed a small table. While it may be devoted to other purposes, in practice it is chiefly devoted to two uses—eating and drinking—of these, the first taking no second place at any time.

The Englishman loves to eat. He eats to live and he loves life. He eats constantly—all but continuously—eats just as well off the train as on it. He begins his eating with a cup of tea at the bedside on awakening, a "plain breakfast" of porridge, rolls, coffee and marmalade—this is copied verbatim from the menu of any British hotel—plus a few addenda of ham, eggs and kippers; a mid-morning snack; a four-course luncheon—always heavy; at four, tea with fixings; dinner at 7:30, and then a supper.

To cater to such a national appetite is no sinecure. Therefore it is easy to see why there are more dining cars to every 1000 miles of track in Great Britain than in any other nation in the world.

All for One Dollar!

Railroad breakfasts range from good, to indifferent, to bad. The worst one I ever had was on a certain train out of London. On the other hand, the best dining-car meal I ever have eaten was on an express of the London and North Eastern Railway, bound from Harwich up to London. First, berries—fine, lush English strawberries, then at the very top of the season, and served with an Essex cream of a sort to make the famed Devonshire product look to its laurels. Then came eggs, kippers, very presentable coffee, with more of the superlative cream; porridge was declined, but the temptation to experiment with cold ham and half a cold chicken—each perfectly delicious—was not resisted. The car steward apologized for the bread. It was not hot, but, as he explained, it being Sunday, the rolls had not come through. The price of this repast was four shillings—one American dollar. This was the first-class diner. But I have had most excellent meals in the third-class ones.

In England the class system still persists upon the railways, and because there are practical things in its favor, there it will continue to prevail. Ninety per cent of the passengers on the British railways still ride third-class, at three cents a mile in our money. The first-class passengers pay five cents. Our own standard of 3.6 cents a mile falls in between these. It has become the custom in comparing European passenger fares with ours to use their first-class fares entirely as the standard of comparison. This is not quite fair, because in Great Britain, at least, third-class is fully comparable for comfort and cleanliness with the average local or semilocal train of the American railroad. This is true also of the same cars on the Swiss, the German and the Dutch roads.

But it is far more than you can say of its dirty compeers in France or in Southern Europe. Some day someone is going to convince a French railway executive that écru upholstery and a knitted antimacassar, with the initials of the railway neatly woven into it, do not make a genuine substitute for cleanliness.

But oh, the comfort of the seats of those British railway carriages! An English first-class compartment has, I veritably believe, the most comfortable seats of any moving vehicle in all this world. You sit down in them and ride for hours without feeling any discomfort whatsoever. The third-class compartments have seats only slightly inferior.

Here is a lesson that our American railroaders might learn from the other side. Our American day coach, like our Pullman, has not changed in essential design in more than sixty years. Its seats never have been distinguished for their comfort. Yet the lesson is not being entirely lost here. At least one of our railroads is now preparing a day coach whose luxurious individual chair seats will compare most favorably with those of the British railway carriage.

The comfort of the seat is a large factor in British rail comfort. On the other hand, few Americans would welcome the compartment style of car—the entire vehicle divided into small cubicles which may or may not be connected by a corridor and in which half the seats must of necessity face backward. The Englishman does not object to these back seats, perhaps because he has been educated to them.

One other important lesson the American railroad executive might well gain from British practice. Some comments have been set down in these pages on the sleeping car in Continental Europe. They do not apply to those in Great Britain. The English sleeping car is the most comfortable vehicle of its sort that yet has been evolved. There are no open berths. There are no upper berths. Instead, the car is divided into fourteen or sixteen compartments, each with a small wash basin and a tiny table and a single lower berth running crosswise of the car—in a few instances the compartment will contain two of the lower berths. The berths are narrower than in our Pullmans, but quite as wide as those in the average steamship cabin, and being genuine beds—not made up from day-seat cushions—they have a real degree of comfort. The stateroom idea makes for quiet and for privacy, while the charge for the rooms is most moderate—$3.65 for the 200-mile ride between London and Manchester or Liverpool, and five dollars for the 400-mile run between London and Edinburgh.

Who Wants an Upper Berth?

Now here is an idea worth consideration by our own railroad officers and our own Pullman company: While the capacity of our average standard sleeper is twenty-six persons, the average business done by them in the whole country over night after night comes to but a little more than half that figure, which would mean about the capacity of the British all-stateroom, no-upper-berth sleeping car. All-stateroom cars do not make up well for day use, but there are in the United States dozens of sleeping-car runs that are traversed entirely in the night hours.

True it is that we already have all-stateroom—compartment—cars, in addition to the staterooms in our standard cars. But our compartment sleepers are wasteful of space, while their practical use is so hedged about by so many expensive regulations on the part of both the railroad and the Pullman companies that they never have served a large purpose in the overnight transport of Americans. For the average man—more difficult still, for the average woman—the many inconveniences of the open-berth sleeper must continue to be endured.

The American who ventures overseas, and with open mind appreciates the many good points of European railways, is apt to return a pretty firm rooter for his own national system of railroads. Not merely in size does it command his admiration; the technic of its operation will continue to please him immensely. If only he can ride upon its better trains all the time he will be perfectly satisfied that there is nothing in Europe to be really compared with it. Our details of ticketing, of baggage checking and the like have no real comparison over there. Our station-porter system, inefficient and bad as it is in a few instances, is immensely better than the brigandage sometimes practiced by *porteurs* at harbor-side towns of Continental Europe, particularly upon Americans inexperienced in the ways of foreign lands. Our rail employes, generally speaking, are both better informed and more courteous, better set up in every way than their compeers on the other side of the Atlantic. Their morale seems to be far better, their pride in their fine progression far keener.

A trip to Europe is, in many ways, a good experience, but perhaps nowhere more beneficial than in bringing out a proper appreciation of the things close at home. The other fellow's field always looks the fairest—until one has ventured into it. But after that—oh, man, how awfully good it is to be home once again!



COMMEMORATE THE BIG DAY WITH A GIFT AS ENDURING AS THE LOVE THAT GOES WITH IT

S S S

THERE is only one answer to *any* gift-question:—Choose the gift that speaks the heart of the giver and adequately honors the occasion of the gift.

There are short-lived tokens which say: "Good work, my lad!" or "Well done, my lady!"

But no such trivial message is adequate to convey the pride and affection of father and mother to son or daughter who has conquered a four-year curriculum and qualified for a sheepskin.

For this Big Moment, only one kind of gift-eloquence will translate the parental heart. And that is the kind most readily found at the jeweler's, whose gifts, like love itself, are everlasting.

But the selection at the jeweler's need not be expensive. At modest cost, there are exquisite pendants, signet rings or toilette sets for daughter and gold or silver pocket knives, cuff-links or scarf pins for son.

Or there's an Elgin watch for each!

For, of course, *Graduation Time* is Elgin Time. It is more than a coincidence that for over half a century the favored graduation gift of fond mothers and fathers has been the Elgin Watch.



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Lady Elgin for her. Lord Elgin for him. A gift that is a life-long expression of affection and good wishes. Featured by all jewelers in a wide style-variety, at prices up to $1700.

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Send for the TINY TREASURE BOOK, *a delightful little brochure of Gift Facts and Gift Suggestions. Sent free · Elgin National Watch Company, Dept. 4, Elgin, Ill.*



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THE GLIB AND OILY ART

(Continued from Page 25)

liars! All of them—all of them except him. He was just Ray Deemer, who sat silently in his corner, listening night after night with mouth agape.

He was for a space lost in his own confusion; then his attention returned to the talk that went forward.

"Paid me four dollars for mine, on the tree," Andy Wattles was saying; and Ray jerked as though he had been struck. Andy was talking about Clemons, the apple buyer; and Ray had dealt with Clemons himself that day, and Clemons was only paying three dollars or a little more. He had told Ray so.

Ray was not shocked by this discovery that the world is built of lies. He himself had always been truthful; but not on moral grounds. He had told the truth because it never occurred to him to lie; but now, in the light of his new perceptions, his world had changed. He wished to lie! He wished to lie enormously, dazzlingly! If other men were liars, then he would be a liar too. Immense falsehoods sprang into form in his brain and clamored for promulgation. He was intoxicated and afire. . . . Andy was expanding his statement.

"He offered me three and me furnish the barrels," he explained. "But I wouldn't trade. I said I'd take three and a half and him find the barrels; or if I found them I had to have four. And he looked over my trees, and kind of talked, and I said he could fish or cut bait, so he come to it."

His eye happened to light on Ray, and something in Ray's countenance must have fixed his attention, for his glance rested there a moment.

Then he said uncertainly, "He was over to see you this morning, wan't he, Ray?"

Ray nodded slowly, and he opened his mouth. His eyes, hidden under the brim of his cap, darted to and fro, looking at nobody.

But he said, in a curious, slow, choking voice, "Yes. Yes, he paid me four, and he finds the barrels."

When the words were spoken his soul cringed, and his own voice seemed to ring mockingly through the store, his own lie to jeer at him. He waited for Andy to hoot with scornful laughter, to overwhelm him with derision. But to his incredulous delight Andy showed no disposition toward mirth; merely evinced a humble indignation.

"He did?" he exclaimed. "Why, say!" He seemed at a loss for words. "Why, I've been selling Clemons my apples six years." He fell into silence, pondering this wrong. "Yours are spotted some, too," he added in a grieved tone. "And mine are clean."

Ray's heart was racing with an intoxicated triumph; he had lied and been believed, and the process seemed to him absurdly simple and satisfactory. His own success emboldened him; and in the flush of first victory he struck a further blow.

"Clemons and me seen the old black one up in my orchard this morning," he added, and looked at Andy. "It was right along nine o'clock. Guess he didn't have time to get over to the flat, time you said, Andy. Guess that wan't the old black one you saw."

Andy looked surprised. "Get a good look at him, did you?" he asked uncertainly, and Ray nodded.

"Wan't a doubt of it," he insisted.

"I thought it was him I saw," Andy said humbly. "Guess it wan't, though. Unless there's two of 'em about the same size."

Ray's hands were clenched in his pockets and he sat very still to hide his tremors while the talk went on about him. His eyes were shining, and his tongue was thick in his mouth. He had lied and been believed, and the result was delightful. Heretofore his rôle had been that of listener; now for a moment he had tasted the satisfaction of having others listen to him. His appetite grew by what it fed on; he wished to astonish them again.

"See an old cow moose down to the river back of my house," he said abruptly, breaking into the conversation. "Down across the river from my wood lot," he added, and became vastly circumstantial. "Feeding in there on the grass, she was. Never even heard me, till I give a kind of a yell and she got out of there."

They listened gravely; and Gay Hunt cried, "I'll bet that's the old cow was in my pasture that night." He added, "Have a kind of crop in her right ear, did she, Ray?"

"Had her head down," the young man replied. "I never took any notice."

"That's right on the edge of the swamp," George Freeland reminded them. "Pile of moose in there."

"I was down there after pa'tridge," Ray explained. "Put a bunch out from a run and they flew all around me, but I was in the thick growth and couldn't shoot. One of 'em lit on a tree right over my head, so close I'd have blown him all to pieces; and then he see me, and he got out in a hurry, I'm going to tell you."

This production exhausted for the moment his resources; the talk went on without him. But his thoughts were busy at the unaccustomed business of invention. He remembered the deer track he had seen by the river, but decided not to mention that. That might justify the cow moose, perhaps; best not push it too far. But he might speak of the fish that had jumped, across the river from where he stood. As the idea occurred to him, the ten-inch bass began to grow enormously.

"There's some good bass in the river down there," he cried, his own loud tone vaguely startling him, and at the same time commanding their attention. "I'm going to try 'em there next year. I seen I bet he was a four-pound bass jump right out of water there tonight."

Joe Race was somewhat of a fisherman, and he nodded. "I got a five-pounder up there last year," he agreed, "on a frog."

Ray felt himself surpassed and silenced, but he remembered the muskrat, swimming upstream. "See an otter, too," he said.

"Otter?" Chet McAusland echoed.

"There's a pair of otters around," Jim Saladine agreed. "I've seen their tracks. Figured on putting some traps out by and by. See both of them?"

Ray hesitated for an instant, tempted to assert that he had seen the pair and four young ones. But his sense of artistry was awakening.

"Just the one," he replied. "But he was an old lunker. Big a one as I ever see."

Then Nellie Dunkin came in, come for the mail; and Ray was momentarily silenced, as were the other men in the store, while Andy attended her. But Ray, full of his new understanding of life, wished to impress her as he had impressed them; and a little sweat broke out upon his forehead.

"I've got a wild apple tree down there by the river," he said. "Clemons says they're better than a McIntosh. I think they're better than them Honeydews of Johnny Dree's."

He saw Nellie turn to listen, and the others were attentive too. Jim Saladine said thoughtfully, "Wild apples ain't much good, as a general thing."

"I aim to send some of them apples to Canders," Ray insisted. "If he's buying up wild trees that have good apples on 'em, he'd ought to buy this one. I wouldn't wonder if he paid me ten—twelve thousand dollars for it."

When the words were spoken, he felt miserably that he had overstepped the bounds, that he had betrayed himself; and Joe Race and Gay Hunt did, in fact, laugh aloud, a little scornfully, and even Chet McAusland said gently:

"Guess there ain't any apple tree around here worth that much."

Ray held his voice steady. "That's what I'm going to ask him, anyway," he insisted; and then Nellie departed, slipping quietly out of the door; and Ray—he had been in some sense sustained and inspired by her presence—was suddenly desperately afraid of the consequences of what he had done, and he rose. "Guess I'll get along," he added abruptly. "Good night!"

Will Belter, who had a nose for such things, called after him, "Walking home with Nellie, Ray?"

Ray looked back. "She wanted I should stop in," he replied; and then he reached the door and opened it, and Nellie was just coming back in from outside; and he had a moment of strangling and affrighted dismay as she confronted him. She must have heard him, might well expose him now to all their scorn. So he stood helpless, waiting for the blow, but it did not come. Instead she said, "Oh Ray, I want to see you ——"

He could not speak, but he managed to step outside with her and shut the door behind him. And he managed to breathe a little. For whatever she might say now, there were none to overhear.

Ray and Nellie went down the steps together; and he was walking rapidly, not because he wished to do so, but as a nervous reaction from the turmoil of his thoughts. Thus she had to catch his arm to keep pace with him, to hold him back; and she said hurriedly:

"Ray, don't go so fast. I want to talk to you."

He slowed painfully. "All right," he said, and choked.

"I heard what you said about Mr. Canders," she explained, and Ray nodded, ready for destruction.

"I do think you can sell him that tree, Ray," she cried then, holding his arm with both hands, her tone full of excitement. "They're the best apples I ever ate, and they're ever so much better than those old Honeydews. Do they keep well, Ray?"

"We have a barrel in the cellar till along in April sometime," he declared. "They keep first-rate."

"They're awfully good," she told him. "Of course, I don't suppose he'd pay you ten thousand dollars."

He tried to maintain his new rôle. "I guess the tree's worth it," he insisted.

"Well, maybe it is," she agreed a little doubtfully. "I don't know. But Ray, what I wanted to tell you was, you know, my father has an orchard over in Liberty; and he works on his trees a lot; and he's got Mr. Canders to promise to come out there tomorrow. Father went up to Winterport today, and he stopped on the way home; and Mr. Canders is coming through tomorrow, and you can show him the tree."

Ray snatched at a straw. "I dunno's I'd know him," he suggested.

"He's going to stop at Johnny Dree's, too," she insisted. "He sent word to Johnny by my father. And you can leave word with Johnny about it." She added, "We can go up to his house now."

He was trembling and full of panic consternation. It was being borne home to the young man that a lie is a heavy responsibility; that it implies obligations and brings peril in its train.

"I got to get home," he said lamely, groping for an excuse. "There's a cow might need help tonight." There was no such cow. So easily does aptness come.

"I'll go up," she offered. "I'll tell Johnny to tell him to stop at your house."

"Don't want you running around for me," he protested ungraciously; and she laughed and pressed his arm and cried:

"But Ray, I'd like to; and besides, I'm terribly excited about this."

If he had been in normal mind this pressure of her hands upon his arm would have been enough to overthrow his composure and leave him trembling, but he was tonight frozen with terror, scarce felt her.

"You better get in the house," he urged. "It's kind of cold."

They had come to the Cormis place now; and she said, "You go along home, Ray. I'll look out for it."

"Don't you," he insisted. "I can come over in the morning."

"You might not have time," she warned him. "Go along, Ray. Good night. I'll tell Johnny to send him over."

He did not know how to oppose her; so at last he yielded, hopelessness descending on him. He might as well go through with it. Canders would not buy the tree, and the village would smile at him. But he had been used to smiles in the past. The affair would be, he thought, a lesson to him—a lesson in mendacity. He would take care to choose hereafter lies not so easy of exposure. No one could prove he had not seen a four-pound bass; no one could disprove the otter; no one was likely to seek for the tracks of that imaginary cow moose by the river. . . . He should have stuck to safer ground, as Andy did.

It occurred to him, in the moment before they parted, that Andy had erred this night in saying he took two partridges to Nellie. Here was a tale easily disproved; he spoke of the matter to her in a tone of mild and tolerant scorn.

"Andy was telling tonight he brought you two partridges, 'stead of one," he said. "He's a hand to blow!"

"Oh," she cried, "but he did! They were hanging on a nail in the shed when I came home; and it looked like one, but there were two. I looked at them before I came to the store. Good night now, Ray."

She turned away from him toward the house; and he stumbled away, had a glimpse of her hand lifted in a gesture of farewell. The fact that her tone had been gentle and full of kindliness scarce penetrated his bewildered mind. His world was in disorder again, disturbed by the fact that in this one circumstance at least Andy had not lied.

But before he got home this consideration vanished in the face of his own difficulties; he looked forward to the coming of Canders in the morning with a lively fear, cringing already in anticipation of the public scorn.

He woke to some composure, to a truer view of life. Canders would come today and try the apples from the hidden tree and smile and say politely that the tree was of no value, and so go upon his way. Ray was nerved to endure this, to endure the mirth of the village. He could live that down, but he promised himself that hereafter they would have cause to respect him there. He had learned the secret of eminence; it needed only a certain imagination, a certain willingness to stretch the truth. Heretofore, when he caught a mess of trout, if he were questioned at the store, he had reported the matter truthfully; if he killed one partridge he said one; if he shot four woodcock the number did not grow in the telling; and if he saw a moose track in the pasture it was a moose track and nothing more. He felt some scorn for his old simplicity; and when Clemons, the apple man, came to the farm again that morning, he met him with a confident air.

"I been buying over in Liberty," Clemons explained. "I meant to find out when to start picking here, Ray." He added casually, "Luke Hills was telling me that you saw that old mocse yesterday morning too. Thought you said you didn't."

Ray answered readily enough. "Yes," he said. "I took a walk up there after you was gone, and he was right in the edge of the black growth." He fought to hold his voice steady, but Clemons merely nodded, and Ray perceived that a good lie is better than a poor explanation.

"I thought it was the old black one, myself," Clemons commented idly. "But I was over in the flat about an hour after,

(Continued on Page 98)



We leave it to you..

The thumb presses—the match breaks. For the match is wood. And it is the nature of wood to break under pressure.

Wood serves many purposes superlatively well. It is when the supreme need of safety enters that wood fails.

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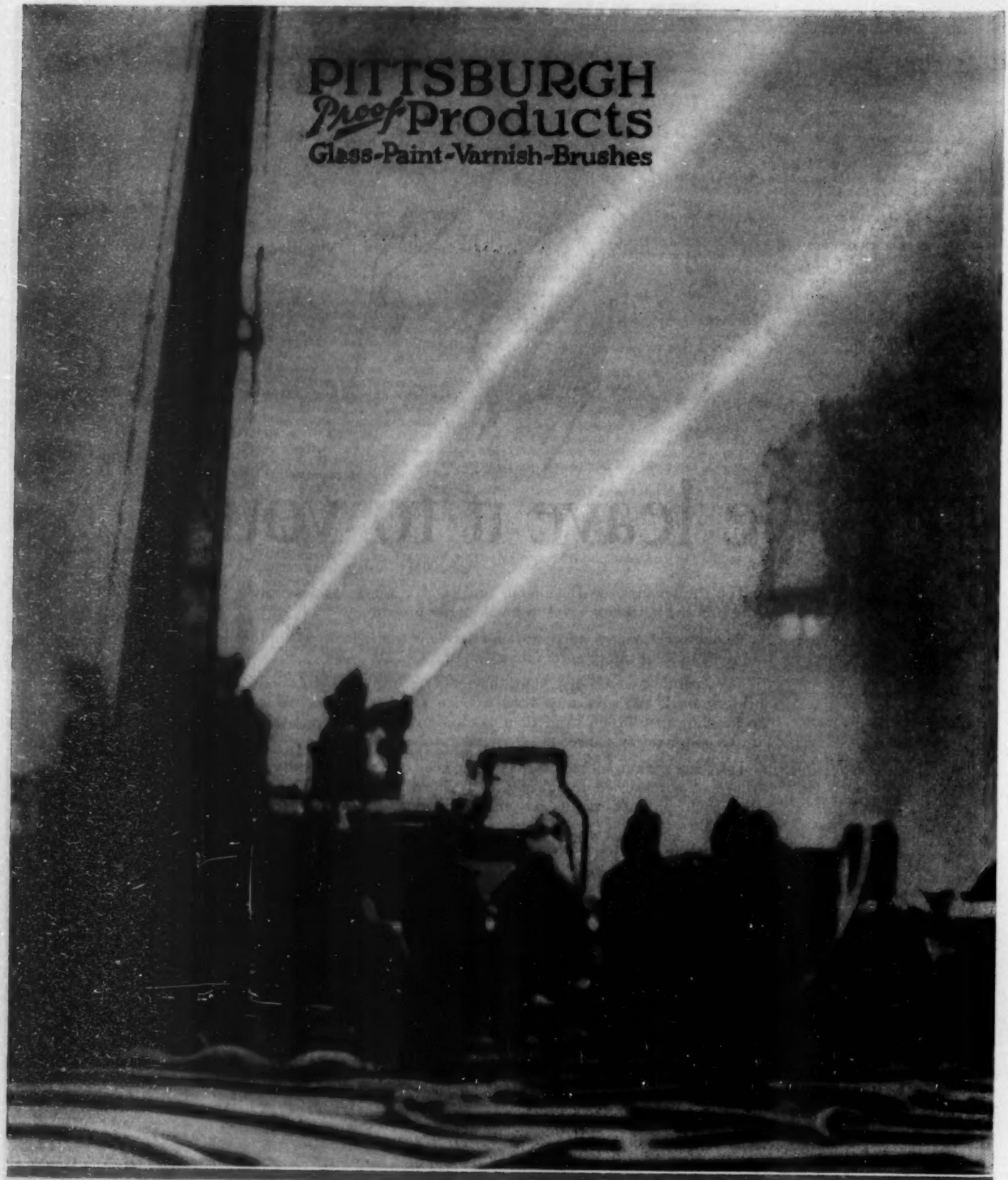
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Only a telephone call between them

THINK what your telephone can do! If you need a loaf of bread, a phone call brings it—you are saved the bother of baking. Groceries to buy? A phone call brings them—you are saved the bother of marketing.

Now lift the receiver of this same telephone and save yourself a task infinitely harder than baking, many hours longer than marketing. Save yourself the irksome, worrisome work of washday. Just call a modern laundry—they will send for your clothes, wash them fragrantly clean, iron them neatly if you wish, and return them promptly. Washday will vanish completely from your calendar. In its place will rise a new day, a holiday—hours of leisure to spend as you wish. Perhaps in the garden with your children, or with books or music; perhaps at shows and concerts; perhaps on the links and tennis courts. A whole day of leisure every week, one leisure year in seven—all for just one telephone call!

As for cost, today's laundry offers so many services that you are certain to find among them one exactly suited to your family budget. Any modern laundry in your city will gladly explain the services they offer. Phone them today—try one of these saving helps this coming washday!



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What these three women have learned from a telephone call

The time which would otherwise go to worrying over the family washing, I divide between my two small children and my outside activities. I enjoy social life to a limited degree, but I more than enjoy what club work I am interested in and feel that it is really worth while.

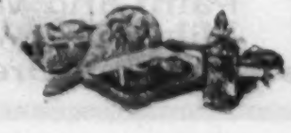
Mrs. Gilbert Thayer
Milwaukee, Wis.

In the hours I save by using laundry service, I make attractive drapes and curtains, smart dressing table sets and bed spreads. I admire clothes that are "different" and individual—so I make my own. And it's lots more fun than housework!

Mrs. Mac Chapil
Bloomfield, N. J.

After I married I became so lonesome just staying at home, tending to the house, that I decided to go back to my old work in a newspaper office. But of course I never could have done that without the help of outside agencies, like the laundry, in my home work.

Mrs. E. V. Brower
Jackson, Mich.





(Continued from Page 90)

and I see him over there. Half as big again as the one we saw, Ray. Feeding right out in the open he was."

Ray's eyes swam at the shock of this. He scarce heard the other's further conversation, listened with a dull semblance of attention. Only toward the end did he catch another phrase that struck him a fresh and shrewder blow.

"You ought to spray your trees more," Clemons was advising mildly. "If your apples wasn't spotted they'd be worth more. I'm paying Andy Wattles four for his."

When the buyer's business was done he drove away, leaving Ray to digest this information and to perceive its profound significance. That revolution through which, in the store last night, his soul had passed was based on the assumption that Andy Wattles was a liar. Yet now, within a scant twelve hours, this premise was proved untrue. Andy had taken Nellie two partridges; he had—or might have—seen the old black one on the flat; and he had sold his apples at the price he named.

Because he thought Andy lied Ray himself had lied, and in so doing had involved himself in the absurd and ridiculous business of taking Walter Canders down into the woods to see a wild apple tree. He perceived now the magnitude of his own folly. The new foundation of his life was shattered; those perceptions which had seemed to him so clear and orderly were thrown once more into disarray; he had had his brief moment of prominence, and now he was simple Ray Deemer again, doomed to be a quiet and an inconspicuous figure in the world he knew.

He sat down on the chopping block in the shed, and he sat there motionless for a long time, hopeless and desponding. He had begun the day, reconciled to Canders' refusal; reconciled to the mild amusement of the village. He could endure these things so long as he knew the secret which opened so many doors. But now the new structure of his life was shattered as the old had been. And he was still sitting there an hour later when Nellie came to the shed door and spoke to him; and he looked up and saw her dancing eyes.

"Ray," she cried, "Mr. Canders is here."

Ray did not move. "That so?" he said in a dull and lifeless tone.

Johnny Dree appeared behind her, and he said, "Hello, Ray. I brought Mr. Canders over. Come on out." And Nellie supplemented this.

"Yes, come on, Ray," she urged. "Don't sit there."

Ray got up hopelessly and drew toward the door; and as he passed her she pinched his arm and whispered fiercely, "Wake up, Ray. What's the matter with you?" Johnny Dree was introducing him to Canders; and Ray's dull eyes focused on the apple man. Canders was lean and brown, with eyes pale blue and clear as the evening sky, and his smile was friendly and vaguely reassuring.

"How-do, Mr. Deemer," Canders said. "They tell me you've an unusual wild apple tree on your farm."

Ray nodded. "I guess so," he confessed; and Canders laughed.

"Don't you know?" he asked.

"I had some of the apples last night," Nellie cried. "They're wonderful. Give him one of them, Ray."

"Have you some of the fruit?" Canders inquired; and Ray said uncertainly, "Might be some windfalls in the house." He went toward the kitchen door and in; and his mother asked who Canders was, and Ray answered her inattentively. There were two of the apples on the mantel, and he took one of them, selecting it indifferently, and went out into the yard again. Canders cut it open and quartered it and held it up to catch the fragrance; he studied the color, and at last he tasted the fruit.

"Isn't that marvelous?" Nellie cried.

Canders smiled faintly; and Ray turned indifferently away, but Canders asked, "Where's the tree?"

"Down by the river," Ray told him.

"Let's have a look at it," Canders suggested.

Ray hesitated, then submitted to the current of events; and they went through the barn and the tie-up and so came into the pasture; and they took their way across the rocky knolls and down toward the border of the woods. Canders and Dree walked behind, Nellie at Ray's side ahead; and she kept pinching his arm, talking to him gayly, trying to whip him to life.

"You act as though it was a funeral," she said. "Don't be so foolish, Ray. What's the matter with you anyway?"

"Nothing," he said.

"Don't you want to sell him the tree?" she demanded; and he said hopelessly:

"He ain't going to buy a wild apple tree."

"How do you know he won't?" she insisted. "He hasn't said he wouldn't, has he? I'll bet he does. I know he will, Ray. But you act as if you didn't want him to."

He wanted to tell her the truth—to explain to her how this miserable affair had come about. But he could not find words or courage; and so he went forward, not unlike a dumb creature going to the slaughterhouse, conscious of the thing which impended, yet supinely accepting it. The pasture bars he lowered while they passed, and then set them in place again; and they went on through the hemlock and birch and pine, descending toward the swampy ground along the river, till Ray stopped at last and turned aside.

"In there, is it?" Canders asked; and Ray nodded.

"Yes, in here," he replied.

So they came to the tree, cloistered here, far from its fellows and alone. It was, this year, well loaded; they saw the ripely glowing fruit through the boughs of the intervening growth; and they came to the tree, and Ray stood aside while Canders went forward, Johnny Dree at his elbow. Ray paid no heed to what the others did—paid no heed to anything. He did not know when Nellie left him to follow the apple man, did not hear the talk that went forward among them, did not see Canders scanning the tree inch by inch from trunk to topmost bough. But at last Canders came back toward him; and Ray tried to stiffen himself for what was to come. But Canders merely said, "You own this farm?"

"Pa does," Ray explained.

"Ray does all the work," Nellie amended. "Mr. Deemer isn't very well, and he'll do anything Ray says."

Canders nodded. "Do you know anything about our business, Deemer?" he asked; and Ray considered this, his pulses quickening a little at the other's tone.

"I've heard some about you," he said.

"We can use this tree," Canders told him; and Ray said nothing, because there was nothing for him to say. "If you care to sell it," Canders added.

"I guess so," Ray assented.

"We'll buy the whole farm if you like, and put a man in to look after the tree," Canders explained. "Or we'll buy the tree and pay you to take care of it. Send a man here to show you what to do."

Ray did not speak. He was trembling so that Nellie at his elbow felt the shaking of his arm. "I'm sure he'd rather just sell the tree," she told Canders. "That's what you want, isn't it, Ray?"

"That's all right," Ray agreed.

"What price would you think fair?" Canders suggested; and Ray weighed this and could find no answer. But again Nellie answered for him.

"You know about such things," she said. "You know what it's worth to you."

Canders smiled. "You're driving a hard bargain," he said. "I'd rather not pay what it's worth. We'll want to make a profit on it, of course. We paid five thousand for the Honeydew tree. This is better——"

"I heard ten," said Johnny Dree.

"These tales grow," Canders told him. "I've no desire to bargain, particularly. No one can tell just what this tree is worth. But I will pay you five thousand for this if you like."

Ray grinned sheepishly; and Canders asked, "Is that fair?"

"Farm ain't worth a third of that," Ray confessed; and the other smiled.

"Say six thousand," he said. "I want to satisfy you."

Ray considered for a moment, ordering his speech. "I guess," he said at last, with the utmost gravity. "I guess that can be fixed all right. I'll talk to pa."

He had, some time later, his hour of confession to Nellie; told her the tale of his mendacities. And he told it so humbly and contritely that when he was done she laughed in a tender fashion, and shook her head at him.

"But there might have been a moose," she reminded him, "or an otter or a big bass."

"There wan't though. Just plain lies," he insisted.

She nodded. "All right, Ray," she agreed. "But—when you tell things you're going to do, and then make them come true, that isn't lying. It's more like—like setting a mark to shoot at. That's the way the world moves along."

"It moved along some this time," he confessed, still dazed by his good fortune.

"And sometimes," she added, "when you tell what you think is a lie it turns out not to be a lie at all. You can't always be so sure." She was smiling; and he asked:

"How do you mean?"

"Well," she told him, "last night in the store, for instance, I heard you say I wanted you to stop in and see me on the way home. Didn't you?"

"Yes," he confessed, flushed and uncomfortable.

"I expect you thought even that was a lie," she said; and he stood for a moment, and then he began to smile, and then they laughed together.

"So you never can tell," said Nellie.

And, "I see now what you mean," said Ray.





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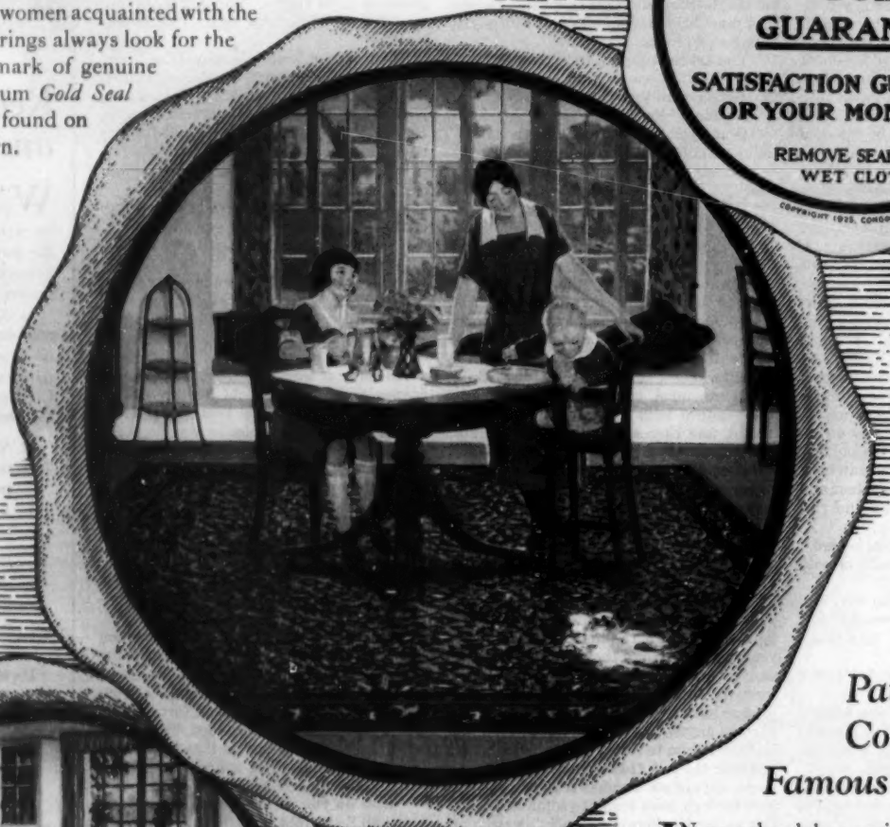
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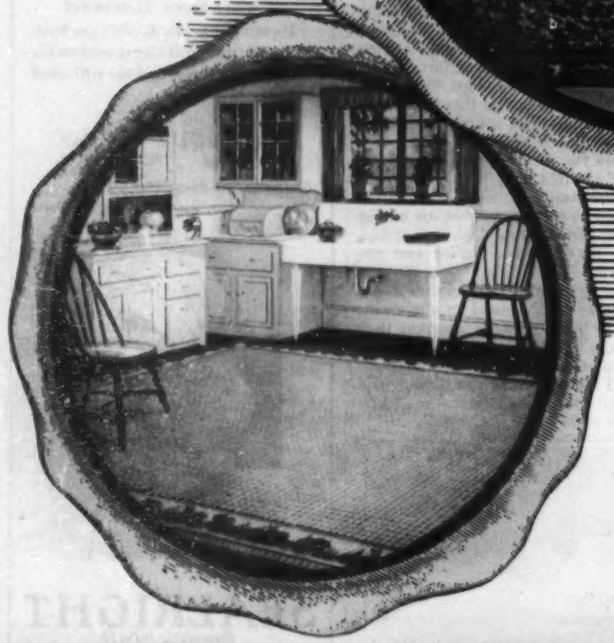
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ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE GOLD SEAL WHEN YOU BUY

LOVE AND MONEY

(Continued from Page 19)

face the truth. The floor of the fourth ventricle—one of the most difficult spots to hit. You told him so yourself. And I have read too much about your specialty to have any illusions about my chances. As soon as William told me, I gave up all hope. For even if I had the strength, I no longer feel the will to—live. Only a miracle can save me, and even you modern scientists cannot work miracles.

"Well, as I'd be bound to die anyway, without the operation, I rather think I'd like to get it all over with at once, instead of lingering on, a care to my husband and a nuisance to everyone else, including myself.

"Without you, Jerome, it has not been so very interesting to live. I have often thought of stopping the silly process. So many women do, when imprisoned in a marriage like mine—a husband I cannot love and who doesn't love me, and never did, I see now, though he has been kind.

"I think William senses this. Perhaps that is why he let me know the truth, and I'm glad he did. That, too, was kind. After all, it's a nice, respectable form of suicide, and it has at least brought you to me once more.

"Once? I think I shall make it twice! I'm going to send for you to get this letter, and—well, perhaps you'll say you care for me, and I then shall ask no more of life and gladly try the other thing. It can't be worse.

"But, oh, if I had only known before I married William, why you ran away from me! I thought it was my invalidism that frightened you off, you who knew so well what it would mean to be saddled with a sickly wife. Forgive me, dear Jerome, for misjudging you, but invalids are sensitive, and it never occurred to me then that it was my money that made you silent. Why, I didn't think I had enough to be objectionable!

"Then William came, and he was so kind and I was so young, and I wanted to be wanted. I don't know why I cannot like my husband. I know why I do not love him though. It's because I have always loved you. I am not disloyal to William in letting you know this after I am dead. My vows and obligations extend only until death do us part—not afterward.

"I hope you will have read this before opening the package I inclose. Open it now, dear Jerome."

He had not opened the package. He did not stop to do so now. He picked up the telephone for the third time that hour and tried to get Putnam on the telephone. But the surgeon was still in the operating room. Jerome broke the seal of the package. It contained two envelopes. The small one was evidently another letter, so he opened it first.

"I had planned to leave you something in my will, but I remembered your pride about money and changed my mind. A will would mean probate and publicity. William has always been jealous of you, and the world might not understand. For despite our long separation, people have always wondered about us, and I don't want to hurt you, dear. So I have not altered my first will, leaving everything to my husband. He knows it, for he asked me after the consultation.

"Did you know, Jerome, that I was a good business woman? Even William says so. Well, I've had so little else to do, being an invalid, that it has interested me to watch the market and reinvest my income in person. William has never interfered with this pastime and smilingly humored my little economies. He is a thrifty person himself. Do you know why I became a good business woman and developed into a miser and left you nothing in my will? Open the fat document envelope and see."

He did so, and found therein, fresh from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, as neat and even as a new deck of cards, five hundred crisp thousand-dollar bills.

"Because," she had written, "I love you and want to share in your wonderful work for the world. It has been the only real interest I have had in life, and now at last it will be consummated in death. Whether you love me or not, this makes me happy. Please feel glad to make me happy.

"Now go abroad, my dear, and study new methods of staining brain tissue, buy the new equipment you require for your work and attain the great and useful future you are so eminently fitted for.

"By the time you receive this you will have given me your solemn promise to follow my instructions: 1. Invest this sum in conservative securities. 2. From the income pay a salary of ten thousand dollars a year to the administrator of the fund—namely, Jerome Grant. 3. The balance is to be expended by the administrator in such ways as he sees fit.

"P. S. It's rather a joke on you, my dear. You wouldn't take me with my money, so now you'll have to take my money without me. You can't get out of it now—I've got you! Rather a joke on the Government too. They cannot reduce this useful fund by the inheritance tax. William gave me the hint while questioning me about my will. So I had this amount turned into cash and it was brought to me today, unknown to William, down at his office.

"Well, the thing which kept us apart in life will bring us close together in death. Do you wonder that I am glad to go? Good-by, Jerome."

Once more he reached for the telephone, and got Putnam. Controlling his voice, he said, "How about it, Billy?"

"Well, I got away with it. My operation was a beauty, if I do say so myself."

"Is she alive?"

"You bet she is, and she'll be a strong, healthy woman for the rest of her life. Your diagnosis was perfect. But in all my experience I never saw such vitality in such a frail body. You did your part and I did mine, but it was the will to live that pulled her through."

The miracle had happened—the miracle of love!

He wanted to rush to her side at once. He couldn't do that. But he saw Putnam later. All was well.

It would be several days before he could safely see her. His presence now would send up her temperature. Nor could he return half a million dollars in cash by anyone else.

He locked the package in a safe-deposit vault and sent flowers with a message anyone might read:

"Congratulations and best wishes. When you are well enough, we'll have another consultation."

This did not excite her. It amused her. Being alive was a great joke on herself.

When he called, his breast pocket bulging, he encountered William in the waiting room, a dapper man, impeccably dressed, bearing roses; a thoughtful husband, who was thinking.

Jerome said, "I've come to see how the patient is getting along."

"She's doing as well as could be expected," said William. "Her surgeon is seeing her twice a day."

"Yes, of course. But Putnam has done me the honor to suggest that I see her," said the great expert.

"I don't think it's necessary, but I'll take you in."

So the husband was present and the package remained bulging in Jerome's inside breast pocket. He saw her looking at his coat, and once when William's back was turned to answer a knock at the door, she made a face and her lips said, "Naughty, naughty!"

Such a cheerful patient, such a quizzical smile.

William followed him out into the corridor. "Do you think she'll get well?"

"I know she will."

William looked anxious. "But why did you fellows say—why did you scare me to death?"

"A miracle," said the scientist, who had not believed in miracles.

"I cannot tell you how relieved and happy I am. The strain has been awful."

"I understand."

The next time he had her alone, for the nurse knew that he was the celebrated Jerome Grant and thought his call was a professional one, so she left them immediately.

And immediately he forgot the package in his pocket. The woman he loved was alive and becoming stronger every day. He had looked at her chart before the nurse left the room; now he looked at her.

She did not make a face at him, though she saw the bulge in his coat. The long lashes veiled her eyes and she was as shy as a girl in the presence of the man who had saved her life and glorified it. She was now the more silent of the two.

"And I thought I had killed you, Vera."

"You kept me alive, Jerome."

There was a pause. Then he asked her, "What are we going to do about it?"

She smiled. She, too, forgot the money. "It does rather complicate things—my being alive."

He knew better than to propose any solution for the future at this early stage of her convalescence.

"So you thought it was because you were an invalid that I ran away."

"Do you want me to apologize again?"

"I do."

"I do."

They looked at each other and smiled.

"Well, Vera, you know now."

"Yes, now I know." There was another pause. "But I'd like to hear you say it once more, Jerome."

"I love you, Vera."

"I love to hear you say it."

And then they laughed and looked at each other, shy and happy in the presence of the miracle, a boy and girl.

"And now, Jerome, there's something else you must say to me, not so nice. It's good-by."

"You're right—for several days."

"Forever, my dear."

"What nonsense!"

"It must stop now before it has begun. You have your work to do. I meant to help, not to hurt you, Jerome."

"Utter nonsense!"

She shook her head. "I have a patient, enduring husband who stuck by me all through the years of my annoying sickliness."

"But you don't love him. You love me."

"Too much to involve you in something that could only do you harm in the end. William is so correct; he would never give me a divorce. And you and I are not the sort to meet in secret. Some people can stand furtiveness and deception and call it romance. But I couldn't and you couldn't."

"We'd better not talk about this, Vera, until you are well." He was afraid of sending up her temperature.

"It's an awful bore to be good, Jerome, but it is not mere Puritanism to be honest and kind."

"That is true, but ——"

"Why, I could never imagine our running away together, could you?" She had imagined it most of the days and more of the nights since their first meeting. So had he.

"At any rate," he said, unfolding his length to leave, "I'm running away without you now. I've overstayed my time."

He had not kissed her. He never had. She wondered if he ever would.

"You must never come again," she said.

"I understand." And he left her.

On the street, he reached in his pocket for a cigarette and his hand encountered



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the package. A strange thing—love. He had forgotten that he had half a million dollars.

"Gosh!" he said boyishly. "I must hurry before the safe-deposit vault is closed." And he smiled to think what a newspaper mystery would be created if he were run over and killed by a taxicab. Such a sum on the body of a poor scientist!

"Well, now I've simply got to call again," he said.

He called again the next day. She sent the nurse out to say that she was too tired to receive visitors.

He came to the hospital the next time with Putnam. On the way up he said, "I think I can tell better if I see the patient alone." Putnam soon left them alone.

"I shan't try to thank you," he said, and handed her the package.

"Why, it's still in the same envelope!"

"Yes."

"You had it in your pocket the other day."

"The other day I forgot all about it."

"Why?"

"You know why."

Of course she did, and gloried in it. "I shan't try to thank you for forgetting." She had prepared a list of five excellent banks and a score of excellent securities. "Here," she said, handing back the package and the list, "deposit a hundred thousand in each of these banks."

"In your name?" he said.

"Certainly not—in your own."

He returned the fat envelope. "You don't think I am going to accept this money now?"

"You don't think I am going to let you give it back?"

"Why of course! This bequest was contingent upon your being dead."

"Well, that was a slight mistake for which I apologize." And she threw the half million at his head.

She was so droll and lovable that he laughed outright. Then choked it off.

"I am not going to take this money." He handed it back to her.

"I can do as I will with my own." She returned it again.

"So can I then." He laid it on the table to argue the matter.

"No, you can't. It's not yours. I gave this fund in trust, to be used for a cause I believe in. You have no right to misappropriate it. You have no right to violate the sacred trust of a woman on her deathbed."

"But, you see, you didn't die."

"Well, you needn't keep rubbing that in. It wasn't my fault I didn't die; it was yours. Besides, haven't I as much right to devote mere money to humanity as you have to devote your whole life?"

"But, my dear girl ——"

"You have nothing to say about it. You are merely my hired man, employed to carry out my orders. It's presumptuous of you to come around here and try to dictate to me how I am to spend my own money."

"All right," he said, temporizing. "You've won the debate. I mustn't tire you. I'll go now."

Suddenly all mirth went out of her. "Oh, Jerome, don't go, don't go!" Then, "Yes, say good-by to me forever."

She held out her two hands. He took them. He kissed her.

"Now, we must never see each other again," she whispered, believing it as she kissed him.

When the observant William came in later he spied a fat document envelope on the table.

"What's this, my love?" The seal was broken, but fortunately Jerome's name had not been written on the package.

"It's mine. Give it to me, please."

He did so. That night her chart showed a slight rise in temperature. But it did no harm.

The next day she sent for Jerome. She could not keep half a million dollars under a hospital pillow.

"You left a package behind you."

"Yes."

She reached under the pillow for her hand bag. "Did you forget it?"

"No."

"You expected me to keep it here?"

"You could send for your banker."

"Or did you want me to send for you?"

"Both."

"I'm glad." She unlocked the bag. "Jerome, you can do so much with this; I can do nothing. Don't spoil the ambition of my life. Why did I save all these years? If my husband humored me in that, won't you humor me in this?" She tried to look grave as she added, "I'll have a relapse if you don't."

"You need this money for yourself now."

"But I don't."

"You don't? You must be terribly rich to give half millions to causes."

She smiled. She would be poorer than he had ever been. Except for a cash balance of a few hundred dollars at the bank, all she had in the world was what she now tossed into his lap.

"There, carry out my wishes at last. I am well provided for." She had a wealthy husband to provide for her. Hadn't he once promised to do so? Well, she was determined to keep her own promises. Why not?

"I'll carry out your wishes."

"Now say good-by to me—forever."

"This saying good-by forever is becoming a habit, Vera."

"It must be broken. I can't stand much more of this, Jerome."

"Neither can I. Damn being good!"

"Thank you for saying that, Jerome, but being bad would be even worse."

He scrutinized her carefully, thought of her calmly—comparatively so, at any rate. For a woman like her, he believed it would indeed be worse. So each was now resolving to make the supreme sacrifice for the other's sake. Both were going to be noble. As if Nature respected nobility!

"This is the last time we shall meet, Jerome."

"I know."

It seemed a rational decision, but there was that within each of them which did not, could not believe a word of it.

"But I have your love, Jerome, even though I cannot have you. It is enough to know we love each other."

"I suppose it will have to be."

He was gone. They thought it would be enough. But it would not be—not for long.

Downstairs he met the husband.

"You come frequently."

"An interesting case."

"How is she looking?"

"Radiant."

"I don't understand it."

"Neither do I. But you're a lucky man."

"I should say so! But she seemed so weak. Indeed, I sometimes felt that the poor child didn't want to live."

"She wants to now."

"Remarkable! I don't see how I can ever thank you."

"Why should you?"

"My dear," William said, "now that you're getting strong and well, I should like to discuss a business matter."

"You've always been most kind and obliging in such matters, William."

"As I recall it, you had about a hundred thousand dollars' worth of G. & L. Your broker told me that you had sold it, contrary to his advice, on a rising market. You usually show a better head than that."

"I saw a chance to invest in something better."

"Better? What was it?"

"Oh, it wouldn't interest you."

"Well, my dear, I never interfere with your business decisions, but I wish you would consult me."

"You would not have approved of my decision."

"I see," said her husband, and strolled over to the club.

At the club they were discussing the favorite topic.

"A bootlegger came into the bank today and wanted to deposit a hundred thousand dollars, all bright new thousand-dollar bills."

"Did you accept his account?" asked one of the group by the fireplace.

"No; he had no one to introduce him."

"Was he a long tall fellow with very keen blue eyes?"

"Yes."

"He wasn't a bootlegger."

"How do you know?"

"He wasn't well-dressed enough for a bootlegger. He came to our bank too."

"Did you accept his deposit?"

"Certainly. That was Jerome Grant. He's a member of this club."

"Jerome Grant, the scientist? Well, that's a joke on me! But why didn't he go to you in the first place?"

"Oh, these scientists don't know anything about business customs."

"Where did he get a hundred thousand dollars?"

"Probably patented some medical formula."

"Not at all," said the club gossip, a little man with mincing steps. "Grant has recently inherited a considerable legacy from an aunt."

"Well, he'll soon lose it in speculation."

"Nothing of the sort! He put it in gilt-edge securities."

And then the conversation shifted to some other topic; but William, the silent, waylaid the club gossip at the coat room.

"What was the name of his aunt?"

"I don't know. But there's money in the family, or used to be."

"Well, I'm sure that will be very nice for Grant," said William.

"Please let me see you just once more," he wrote.

"No more," she replied.

"Vera, my love, now that you're back from the hospital and are interesting yourself in the outside world, you mustn't become careless."

"In what way?"

"You used to be so meticulous about your accounts. I hope you haven't lost interest in business affairs."

She smiled inwardly. She no longer had any business affairs.

"Oh, I'm still interested," she said.

He showed her a sheaf of unpaid bills.

"Oh, those are household expenses. I thought I'd let you pay them for a while. Now that I can go about again, such things bore me. Formerly, I had nothing else to occupy me."

"You wish me to pay them?"

"Is it unusual for a husband to pay a wife's bills?"

It was unusual for this husband to pay this wife's bills. But he didn't like to put it that way.

"It's not unusual for a wife to confide in her husband as to her investments. Why did you give a hundred thousand dollars to Jerome Grant?"

"A hundred thousand? Who told you that?"

"That's a large amount. Do you deny that you gave it to him?"

"I gave some money to a cause I believe in, William, and Jerome is the trustee of the fund."

"I see. Strange you didn't tell me. I have never interfered with your financial affairs."

"We never established the habit of telling each other much about our affairs, William."

"True, my love, but just why did you give a fifth of your entire fortune to this scientist?"

"Why didn't you? He saved your wife's life. Wasn't it worth a hundred thousand to you?"

"You gave him this sum before the operation, Vera."

"I expected to die. Would you rather have had me leave it in my will? That might have aroused objectionable curiosity and comment. Besides, think of the inheritance tax! Thank you for giving me that advice, William."

"It does you great credit, I'm sure, your interest in science. No doubt your interest will be shown in your will."

She smiled. She had nothing left to will to science. Her husband did not know that.

"I am accountable to you for what I do with myself, not for what I do with my money, William."

"Husband and wife should enjoy each other's confidence in such matters. Vera, I have never changed my will, leaving everything to you."

"And I have never changed mine, leaving everything to you."

William was relieved. He thought she was still worth four hundred thousand; and, after all, that was more than she had when he first married her. He was about to leave, then he turned back.

"So it was solely your interest in science that made you give a hundred thousand dollars to Jerome Grant?"

"It was not."

"You mean you have a personal interest in this man?"

"I have loved him from the first day I met him."

For once William forgot his correct calm. "You dare say that to my face!"

But she was no longer a weak invalid, but a strong woman in love. She looked him unexcitedly in the eye as she said, "You have always been very kind to me, William. I'd have liked to spare you, but I don't care enough for you to lie to you."

"Then, if that's the case, perhaps you'll be honest enough to tell me the whole truth."

"I love Jerome Grant and he loves me."

"So that's why he's been coming around here?"

"That's why he's not been coming around here."

"You mean that you've been going to him?"

"I mean that since I have been well enough to go out, I haven't seen him at all. I shall never see him again."

"You expect me to believe that?"

"I do."

"Well, I don't. Any woman who will give money to her lover; any man who will submit to being supported by his mistress ——"

He got no further. The look on her face stopped him. She was indeed a different woman now from the invalid he used to dominate. The blazing fury of her eyes amazed him. But she said nothing. Slowly she turned to leave the room, then stopped, and examining him with contempt, said quietly, "Because you were kind to me for many years, I will give you one chance."

"One chance? Oh! You are going to give me a chance?"

"To apologize."

"And if I don't?"

"And if you don't, I shall leave your house, for, after all, you paid for the house."

"You are going to that fellow? You are going to show some more interest in science?"

"I no longer feel any obligation to tell you what I do."

It had all come so suddenly that William lost his dignified poise. His voice became shrill, his words more colloquial than he fancied.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing right now—if you expect to drag me through the divorce court, you are mistaken. No one in my family has ever been divorced and I won't stand for that sort of thing! Go to your lover, if you like, and take the consequences!"

But she did not go to her lover. She went to her mother.

Jerome knew nothing about it. He was busy planning the new wing of the laboratory. He wanted to let the contracts before he started for Europe. She longed to telephone, to go to him, but she did not trust herself to meet him now.

"I believe you, Vera darling," said her mother. "I know you are not guilty, but you have been most indiscreet. Think how

(Continued on Page 103)



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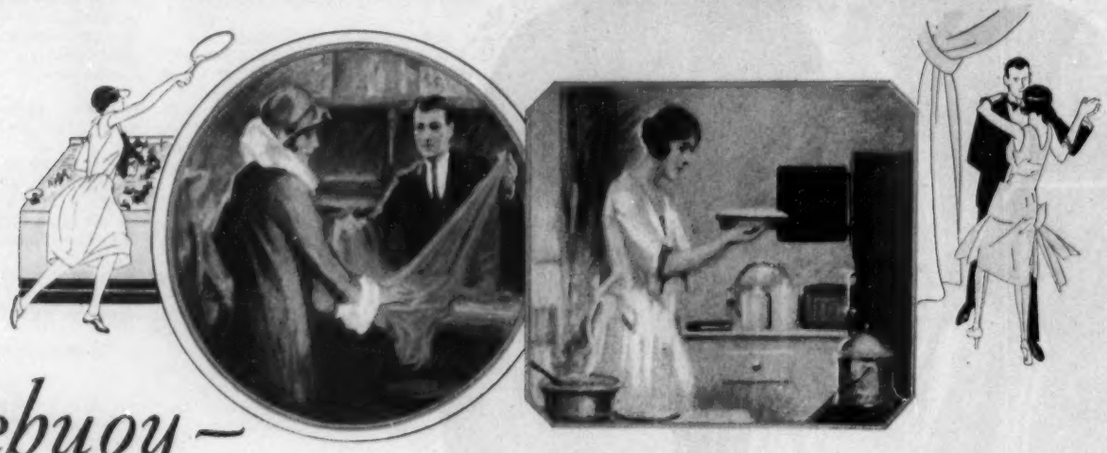
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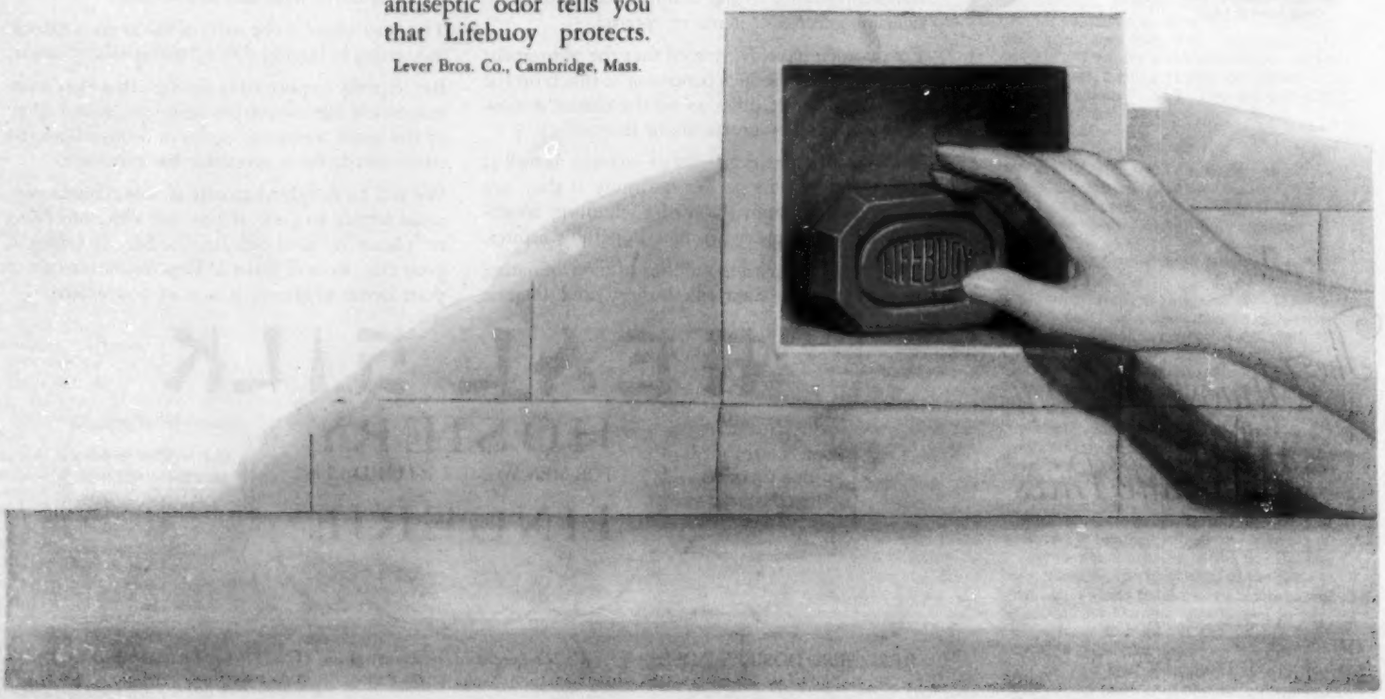
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TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

(Continued from Page 98)

it would look in the eyes of the world! One hundred thousand dollars to the man you love! Why, it would ruin you and ruin Jerome's professional standing! But I'm sure William is too noble to tell."

"You mean, mother, that it would be quite all right to give money to a man I do not love?"

"But William is your husband."

"He will never be my husband again."

"He will always be your husband."

After a few days' pressure, her mother sent for William, unknown to Vera.

"Vera, I apologize for what I said to you and am willing to forgive what you've done."

"What have I done?"

"You gave him a hundred thousand dollars."

"Suppose that was not all I had given him."

"No, you have not sinned. I know you haven't; but even so, I should be willing to take you back, my love."

"Thanks, William, I am not willing to go back."

As the days wore on, her mother, too, was confronted by a very different woman from the pathetic invalid they had all humored and loved, directed and controlled. Modern surgery, it seemed, worked miracles. Vera left her mother's house.

It had always seemed so easy when she read about such things, lying on her back in bed, to become a self-supporting woman; easy and enviable. Having inherited money, she didn't think much of it. Having given it all away, she had to think of it now. But a woman of thirty, untrained, inexperienced—no one wanted her.

"A lady wishes to see you, Doctor Grant. She wouldn't give her name."

The scientist scowled. He was deep in a problem, not a scientific problem—financial—the investing and spending of Vera's money was a nuisance. It was interfering with his research work. Bankers and brokers actually had the nerve to telephone one in the morning! His mornings had always been sacred.

"I never receive visitors here."

"Yes, sir, I told her that. But she said it was important."

"Ask the lady to telephone for an appointment or write me a letter."

And Vera's love—what had that done, for him and for her? Sleepless nights, fruitless days, anxiety and anguish.

A few minutes later his secretary returned, bearing a note.

"The lady has written you a letter."

He was about to toss it indignantly down when he recognized the writing.

"Show her in," he said, no longer scowling.

He had not seen her in outdoor wraps since before her marriage, and he had never seen her in the full glow and glory of perfect health. The glow didn't come entirely from the wintry air, and it deepened as she came closer to him. He did not offer to shake hands. He knew the danger of that from past experience. But nothing could keep his eyes from hers or hers from his.

The golden voice now came to him across the space of three feet: "You may think it strange, my coming here."

"I haven't got that far, Vera. All I'm thinking of is that you are here." He looked down upon her, she looked up at him, and then they laughed from the sheer joy of being together. Their laughter had come so quickly this time, and it was so disarmingly dangerous, their laughing together.

"Take off your coat," the rumbling voice commanded. She shook her head. "You'll take cold when you go out. I still have a right to give you professional advice, haven't I?"

"That isn't the kind I came for." And she wouldn't take off her coat. "I won't stay long. Don't worry."

"Don't remind me of it. That makes me worry."

He came closer and took off her coat for her. She looked up at him questioningly as he did so—the immemorial look of the woman: "What are you going to do with me?"

He led her to a chair. That was all, then he retreated to his desk, his heart thumping uncomfortably. Uncomfortably? Deliciously! It would hardly have done to handle a microscope now.

"I have come on a very embarrassing errand."

"I am not embarrassed."

"You may be."

"All right, embarrass me."

"Is that the new wing out there?"

"Yes. Want to see it? That's where we're going to put the higher apes."

"No, thanks. I didn't come to see the higher apes. I came to see you."

"That doesn't embarrass me."

"You don't know what I want."

"And don't care, so long as you are here."

"I want to ask a great favor."

He smiled. "Well, I'll oblige you. Those higher apes will be very expensive, but I did you a favor by accepting some of your money. Don't you want to inspect the new equipment?"

"No. I must ask you to do me an entirely different kind of favor this time."

"I'll do it."

"It's so hard to ask it."

"As soon as you get it, you'll go; that's why I'm in no hurry to find out."

"Once upon a time I gave you some money."

He looked at her and laughed. "Did you? Oh, so you did!"

"Jerome?"

"Yes?"

"Give me some money."

He looked at her, utterly dumfounded. "Say that again, will you, please? I don't quite understand."

"I know it's a peculiar thing to ask. I hate to be an Injun giver, but would it inconvenience you terribly to advance me a few dollars? Of course I should consider it a loan."

He could stand it no longer and burst out laughing.

The woman who had endowed him with half a million was now asking the loan of a few dollars.

"Well," he said, "you struck me at rather a bad time. If you'd come around earlier, I could have obliged you better. But if four hundred thousand would help you out ——"

It was her turn to laugh.

"I really don't need four hundred thousand. But four hundred dollars would tide me over until ——"

"Until what?"

"Until I get a job."

"A job? So you're going to work? Why?"

"I'm hard up. I'm broke." She said it in as vulgar a way as she possibly could, and it delighted him.

"So you're broke? How does that happen?"

"I haven't a cent in the world, though I pawned the pearls father gave me."

"Won't your husband support you any longer?"

"He never did. And I've left him."

The keen blue eyes of the scientist searched her face. "You've left your husband? Vera, you wretch, you gave me all you had!"

"Jerome, will you give me a job—here in your laboratory? No one else wants me."

Their hearts were thumping hard, but their voices were calm and casual.

"Yes. You're a good business woman, I'm a bum business man. Take charge of this damn fund and look after it as you used to do. I'm sick of it. I'll pay you ten thousand dollars a year."

"Ten thousand! I'm not worth it."

"You thought I was worth it, and I know as little about business as you know about cutting and staining sections."

"Jerome, William knows I am looking for a job."

"Well?"

"And he found out about this wing and all your new equipment. He's good at estimating the cost of things."

"Well?"

"He forgave me when he thought it was only one hundred thousand I had given you."

"Well?"

"But when he found out that it was five—that was the unforgivable sin."

"Well?"

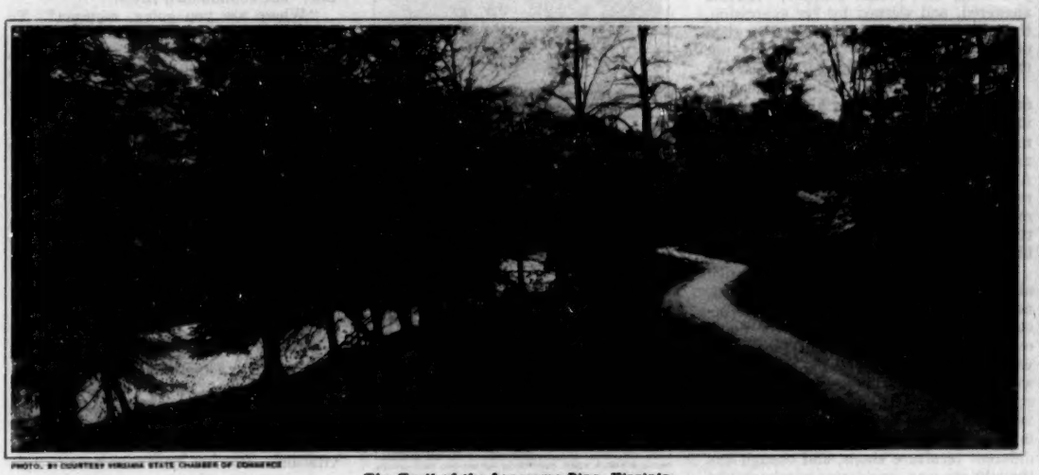
"When you were in Germany, I was in France."

"What were you doing there?"

"I obtained a divorce for nonsupport. I landed an hour ago."

"And you came straight here ——"

"—— to marry you for your money, Jerome."



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WAR ANTIDOTES

(Continued from Page 7)

As a consequence, international contacts ought to show more conductivity and less useless sparking.

Eventually there should be at least five or six such schools, preferably ten or twelve, in as many different countries. It would be a very excellent development of the plan if, in time, delegates from these schools gathered once or twice a year to compare their data. Each would be influenced at least to some extent by his nationalism and environment. Instead of that being an obstacle, it ought to furnish additional light. The influence of nationalism and environment on research becomes in itself a basic fact of scientific importance. For men engaged in such work to insulate themselves completely against public opinion in the countries in which they worked would not be desirable.

Here, I believe, is the framework of a program that offers reasonable hope of making progress against the destroying monster of war. Resolutions will not do it, nor will denunciations of war, no matter how eloquent. People inflamed by fear or injustice, no matter how groundless their information, will still fight, even though they hate war. We must have the facts, localize the problems, and attempt to solve them while they yet remain in the narrow area of their origin. In other words, this is a job for science. If I had a hundred million dollars to finance it, I wouldn't use more than ten million. With that I would found about ten schools in ten countries, and even then it would be much better if every one of these schools was endowed by small donations from the people of each country.

Great tasks should be done slowly. We are beginning with just one school. Faith in the fundamental merit of the plan leads to the expectation that time and the common sense of mankind can be trusted to complete the job.

THAT LAST INFIRMITY

(Continued from Page 5)

place was kept one of refined depression—and brought a glass of water and murmured things.

It was left to Mae to say what was wanted. Mae had gone all through her girlhood thinking it was criminal the way momma let herself go, and so she was admirably prepared.

Black was becoming to Aloysia, with her clear skin and sea-blue eyes, and Mae had her in a model, every line of which went to hide those fifteen extra pounds, before Aloysia was fully recovered from her emotional crisis. Aloysia stood before the mirror in a Narcissine trance.

"And a bonnet?" the saleslady asked.

"A little one," Mae commanded; and when the saleslady had disappeared she said, "Now let me fix your hair so it will look right under it, momma. Loose—not like it was glued to your head."

In such matters Mae had a passion for perfection.

The widow's bonnet crowned Aloysia to startling advantage.

"If you'd just reduce that much, momma," Mae said, holding up thumb and forefinger about one inch apart, "you'd be stunning."

"Madame reduce!" the saleslady said, through some pins. "You should see most of the women who come in here."

"But if she'd just go on a diet."

Mae had talked about her mother's going on a diet for years. It had always seemed to Aloysia sheer nonsense.

"Could this dress be taken in, if I was to lose some pounds?" she now asked, and when assured it could she went on to the selection of other clothes.

Mae was really astonished at what good ideas her mother had.

"Well, why in the world haven't you used your taste all these years?" she asked.

"You put things out of your mind when you think they're not possible," Aloysia answered, and warned by her expression, the saleswoman darted off for another glass of water. That time Aloysia was not thinking of the late James P. McCarthy.

Alice was in a state. She'd taken her father's death harder than Aloysia had any idea a girl of seventeen, with beaux so numerous that Aloysia barely knew their names, would. Alice was half-hearted about Aloysia's new clothes, and couldn't even reach rapture when the limousine her mother had bought in the city arrived, though it was a dream of a car, all fawn and blue and silver.

Aloysia would have become worried about her sooner if she hadn't had the business of the estate and her new diet to occupy her attention, and plans for doing over the house; plans which were still vague, because though all she thought she wanted was to have her home superlatively stylish, warring with the attainment of that very simple desire was a very real, if groping, passion for beauty. She spent hours in different furniture shops, and though she thought she was considering purchases she was studying, and studying hard, with some dim ideal frustrating every provincial suggestion of the local decorators.

One morning at breakfast Alice looked so pinched and had such circles under her eyes that Aloysia was shocked and called her into her room for a talk.

"You've got to get hold of yourself, Alice darling," she said. "It seems to me you grow sadder as the months go on. After all, dear papa would be the last to wish you to sit like a mourning dove. He's with the saints in heaven, sweetheart, and we must all learn to smile again."

To that exhortation Alice responded, "It isn't papa, momma," and burst into tears.

Aloysia took her daughter in her arms, and said "There, there," a good many times, and finally, "Then what is it makes you look so sad, darling?"

When the long, panting sobs permitted, Alice said, "Oh, momma, I hate to tell you, when you've had so much trouble."

Aloysia's whole skin vibrated to the note in Alice's voice as an animal's must when its hair rises.

"Tell me what."

"I think," Alice blubbered, "I'm ——"

"You're what?"

"I'm going to have a b-b-baby."

Aloysia McCarthy rose, her face purple with the blood that had sprung to it. For a moment she only struggled to get her breath, which seemed to have been cut off.

"What, darling?"

She tried to keep the anguish from her voice.

"I didn't want to t-t-tell you."

"Who else should you tell?"

"Not yet. Not till Bunny and I could announce it. We weren't going to till he graduated."



PHOTO. BY FRED H. KIEK, COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

The Garden Wall, Glacier National Park

Aloysia burst into great, roaring sobs of relief.

"You've been married?"

"When papa was so sick. Bunny begged me and teased me, and I did. I knew I would sometime, anyway, and I couldn't tell you then, because I knew you had worries enough with papa sick."

"Do you mean to tell me Bunny Meehan—"

"It isn't Bunny Meehan I've married," Alice sobbed. "It's Bunny Harper."

"That's ——"

"Bunny Harper, that Joan Warren brought to Mae's party last year. We were married last April. I haven't seen him since he had to go back to college this fall."

Again tears rendered Alice inarticulate, but she had said enough.

"Young Mr. Harper? The grand young Mr. Harper? And his people don't know?"

"He couldn't tell before I did. We were going to wait till he graduated."

"What will his people be thinking of us, to take their son from them like thieves in the night? Ah, Alice, how could you?"

It was a point of view which had never occurred to the somewhat egocentric Alice.

"He stole me just as much as I did him," she cried, "and he isn't anybody's son anyway. His father and mother died when he was just a baby. He's just got that aunt."

"What aunt?"

"Miss Josephine Harper."

"I've seen her," Aloysia McCarthy pronounced. "A face as proud as a castle wall. She'll never forgive you; no, nor him."

"Well, what if she doesn't? Bunny's got plenty of money of his own."

"Oh, you're young and cruel, Alice, or it's not of money you'd be thinking. That a boy should be forsaken by his own flesh and blood for a child of mine!"

Aloysia McCarthy was pale now—pale with a prospect terrible to her imagination. "Go down and telephone for the automobile," she commanded Alice.

"Where are you going, momma? To talk to Father Sullivan?"

"I'm not worried about a saintly man like that, I know will forgive anything. I'm going straight to Miss Harper and plead with her on bended knee, and if you're the girl I think you are you'll go with me."

"No, no," Alice bawled, "Bunny wouldn't like that. Bunny'll tell her."

"It doesn't matter what you two children like or not. You've done Miss Harper a great wrong, and it's for me to tell her as soon as I come to know it, and tell her it's none of my doing. Go telephone, and get on your hat and coat."

"Oh, momma, I can't. I'm so sick."

IV

MISS JOSEPHINE HARPER fancied herself as something of a decadent, by which she meant that Syrchester bored her profoundly. Josephine Harper was the princess to whose christening only the fairy Contentment had failed to receive an invitation. Born of the richest and most

(Continued on Page 107)

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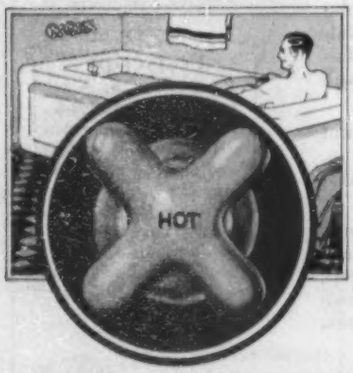
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(Continued from Page 104)

brilliantly connected family in Syrchester, she had, if not actual beauty, at least tremendous style, which is a good deal more satisfactory on the whole. She possessed spirit and charm as well. In her girlhood Syrchester had adored her. When she went voyaging or visiting, it had always been to new triumphs of approval. After a time that sort of thing becomes almost insupportable.

If she had fallen in love with the right man, and he had cared nothing about her, life might suddenly have taken on meaning, but the only time she had been even mildly interested the gentleman had been far more so, and it would have been anticlimactic as a match. She'd decided not to do anything silly. Since, apart from that brief incident, she had been unswervingly faithful to herself, and as the world did everything to applaud her choice, she became very bitter with the world.

She had spent the greater part of her more recent decades abroad, where she had to expend some slight effort not to be a nonentity, and where the knowledge that she was far from one still gave her a little pleasure. That winter, stupid business about selling some property had brought her back for a fortnight and held her month after month.

For years the only pleasure she had been able to wring from her brief returns to her native city lay in startling that community. At first it had been easy. Cigarettes and Sunday dances had produced very satisfactory convulsions in their day, but of recent years it had become more difficult. Syrchester was now almost as shockproof as Josephine Harper herself. Josephine resented that. When there were so few distractions! Of course there was always shopping. Acquisition was with her a passion to which she never grew entirely numb.

Her house crammed with treasures from the lands most dedicated to beauty, whenever she was in Syrchester Miss Harper went conscientiously to the little local antique shops, grubbing, searching, bearing home in triumph a plate or a vase which, had she seen it in Paris or Rome, where she spent most of her life, she would never have noticed. To pounce on the unsuspectedly desirable was fun, fed some instinct in her. And yet she realized with ghastly clarity that even the most surprising discoveries of Bristol and Jacob Petit were hardly enough to keep one alive through a whole winter. What was?

Miss Harper was still wonderfully smart, wonderfully young looking, completely mistress of the social system in which she found herself, and she had two bitter lines from her nostrils to the corners of her mouth, and sometimes she felt that the only thing she would really like to do would be to throw some gigantic monkey wrench into the mechanism of the universe and clog it irreparably, and so repay it for the chattering tedium of its movement.

When Mrs. James P. McCarthy was announced she was in her little study writing a scornful, funny, detestable letter to her old friend Ellen Hamilton, now Countess of Gifford, about everyone's stupidities.

"Who in the world is Mrs. James P. McCarthy?" she inquired of the maid who brought the card. "Is she a book agent, or does she want me to endow something?"

"Oh, no, ma'am. She's the widow of Mr. McCarthy, the contractor. It's her daughter that married young Mr. Denin."

"Neither fact seems to quite explain her bothering me. She didn't say what she wants?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, I suppose I may as well see her."

Miss Harper waited with a pleasurable sense that she was quite up to putting any intruder in her place that afternoon. She stayed in the chair at the desk because that looked more interrupted, and the pen in her hand would be effective for any gesture she might care to make.

"Mrs. McCarthy," the maid said at the door.

Miss Harper's lovely house, which was like nothing else in Syrchester, and certainly like nothing in Aloysia McCarthy's experience, had already reduced Aloysia to an almost religious awe.

"Yes," said Miss Harper in a crisp voice, "you want ——"

It was with difficulty that Aloysia kept her feet.

"How can I tell you?" she asked. "I'm innocent of blame, God knows, but the words won't come to my lips."

It was an extraordinary statement to be made by a person standing on the threshold of Josephine Harper's study.

"What?" Josephine asked, quite humanly.

"It will break your heart. I know it will break your heart."

Something excessively unpleasant had happened. People in America were always losing their money without warning. Josephine Harper's mind immediately flew to that worst of possibilities; though she didn't see how it could have occurred, or what this woman would have to do with it in any case.

"For heaven's sake, tell me what you're talking about," she commanded.

"It's your nephew."

"Oh, Bunny?"

"Yes."

"Some accident?"

There was real anxiety in Miss Harper's tone, but anxiety on an appropriately lower emotional scale.

"No, no. Don't think that. Months ago it happened, when I was in deep grief and didn't know."

"He's done something disgraceful?"

"He's married my Alice. Oh, there's nothing disgraceful in it, Miss Harper, only I know what it must be for you whose blood has been kept so fine and proud for generation on generation to have the nephew who holds all your hopes marry the daughter of plain people."

"Bunny's married?" Miss Harper said.

"Alice told me today. Oh, I know how I should mourn if one of my girls should marry someone way beneath her."

"What kind of a girl is Alice?" Miss Harper asked.

"What kind of a girl?" Aloysia echoed. "Oh, Miss Harper, the mother of God would be proud to own her, but she's not of your class, and there's no virtue can turn red blood into blue."

Now Miss Harper was extremely well-born, but having lived for some years in the Continental capitals she was not a person with inflated ideas as to the grandeur of any American ancestry. Grandfather Mitchell, for instance! Besides there were cousins who occasionally wrote letters—the sort of cousins anyone might have. Briefly, it was not unpleasant to her to have it implied that through her veins coursed the unalloyed life fluid which is to be found, on this side of the Atlantic, at least, only in the heroines of our less analytical novelists.

"I've heard that the two sorts mix very well, however," she said. "That's the history of the country, isn't it? The old race marrying with the new one?"

"You speak," said Aloysia McCarthy, "like a saint of God," and her great sea-blue eyes filled with tears which overflowed and spotted her crape.

"The thing I'm interested in," Miss Harper continued, "is when did it happen, and why all the mystery, and what is she like. Sit down, won't you?"

"Oh, it's not for me to sit," Aloysia murmured, slipping into a chair. "I wanted her to come with me so you could see her for yourself; but she's not well, Miss Harper. It's only that that made her tell me now."

"Oh!" Josephine Harper remarked. "You've seen the license, or certificate, or whatever it is one calls the thing?"

Aloysia McCarthy's face flamed.

"You don't know my girls, Miss Harper," she pronounced. "There's not one of them for whose virtue I would fear in a den of roaring lions."

Under ordinary circumstances Josephine Harper would have been the first to point out that she personally couldn't imagine more perfect chaperonage; but it had been so long since Miss Harper had heard a kind word spoken for virtue that the passion in Aloysia's voice actually rather thrilled her.

"Well, that does make it rather simpler," she commented. "I suppose the first thing to do is wire for Bunny, and then announce the marriage and laugh about the whole thing as much as we can."

"And you don't mind?" Aloysia McCarthy gasped, with the incredulous, startled wonder which was the drink Miss Harper's somewhat parched soul craved.

"How can one tell after thirty what one minds?" Miss Harper replied. "As a matter of fact, it comes as something of a relief to me that Bunny should have chosen a girl with such a nice mother. He's rather a fool, you know."

v

WHEN Aloysia and Alice lunched with Miss Harper so that they could all go together to meet the train on which Bunny was arriving, Aloysia was so overwhelmed with the beauty of the table appointments and the curious flowers and the service that she could scarcely eat.

"It's a different world from the world I've lived in," she said in an amazed voice.

"Pooh!" said Miss Harper. "It's just the same old materials tricked up a little bit more. I like possessions better than people; naturally I have to have nice ones."

Whatever her preferences, however, Miss Harper found herself definitely liking Aloysia. It was silly, of course, to work up any enthusiasm for a creature when one knew as much of the world as she did, but she had consciously to stop herself from being so cordial that Mrs. McCarthy would have had some justification for making a nuisance of herself later on. Alice she found dull.

"But I'm sure I don't know what I expected of Bunny's bride," she said to Evelyn Barmaster over the telephone that evening. "It's really an unexpected blessing that she's Aryan."

"What's the mother like?"

The question from Evelyn Barmaster, who, when Josephine Harper wasn't there, was undisputed mistress of Syrchester society, irritated Miss Harper.

"Perfectly enchanting," she replied. "Why on earth haven't I met her before?"

"You're being awfully brave about it," Mrs. Barmaster remarked; then, ever so impulsively, "Oh, my dear, I think it would be so much better psychologically if you just admitted how horrid it is for you."

"You mean because of the girl's humble origin? Don't be silly. It's about time the family had some new blood. When I think how little it takes to exhaust me I wish I had a good Irish peasant strain, I assure you."

Evelyn Barmaster herself was one of those tireless women, and a grandfather of hers had simply burst on the Syrchester of his day out of space. Miss Harper didn't feel it necessary to emphasize the point.

Bunny and Alice set off on a belated honeymoon, and Miss Harper waited for Mrs. McCarthy to make some move. She didn't think the woman was pushing, but if she proved to be so she could trust herself to regulate the relationship. Aloysia would as soon have thought of presuming on the Pope.

"I'll never see her again, most likely," she said to Ada McCarthy, "but I'll remember her in my prayers the longest day I live. She acted to me like a saint of God."

After two weeks, during which time Miss Harper had seen no one but the people she'd been seeing since she was five whenever she was in Syrchester, and been thoroughly bored by them, Miss Harper decided that she would call on her new connection.

No one could be more charming than Josephine Harper when she pleased, and that day it pleased her to reduce Aloysia to a pulp of adulation by her graciousness.

"You've treated me perfectly outrageously," she said just before she left. "You haven't even paid me a luncheon call. You've actually snubbed me."



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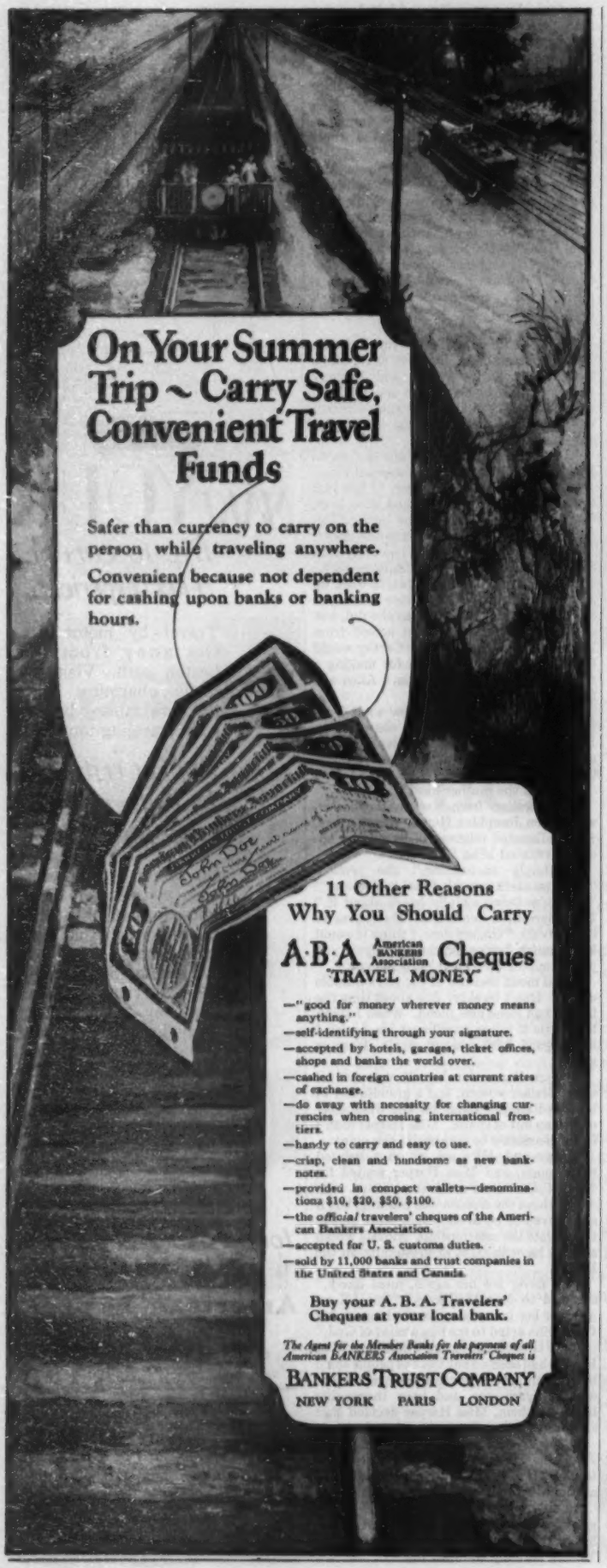
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"Did you think I'd have the impertinence?" Aloysia asked.

"I hoped you'd come. What do you do with yourself all day?"

"There are the girls."

"But they're in school, aren't they?"

"And I go to the shops."

"I haven't made the rounds for some time. Why don't we do them together some day?"

"Would you?"

"Tomorrow?"

"I should love it so dearly."

"I'll call for you about ten o'clock."

At ten sharp Miss Harper's great car drew up to Aloysia's door.

"Where first?" Miss Harper asked.

"To Agnew's, perhaps," Aloysia suggested, because it was the grand art shop of the city and the only one she thought worthy of Miss Harper's presence.

"Agnew's!" Miss Harper cried. "That stupid old robber's. That's not my sort of thing. We're going to really shop."

Then she gave the chauffeur an address, and they arrived at a second-hand store on the edge of the colored district which, as an afterthought, bore the sign: Antiques.

"Occasionally one happens on the most divine things here," Miss Harper remarked as she descended, and Aloysia had her first glimpse of what shopping may be.

Before the morning was over she had caught the trick and was burrowing through rubbish, and blowing off dust, and clambering to high shelves, her eyes keener even than Miss Harper's in the novelty of their interest. She was duly rewarded.

"Now you're to come home with me for luncheon," Josephine Harper told her, although the only word left with Miss Harper's servants had been that there was the bare possibility of a guest.

"Mrs. Barmaster called this morning, Miss Harper," the maid said when she was taking their coats.

"And you were out with me!" Aloysia cried regretfully, as though it had been her fault.

"Yes, thank heaven."

"Of course you know all these great people as I do Mrs. Noonan and Mrs. Schaus."

"Are there any great people in Syrchester? Who? That certainly wouldn't be my adjective for Evelyn Barmaster, who, copy me as she will, has never been able to get a dress which didn't make her look just a little bit commonplace."

"I only meant they were great to me," Aloysia apologized.

"Perhaps Sam Barmaster," Miss Harper mused. "Have you ever seen him? He is about as impressive as a head porter, except that he isn't black; which does lend some head porters a certain majesty."

"Oh, Miss Harper!" Aloysia McCarthy said, with the admiring frightened smile of a little girl hearing her brother swear for the first time and expecting to see him struck dead.

"It's perfectly true," Josephine Harper went on. "Now who else would come under your category of The Great? Janet Duncan, with her uncanny ability for turning any spot into a corner of Brooklyn on prayer-meeting night? Janet, who walks like this?"

Miss Harper did a few steps that suggested with irresistible drollery Mrs. Duncan's official waddle.

Aloysia McCarthy laughed, with the same half-frightened quality in her laugh.

Miss Harper wouldn't have liked any other reception of her lese majesty half as much. All through luncheon she continued a perfectly libelous summary of the foibles, origins and antecedents of Syrchester's brightest and best.

"Ah, but to people like me they're gods and goddesses," Aloysia told her.

"You must get over that," Josephine informed her. "I suppose the best way to cure you would be to introduce you to their tuppenny Olympus."

"Oh, they'd never bear with me on earth," Aloysia said.

The idea began to amuse Josephine Harper a great deal.

"I wonder if it would spoil you," she remarked.

Miss Harper's first step in its execution was at the tremendous dinner she gave for Alice and Bunny on their return, a function to have arranged which, without some *divertissement* for herself, would practically have prostrated her.

It would, of course, have been perfectly simple to shove Mrs. James P. McCarthy down everyone's throat that evening, and even to see to it that she was invited to most large functions in the future, but Miss Harper wanted something subtler and more amusing than that. The fact that Aloysia was still in first mourning provided Miss Harper's excuse.

"I know you wouldn't care to be present at such a function at this time," she said, "but I want you to know that they're being properly fed, and it may amuse you to hear the sounds of the gayety. Come, and I'll have your dinner served in my little study; and do be here early, so we can talk before the guests begin to arrive."

That was for inspection. Miss Harper didn't think it would be necessary, but one couldn't be sure.

Aloysia looked just as Miss Harper would have wished, in a soft black gown which showed the new slenderness determination had given her, her beautiful hair, with the white wing in front, done simply and becomingly. Most women in Syrchester had a hairdresser marcel them into what Miss Harper called cast-iron dogs for an occasion. In her hands she had a little carved mother-of-pearl dance program which she'd found on one of her junketing expeditions and was bringing as a present to Miss Harper. That night, however, Miss Harper was all impresaria.

"You keep it," she told her. "It finishes you exquisitely; it's just the touch. I may bring up a dull woman or two to introduce to you. You don't mind?"

There was dancing after dinner. Alice was feeling and looking splendidly, which was a blessing. When it began Josephine Harper went to three ladies one after another with an identical question.

"Have you met this child's adorable mother? She's like something out of Yeats. Let me take you up to her."

The three women were the three central pillars in the temple of Syrchester's society—Janet Duncan, Laura Hemenway and Evelyn Barmaster. They were matrons, all three, and the greatest of them, and the only one on whose reaction Miss Harper could not definitely count, was Evelyn Barmaster.

Miss Harper had considered a fourth—Amy Pell—but Amy Pell, though socially impeccable, was poor, and Miss Harper finally decided that the fewer she honored with her invitation the more effective it would be.

She spoke to Janet Duncan first. Janet Duncan had read no Yeats, but she'd heard a very good paper on him at the Woman's Club, and she went in a receptive mood. Aloysia was shy when she was introduced, and Janet made a real effort.

"It's too bad you can't be downstairs," she said. "Such a lovely party!"

"I'm not used to society, you know," Aloysia replied. "And just to be here is all the pleasure I could ask. I sit bursting with pride that my little girl should be meeting all of you, and you so kind to her."

That was good. Nobody in Syrchester was sure enough of being Society not to enjoy being assured that she was. Josephine, with her dread of anticlimax, spirited Mrs. Duncan away as shortly thereafter as possible, and Mrs. Duncan murmured things about, "A lovely creature. Just a mystic, you can see. One of those Irish mystics."

"She's simply the entire Celtic twilight in one person," Miss Harper said with finality.

Laura Hemenway, who was the next person Miss Harper brought—the procession upstairs did amuse Miss Harper; it was so like a dinner in Paris from which people

(Continued on Page 110)

In Buying A New Car, Ask These Two Questions:

"Has it a Centralized Chassis Lubrication System?"

MANY of America's motor car manufacturers are rushing plans to equip their next new models with lubrication systems similar to the famous "One Shot" System possessed by Chandler and Cleveland.

Some of the highest priced cars have already come forth with systems of centralized chassis lubrication. It is the natural trend of progress. Soon, we believe, people will consider a car out of date unless it has this advanced method of keeping itself in condition.

With both Chandler and Cleveland, you simply press a plunger with your heel, and before your watch can tick three ticks, "One Shot" thoroughly lubricates the entire chassis.



Just Press the Plunger
"ONE SHOT"
Lubricates the Entire Chassis!

"If Not, Will Your Next New Models Adopt It?"

In addition to being probably the greatest modern convenience an automobile could possibly offer to owners, "One Shot" keeps the car fit for its best performance. Chandler and Cleveland literally *ride on oil!*

No more crawling under with an oil-can or grease-gun—or paying somebody else to crawl under. Gone are all the work, worry, inconvenience and uncertainty of old-fashioned chassis lubrication.

Before you consent to buy any other car, ask the dealer if he can *guarantee* whether the next new models will or will not have centralized chassis lubrication. *You are entitled to know.*

CHANDLER-CLEVELAND

Motors Corporation

Cleveland, Ohio

Export Department, 1819 Broadway, New York

(Continued from Page 108)

had been taken to speak a few words with a dowager queen; that was where she'd got the idea of course—had never even heard of Yeats. She was the beautiful lazy wife of Herbert Hemenway, who owned the two big banks and most of the business district. She could hardly be counted on for positive aid; she would do little more than take the attitude everyone else did.

"How d'you do?" she said in her slow, seductive, Grade A voice, and that was all.

"I've seen you pass by so often in your great car with your sad, lovely face," Aloysia told her. "Little did I think I'd ever have the honor of shaking your hand."

That was all that mattered. Josephine Harper herself did most of the rest of the talking.

Evelyn Barmaster, however, was a different proposition. Evelyn not only knew Yeats, she knew Josephine Harper thoroughly and rather resented her.

"Oh, do you think it's worth my while?" she asked, when Josephine suggested the presentation. "I hate stairs, you know."

"Of course it is. Now, Evelyn, don't be elderly."

"Well, I'm your guest. I suppose I have to submit to being bullied."

Josephine Harper led her into the room with a real thrill of curiosity as to the outcome of the interview.

"This is Mrs. Barmaster, Aloysia," she said. "I've told you so many thousands of disagreeable things about her, you must feel as though you knew her."

Like Mrs. Hemenway, but with how great a difference, Mrs. Barmaster said merely, "How do you do?"

Aloysia felt something in the air. "I'm pleased," she said, and almost bobbed.

"Oh, these psychic people!" Josephine Harper groaned to herself. And thinking that it might relieve the tension a little, she said, "And now, my dears, if you'll excuse me, the cook is having hysteria in my dressing room about something which did or did not come, and I simply must go and pacify her." With that she evaporated, leaving the affair on the lap of the gods.

Silence spread itself through the little study like a poison gas.

"You know, Miss Harper has never said anything about you which wasn't kind and beautiful," Aloysia tried.

"Miss Harper feels it necessary to be humorous occasionally," Mrs. Barmaster replied, and when Aloysia spoke again she made her mind impervious to her caressing voice, employing it to think, "Well, to me this is a very usual Irishwoman, with all the homelier virtues, I have no doubt, but I'm sure I don't know why I should have been dragged up those stairs to see her."

Aloysia repeated, without much conviction, her speech about how she was bursting with pride to think of her little girl meeting all those people who were so kind to her.

"Naturally they're kind to her since she's Bunny Harper's wife," Evelyn Barmaster said. Then the silence began to spread again.

"It doesn't disturb me," Mrs. Barmaster thought. "For all I care it can last till Josephine Harper comes back."

It had endured an age, for almost a full minute, when Mrs. Barmaster noticed the little nacre *carnet de bal* with which Aloysia's nervous fingers were playing.

"What's that?" she asked.

"It's a little ball program I found in that tiny shop on Fifth Street."

"I've been there dozens of times and never seen it," Mrs. Barmaster said, somewhat indignantly.

"It was under a piece of lace I lifted myself."

"It's fascinating."

"I'm afraid I poke about in the show cases more than I should. The owners of the shops never seem to know what they have."

"Isn't it amazing?" Mrs. Barmaster commented; then she asked, "You care for that sort of thing?"

"It's my life," Aloysia answered.

Mrs. Barmaster had a rather agreeable picture of a woman who, living in their midst, had for years devoted herself quietly to the pursuit of the exquisite.

"I love them too," she said.

"Would you do me a great honor, Mrs. Barmaster?" Aloysia asked, her brogue more distinct perhaps than it had ever been. "Would you let me have the pride of having given this to you? It would make me so happy."

She held out the *carnet de bal*.

Evelyn Barmaster could, with one day's income, have paved the entire Union Station with mother-of-pearl ball programs, but the awful acquisitiveness of the very rich had been touched. Her eyes positively glittered.

"It's so sweet of you," she said. "It's an enchanting thing."

On the way downstairs Mrs. Barmaster asked Josephine Harper if she didn't think Mrs. McCarthy would come to her house for a very tiny luncheon, just themselves and perhaps one or two others.

VI

IT WAS so easy that it wasn't so much fun as Miss Harper had expected it to be. For a few weeks it had been exhilarating, though; it had been like a conspiracy. Aloysia's attitude had created that effect. She had thought it dearly wicked of Miss Harper to issue her among her friends, knowing her counterfeit and unworthy.

She wasn't established, of course; Miss Harper doubted that she ever would be, but she'd been invited to the right sort of intimate function at the house of almost every important woman in Syrchester and had gone, under Miss Harper's wing. There had even been several invitations about which Miss Harper had said, "No, I don't believe I'd accept. She's a very dull, pushing creature," or, "No. She's been trying for me for years and we won't let this be the breach in the wall," or something of the kind.

The reason Josephine Harper didn't think Aloysia would ever be really established was because of that absurd sense of her own unsuitability for society which obsessed her, that sense which was not only an outgrowth of her own modesty but a heritage from her years of living with shy little James P. McCarthy and his conviction that they were plain people.

Josephine doubted that Aloysia would ever be able to refuse an invitation with conviction; and without that ability, where was one?

Not that Miss Harper wanted to destroy the trait in Aloysia which made for that weakness. From it sprang heaven alone knew how much of her charm. But the point was that she'd proved to her own satisfaction that under her guidance any doors in Syrchester were open to Mrs. McCarthy, and there wasn't any further amusement to be wrung from the matter. Miss Harper grew restless again, and then in March the business which had been holding her in Syrchester terminated abruptly and she was free.

The prospect of her departure was frightening to Aloysia. Except for James P. McCarthy she had never had an intimate friend before. The little group of women absorbed in the church and small politics on whom she had drawn for companionship for the twenty years before Alice's marriage had not taken her social apotheosis lightly, and Ada McCarthy, her sister-in-law, had not failed to keep her informed of their sentiments. When Miss Harper was gone, where would she be?

Ada's visits to Aloysia at that period were just as comforting as so many fittings of the shirt of Nessus.

"Mrs. Noonan says," she related once, for example, "that she notices that now you're so grand you don't walk down her side of the street any more."

Aloysia was but human and the Celtic twilight didn't cling so softly about her in her relation to Ada.

"I ride in my car and try to obey traffic regulations," was her reply to that particular comment. "Has Mrs. Noonan any objection to that?"

"Oh, you know what she's like. And Mrs. Schaus said you told her you were going out to the Duncans' when she met you the other day."

"And so I was."

Aloysia had thought it would give Mrs. Schaus a little pleasurable excitement to talk with someone on her way out to the Duncans'; it would have her. And she hadn't boasted; she'd told it as though it was the miraculous experience for her it was.

"The way she laughed about it just made my blood boil," Ada declared. "Of course they're all just jealous. Why, even Mrs. Slattery said —— No, I won't tell you. There's no use stirring up trouble. I was never one to do that."

"She might have said that I paid her husband his great big legal bill the day he presented it without a complaint."

"Well, that wasn't just it," and Ada gave her dry titter.

When Mrs. Slattery's remark was extracted it proved not to be much, if Ada was revealing the whole of it; but Aloysia grew to dread her sister-in-law's appearances and would sit through her visits, every nerve tingling with injury and anger. What hold had those women on her that they should expect her to keep to herself for their sakes? Who were those women anyway?

Then there were the twins. The twins should have been a great comfort but —— It didn't seem to Aloysia that the class of girls at the school they attended was as nice as it used to be and—of course you couldn't interfere in such things, and they were both children anyway, but Buddy Nelson was with Nora such a lot.

He was all right, of course, but with the other girls married so well, and Nora so beautiful ——

Aloysia treasured her moments until Miss Harper's departure, shutting her eyes to the future. Then one day, when first the intolerable March of middle New York held Syrchester in its grip—the March which makes the best paved street a mere runnel of baked Alaska, the March which is quite as apt as not to prolong itself into April, and even overstep the threshold of May — Miss Josephine Harper dropped in at Mrs. McCarthy's.

Aloysia's house was in a turmoil, but not the old turmoil. Plasterers were there, and paper hangers and painters. The rooms Miss Harper was led past were being made as close an approximation of her own house as was possible without her accumulation of family possessions, but as she herself had made many of the suggestions for the work, Miss Harper was not annoyed, as she would otherwise have been, but merely amused.

Aloysia was in her bedroom, which had been hung in powder blue with a really extraordinarily lovely larkspur chintz.

"It's you!" she said as she saw Miss Harper, and her sea-blue eyes repeated all the things she was always saying about "My dearest friend. The one who's done more for me than my own mother could, God rest her soul."

"Yes, it's I," Miss Harper admitted. "I've come to berate you."

"What have I done?" There was real alarm in Aloysia's voice.

"Something inexcusable."

"Oh, darling, and you to be gone so soon. Tell me."

"You've made yourself indispensable to me. And I've come to tell you that you've got to come with me."

"Over the sea?"

Miss Harper nodded inexorably.

It was a solution that Aloysia hadn't dreamed.

"Oh, Miss Harper, dear, how can I, with the house upset as it is, and Alice's baby coming, and no one to leave the twins with?"

"Nonsense," Miss Harper exclaimed, and she went on to elaborate on that thesis.

"I've had a great deal of experience with workmen and the only thing to do with them is to ignore them. They languish under that sort of treatment, instead of enjoying your agonies if you stay about to rage at them."

"But Alice then."

"You'd only be an annoyance to her. These young people manage that sort of thing much better alone. It's awfully simple nowadays anyway."

"And I suppose I could leave the twins with Ada McCarthy," Aloysia played with the idea.

Once, by one of those coincidences about which fate is simply malicious, Miss Harper had met Miss Ada McCarthy in Aloysia's hall. Josephine Harper closed her lips in a curious way she had.

"Shall I speak my mind?" she asked, and proceeded to do so.

"My dear, don't leave those children with that terrible woman. If ever I saw two girls who badly needed as much of a good school as they could possibly be given, it's those youngsters of yours. Do you know that I saw your ravishingly beautiful Nora walking up the street with that pretty little boy who mixes sodas in Nelson's drug store?"

"Buddy Nelson," Aloysia said humbly.

"As for Fredericka, what she needs is a strenuous English course. Does she ever talk anything but slang? And not very good slang. At least, I judge not; I can always understand what she means."

"But what school could I send them to in the middle of the year?"

"A friend of mine runs St. Agnes' outside of Baltimore, where I went. I'm sure she'd squeeze them in."

"To me it seems such a mighty undertaking to cross the water," Aloysia sighed.

"Pshaw! Don't be silly. It will be my twenty-ninth crossing. If anything happens to the boat, I'll row you."

The interview continued for more than an hour, Miss Harper bowling down every objection with a scoff as soon as it was set up.

Then suddenly Miss Harper was bored and rose.

"Now don't shilly-shally," she said. "Decide. Will you come or not?"

"There's nothing you could ask me I would refuse," Aloysia answered.

The wickedness of sending children away to school, like the futility of any parental attempt to frustrate a love affair, had been one of the late Mr. McCarthy's great theses, and one with which Aloysia had agreed so vehemently in the presence of her daughters that, had she been of another temperament, she might have found it hard to tell the twins of her project. She did not, however.

"Darlings," she said to them when they came home that afternoon, looking into their faces with an almost poignant sincerity, "Miss Harper and I have been discussing you and the ways you've fallen into, this morning, and I've decided to make a great sacrifice for your sakes. I'm going to send you away from me, though the thought is like a stone dropping on my heart."

"Going to send us away?" Fredericka squealed.

"To St. Agnes' School, where Miss Harper went, and where you'll learn something different these last few months of your education."

"Why, what've we done, momma? It sounds like a reformatory."

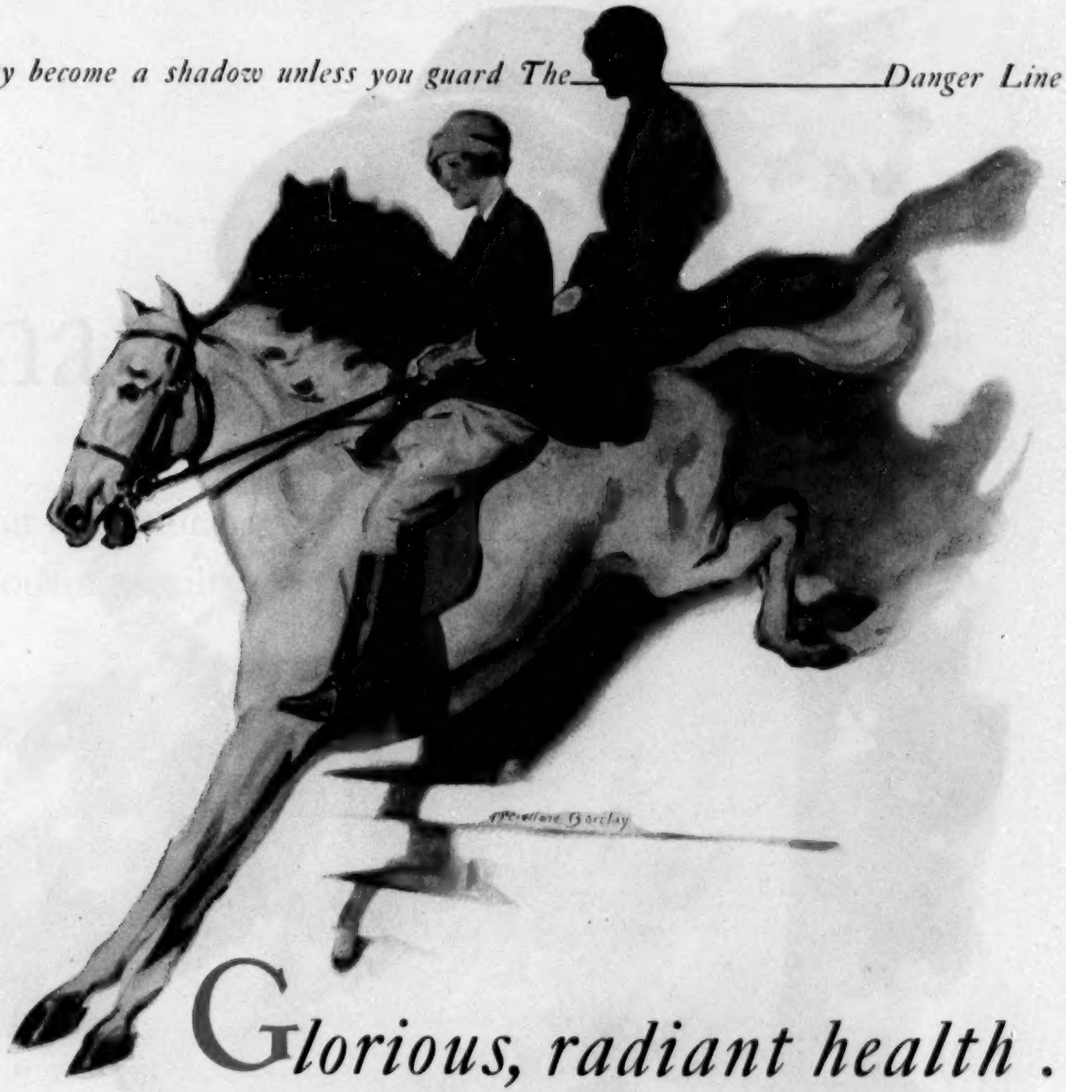
"You've done nothing, my darlings. It's only that the school here hasn't done right by you. But I'd thought of what Fredericka says, and in order that there should never be breathed a suspicion of the sort, and it all seem as natural as the opening of a flower, I'm going away with Miss Harper and close the house. I'm going across the sea, though my courage almost fails me at the thought."

Nora thought of Buddy Nelson and made a little sad sound of regret, but Fredericka began to protest shrilly.

"Oh, gee! Just when we were getting up a swell club!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Health may become a shadow unless you guard The Danger Line



Glorious, radiant health . . . *Will you keep it now?*

SPARKLING eyes . . . radiant health . . . how quickly the world responds to them!

Yet how quickly they may be lost by carelessness or neglect!

How easily, too, they may be protected by a little thoughtfulness. . . .

Begin with The Danger Line

Dentists and physicians tell us that diseases of the teeth and gums alone cause thousands of cases of ill-health—rheumatism—heart and nervous disorders—premature old age. . . .

They also state that most serious dental troubles start at The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet. The rounded edges of the gums form tiny V-shaped crevices there. Food particles collect in these crevices. Then they ferment, forming acids that cause decay and also weaken the gums, making them subject to disease.

Keep these acids neutralized. Keep the teeth clean and the delicate gum edges strong and well. Then you will be free from danger of serious dental troubles.

Many dentifrices clean the surface of the teeth, but they do not neutralize the acid between the teeth nor protect the V-shaped crevices along The Danger Line.

The Squibb Laboratories realized this several years ago. Upon the advice of prominent dental authorities, they developed a new kind of dentifrice. A dental cream that not only cleans perfectly . . . *but that also protects the teeth and gums from acids for hours after use.* . . .

Why Squibb's is so Effective

Members of the profession long have recognized that Milk of Magnesia is the most effective of all products for neutralizing mouth acids. Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50% of this safe, pleasant antacid—enough to neutralize all mouth acids. Used regularly, it prevents most decay. It reduces the peril of Pyorrhea, relieves sensitive teeth and sore gums. It helps to keep the entire mouth in a healthy condition.

Safeguard your precious health now. Prevent the many serious troubles that arise from neglect or the wrong methods of protecting your teeth. Just remember—the acids at The Danger Line must be neutralized—and Squibb's Dental Cream accomplishes this safely, pleasantly and effectively. In addition, it brings you all the advantages that can be expected of any good dentifrice. No wonder this dentifrice has become one of the largest selling dental creams in the world. At druggists' everywhere—40 cents a tube.

TRY THIS SIMPLE TEST—*Tonight, just before going to bed, take a tablespoonful of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, swallow about a teaspoonful of it—and use the rest to swish about the mouth and as a gargle. You will be surprised in the morning to find how clean and sweet your mouth feels. The Milk of Magnesia will not only have neutralized the acids in your mouth, but sweetened the stomach. The same test may be made with Squibb's Dental Cream—it contains over 50 per cent Squibb's Milk of Magnesia.*

In almost any drug store you will find 20, 30, even 40, different kinds of dentifrices. Many people buy these dentifrices. . . . changing from one to another. They seem disappointed. They brush their teeth regularly . . . yet they still have decay and gum diseases . . . WHY?

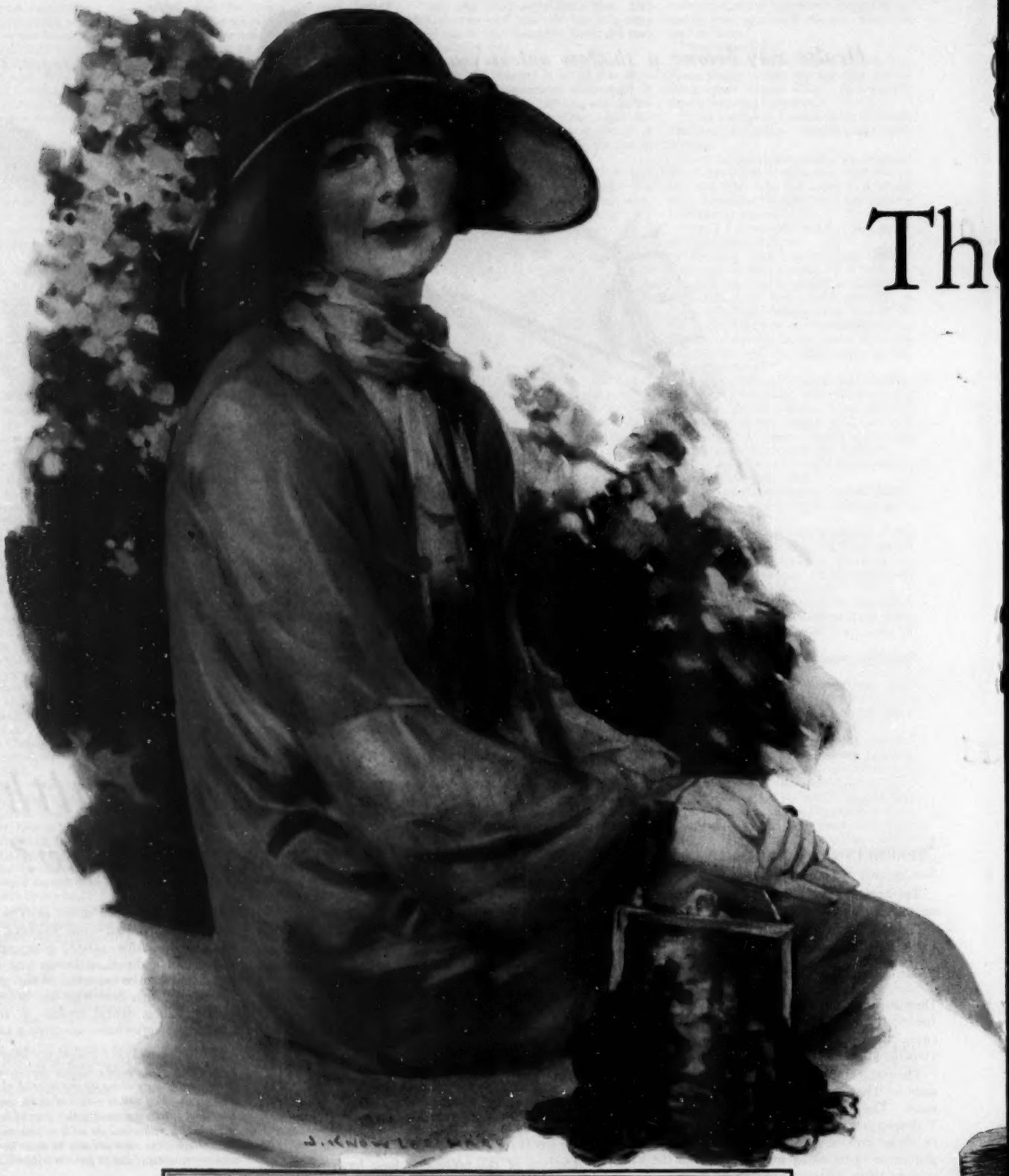
Because your teeth need more than brushing. They must be protected at THE DANGER LINE.

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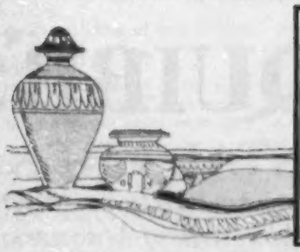
SQUIBB'S

DENTAL CREAM

Contains over fifty per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia



Th



YOUTHFUL charm lost is the supreme tragedy in a woman's life. For once lost, it rarely is regained. But youth *retained*, as experts know and urge, is quite a different matter. That *can* be done and *is being done* by women everywhere today. Start now with the simple skin care printed at the right. What comes in youthful charm and skin clearness will amaze you.



ose Charming Forties

are but the natural reward of youth safeguarded, as thousands will tell you, in this simple way

YOUTH at forty means caution at twenty, *extreme* care through the thirties . . . and rigid avoidance of untried ways every day of one's life.

Thus modern beauty culture turns now to natural means, and frowns on the artificial, often dangerous ways of yesterday.

The scientific skin care of today starts with the proved doctrine of pores kept open, of the skin cleansed daily with the balmy lather of Palmolive.

It is a simple method, but *certain* in results. And what it is bringing to millions, it will bring to you.

This is the method. Follow it, please, for one week. . . note the difference then

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on overnight. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive, massaging it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. Let the final rinsing be with cold water. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Avoid this mistake

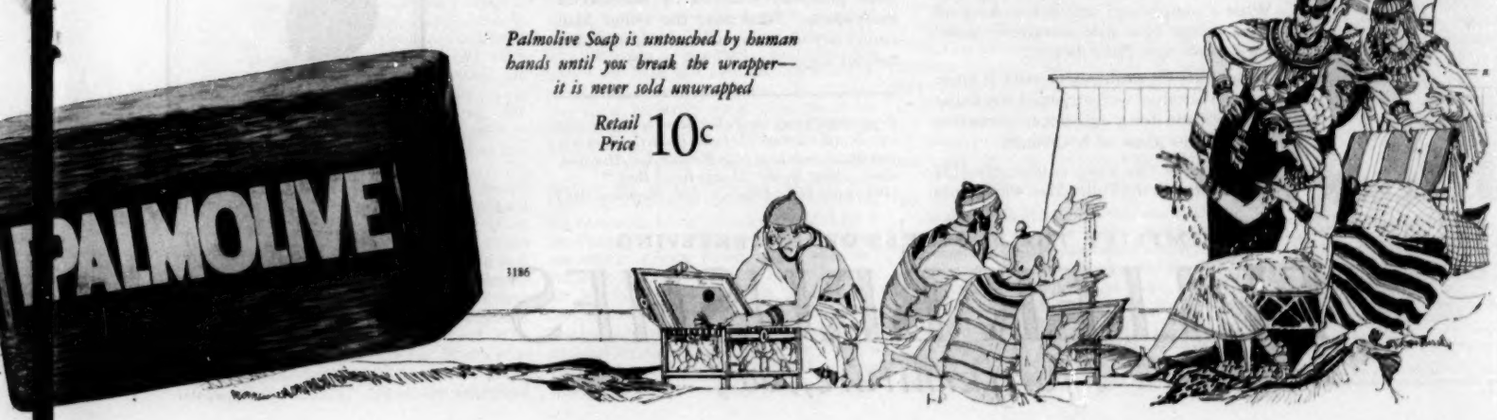
Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. Although so great a luxury, yet the price is within the reach of all.

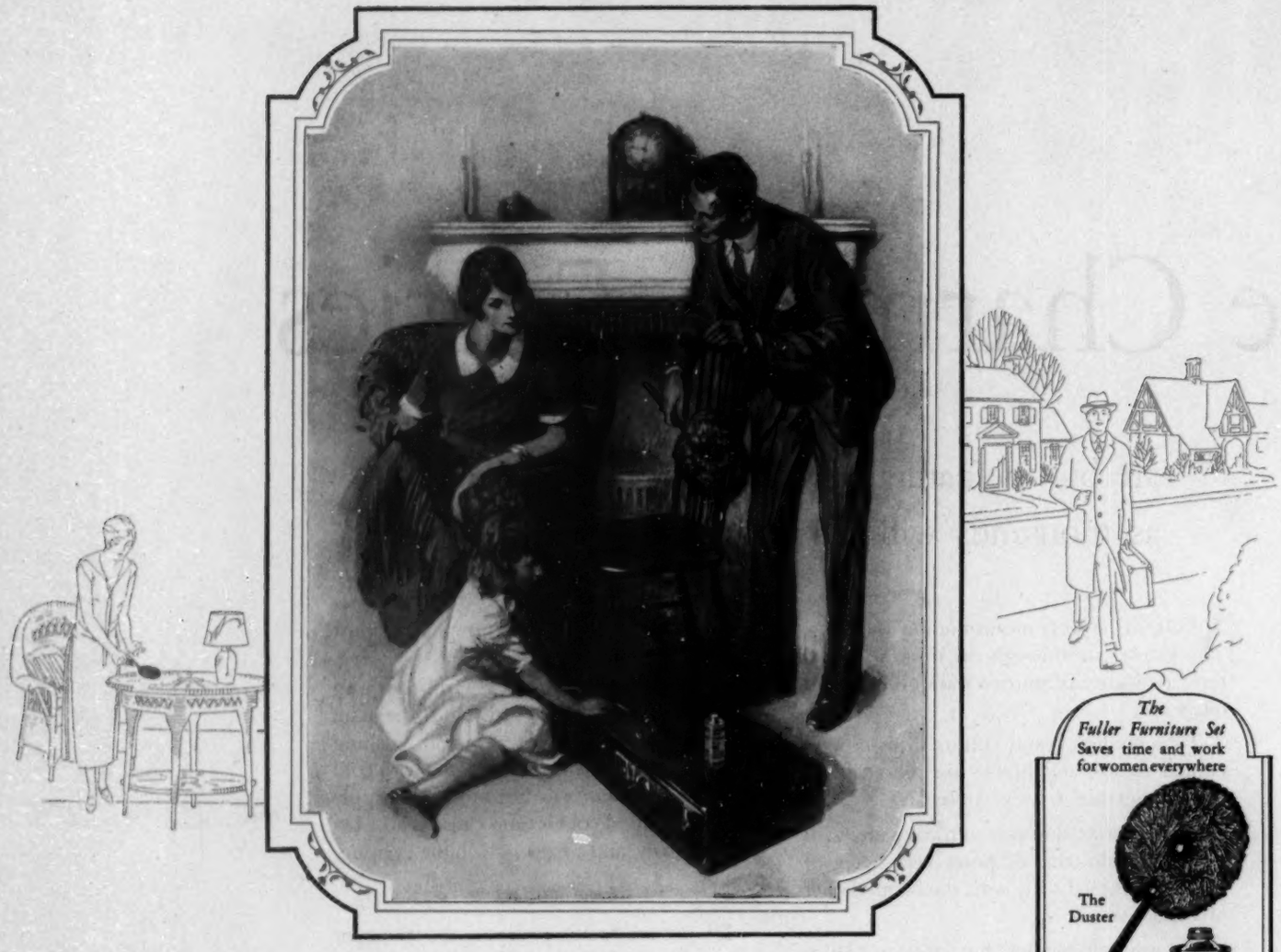
It costs but 10c the cake! so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

Retail Price 10c





Fuller has made it easier to care for your furniture

Tables and chairs, a davenport . . . piano, book cases, the radio . . . beds, dressers, lamps . . . these and the hundred and one other things that we call furniture! How different they all are in shape, in size, in finish. Some surfaces are highly polished, some painted wood or wicker, some upholstered in velour or mohair or tapestry. What a complicated task it is to keep all these things neat, trim, attractive—*unless you have the right Fuller Brushes.*

To simplify the problem, to make it easier to keep furniture well groomed, the Fuller organization long ago began intensive study of this phase of housework.

The result of this study is now available to you through the Fuller Man who comes to your home. He will explain many short cuts that will save you time and trouble in keeping your furniture at its best. He will show you a set of Fuller Products especially designed to make this work easier. Fuller Furniture Polish, for instance, is one of the new Fuller Products that has been gratefully received by housewives everywhere. Next time the Fuller Man comes to your house be sure to hear all the helpful suggestions he has to offer.

If you want to see the Fuller Man before his next regular call, telephone The Fuller Brush Co. Branch in your city, or write us at 1058 Windsor Ave., Hartford, Conn., asking for the "Handy Brush Book." (In Canada, Fuller Brush Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.)



SIMPLIFY THE BUSINESS OF HOMEKEEPING

FULLER BRUSHES

for furniture, too

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AS WIDE AS A BARN DOOR

(Continued from Page 27)

"I'll tell the coach. I'll have to get excused from athletics. But I don't have to tell the fellows."

"What will they think?"

"I don't care what they think."

"I know how you feel," Hilda said. "But it will be a lot simpler just to tell the truth. If you don't they'll never forgive you for not coming out for the team."

"I can't stand everybody's knowing it. If I'm a cripple, all right. I won't have people pitying me. I'm going to say I'm off athletics and stick to it."

"But, Michael ——" Hilda protested.

"That's what I'm going to say at home," he interrupted.

"You may get away with it there. But they just won't believe you at school."

They argued it backward and forward, Hilda trying to persuade him to take the easier and simpler way and Michael stubbornly insisting on keeping his secret, until midnight.

"Of course," she said, following him to the door when he got up to go, "I'm for you, even if you are a fool."

He paused a moment in the doorway and held out his hand as if she were a boy. She took his hand in hers. They shook hands gravely.

Michael, rummaging for food in the pantry, heard the car come up the drive and knew that his father and mother were coming home. He slipped up the back stairs with an apple tart in one hand and a glass of milk in the other. He listened outside his own door as they came into the front hall. He could hear them plainly.

"What do you suppose is the matter with that boy?" his father asked.

"Is anything the matter?" his mother asked.

"I found him reading poetry in the library just before dinner and looking as if the bottom had dropped out of the world."

"It sounds as if he had fallen in love," his mother said lightly.

Their voices trailed off as they went into the living room. Michael smiled grimly and closed his door.

III

HE FOUND it easier to drop out of athletics at school that spring than to be left out of everything when he got home in June. His friends at home spent most of their time at the Deep Harbor Yacht Club. They played tennis all morning and went swimming or sailing all afternoon, and danced one night a week. He couldn't play tennis; he couldn't swim; he couldn't dance. His contemporaries badgered him to join them for a week or two. But they soon tired of battering at his quiet stubbornness. They learned, in a surprisingly short time, to let him alone.

Michael went to see the New York specialist again and was told that his heart hadn't changed a particle. He was too deeply hurt to seek out Hilda. He could not bear again to seem pathetic, even to her; especially to her. He took long walks by himself, as if, by walking, he could escape from himself. There was some profound gratification in walking. It was the only exercise left to him. It eased his constant debate with himself. It soothed, if it did not answer, his questioning. For he could not make up his mind either to die or to go on living. He would walk for miles while his mother supposed he was at the yacht club and his friends supposed he was at home.

He came one afternoon in July to the old Jouvert place. Jouvert was a Frenchman who had bought an enormous property on the edge of Deep Harbor and built a house in imitation of some medieval château and never lived in it. Michael found himself in the courtyard of Jouvert's abandoned castle. It was a gloomy place, surrounded by tall evergreens. Michael stood still, listening. But no sound came. Every window was carefully boarded up. He turned toward the stables. Across the courtyard was a tremendous barn of stone. Even the windows of the barn were boarded up. The door was of heavy oak. Michael picked up a pebble and threw it. The pebble struck the oak door and bounding back, went hopping across the stone flags of the courtyard till its force was spent.

In the days when he had played tennis he had wanted just such a place as this for practicing tennis strokes. He sat down on a step and considered it. The walls of the barn were of roughly finished stone. A ball would not bound truly from them. They should have been brick. But the barn door was smooth. It was broad enough. It was six or eight feet broad. The paved surface of the yard was quite smooth, almost as smooth as a tennis court. And you did not face the sun.

Michael went home and got a tennis racket and balls. He stood back forty feet from the barn door and served. The ball came two-thirds of the way back to him, bounded waist-high. He let it fall. On its second bounce it came even with him. He caught it and served again, a bit harder. He served a dozen times, until he knew just how hard to hit the ball to bring it back to where he stood on its first bound. It was really not any harder exercise than walking. He sat down on the steps at the rear of the house and felt his pulse. It seemed all right. He was conscious of the beating of his heart. But that, he told himself, was only because he was very much excited. He hadn't for months known the happy sensation, partly a sound and partly a feeling for the motion, of hitting a tennis ball with a racket.

He got up and served again. This time he permitted himself to drive the ball that came back from the oak door. He would not run for it. If it came back out of reach he let it go. But when he got it just right, so it bounded waist-high at the point where he stood, he drove it. His drive was less accurate than his service. The ball seldom came back after a drive so that he could reach it without running for it. But he did not permit himself to hit it even when it did. He knew that if he began keeping the ball in play against the wall he would soon be running his head off. He would be playing quite as hard as if he were playing against an equal on the tennis court. His heart wouldn't stand that. He wasn't quite ready to die. If he could go on hitting a tennis ball against this barn door he would rather live. The thing to do was to hide the racket and balls and come here every day and see what happened.

He got a brush and a small can of white paint the next day, and measuring the proper height with his racket, he drew a broad line across the barn door to represent the top band of a tennis net. He stepped off the distance to the base line and marked that on the flags with the paint. Finally, just above the line, he made a circle with the paint, a target at which to serve.

He found that he could practice every tennis stroke against the barn door. He could serve a ball so it struck in the corner where the door met the stone flags and it would bound high in the air and come down like a lob—to be smashed. He could step inside the base line and, serving sharply, bring the ball back for a volley; or, varying the angle, he could make it bound at his feet for a half volley. But the door was best of all for driving.

He got in two or three weeks so he could serve at the target, bring the ball back just right for a forehand drive; and driving off his forehand, bring it back just right for a backhand drive. When one of the three successive strokes failed, when the ball came back out of reach, he refused to run for it. His whole attention was concentrated on smooth, easy, accurate stroking, so that he could reach the returning ball without running for it. He made it a rule never to try to hit the ball more than three times in succession before stopping. And when he found himself violating this rule, when he caught himself in the act of running for the ball, he stopped, sat down, rested. When he got up again he served at the target, refusing to drive, refusing to give himself the privilege of driving even when the ball came just right.

He practiced against the barn door every afternoon that summer, through July, through August, through the first weeks of September, until he went back for his last year in school. He knew he was taking more violent exercise than the specialist would have approved. He did not care. It was not much more violent. If it meant death, then he would rather die. He did not intend ever to go back to the specialist. If his practice was injuring his heart he would not know it. This much of life he would have, or nothing.

He did not know what to do with himself the first week at school. The coach had let slip the fact that Michael's heart did not permit him to play football, so he was not regarded as a renegade who cared nothing for the school. But standing on the sidelines watching the practice irked him. There was no abandoned château, no empty barn with a door of smooth oak and a paved surface in front of it, near the school. But there were handball courts in the gymnasium. He found he could sneak away to the deserted gymnasium during football practice and get in an hour with a racket and ball.

The coach caught him late one afternoon.

"I'm being very careful," Michael said.

The coach stood watching him for five minutes.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

"I feel fine," Michael said. "Except sometimes," he added honestly, "when I think about my heart."

"You'd better be careful," the coach said.

He saw Hilda again at Christmastime. He had avoided her all the months since he had told her he could never play tennis again, as he had avoided everybody else. But now, meeting her in the village, he walked up the hill with her. They stood desultorily in front of her house. She put her arm through his.

"Come in," she said, "and talk to me."

Michael followed her into the house. They sat again in front of the living-room fire.

"You're looking awfully well," she said. "You're looking a lot more like yourself than you did last summer."

"I'm getting used to it," he said.

"Do you have to be a grouch and never see anybody and never go anywhere?"

"I can't do the things that other people do. I'm thinking of not going to college—I mean of going to some place like Boston Tech to study architecture instead. You see, if I can't be an athlete like Larry I might be something else. I'd like to be an architect like my father."

"Do you know what people say about you?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"They say you've gone highbrow."

"Well—what of it?"

"I think it's fine of you," Hilda said. "It's a lot better than going into mourning because you can't play football or tennis. It's so much better just to give it up and go in for something else."

"I still care about that," he said quietly. "I know I can't play tennis again. But I can't quite give up the idea that I might."

"If you only could," she said, "just forget it."

He shook his head. He was tempted to tell her about the barn door. But he did not want to appear any more pathetic in her eyes than he was. It was silly to practice a game you could never play. But it was all he had left of his dream. He would keep that much of his old self.

"I've given up a lot of things," he said. "But I can't give up being kind of damn fool."

(Continued on Page 117)

Famous Travelers Enthuse Over Seattle

D. Everett Waid, former president of The American Institute of Architects and experienced world-traveler, said: "Constantinople is one of the most beautiful cities and Seattle is remarkably like it. If anything, it is more beautiful."

When Marshal Joffre, of France, had completed his American tour he was asked in Washington, D. C., what city impressed him most. He replied: "Seattle is, without doubt, the keystone of your western empire. Its picturesque, majestic harbor surrounded by the snow-crested peaks of its great mountains, made a profound impression upon me. I shall never forget it."

William Howard Taft said of Seattle's boulevards: "One of the most magnificent combinations of modern city and medieval forest, of formal gardening and Nature's handiwork, with the most beautiful vistas of lake, sea and snow-capped mountain peak, in this or any other country."

Gifted Maria Jeritza, prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, exclaimed: "These mountains—they are wonderful! These great trees; wonderful too! I did not know you had anything like them in America. Marvelous!"

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, famous author and lecturer, says in one of his published writings: "When once we cross the summit of the Cascades we enter a totally different climate . . . . the Charmed Land of the American Continent, the most restful and soothing climate in the world, the land where 'it is always afternoon.' The climate of this section is unique in the western hemisphere."

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HARRY LANGDON in "Tramp Tramp Tramp"

7 *Reels of Long Langdon Laffs*

PEOPLE say—"There's something *different* about HARRY LANGDON'S smile . . . It sorter gets you—inside!"

And it does!

Watch it. Slow . . . then flickering . . . fading . . . Why look! He's going to make you cry! . . .

Suspense for a second—balanced dizzily on that hairline between mirth and tears—

Then a sudden flash of those funny lips! . . . He's happy! You're happy! Everything's all right!

"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" is a kaleidoscope of pathos, comedy, adventure, that brings you straight up in your seat! Again First National pioneers by presenting HARRY LANGDON, supreme short comedy King, in his *first* 7-reel feature—the peak in the career of one of the greatest of screen comedians!

Presented by
HARRY LANGDON CORP.





Children cried for him—but everyone else got a tremendous laugh!



She lost her head—and found it on his shoulder.

A two-gun man—at the wrong end of the guns.

First National Pictures

A First National Picture

(Continued from Page 115)

She smiled at him—a warm, understanding, maternal smile—the smile, not of a girl of seventeen but of a woman. Michael responded to it. He couldn't help responding to it. But, walking home, he wished she weren't so sweet to him. In the old days she had often hurt his feelings as deeply as she could. She had razzed him unmercifully. They had had bitter quarrels, followed by weeks of not speaking to each other. The change in her way with him could only mean that she no longer regarded him as an equal, able to give as good as he got, but someone who deserved her sympathy. She must know that she was one of the things he had given up. A boy with a bad heart couldn't keep up with a girl like Hilda.

She had said, the night he had told her about his heart, that it wouldn't make any difference. It had made a difference instantly. It had changed everything between them. It had made her tender. She had never been tender before.

No, he would go on practicing strokes against the barn door in secret. For the rest, he would work. If he could not beat other boys in sport he would beat them in his profession. If he could not be somebody in college, he would be somebody when he got out of the technical school.

IV

MICHAEL came home after his third year in the technical school to hear about a newcomer in Deep Harbor. His name was Phil Beamish, and he was rushing Hilda. Michael saw them dance together and decided that she was interested in him. But he did not begin to hate Phil until Phil beat Bob Carter so badly for the club tennis championship.

Phil was just such a slam-bang, net-rushing, chance-taking player as Michael would have liked to be. Bob Carter was fairly steady, but he had neither the accuracy nor the speed to beat that game. He couldn't keep Phil away from the net. Phil ran in on his service, or on his next shot, and killed Bob's chopped returns. The score was 6–3, 6–1, 6–1.

Michael couldn't stand it. He wondered, walking home, why he had taken such a dislike to Phil. He knew, of course. It was because of Hilda. But why should that do it? Hadn't he given up Hilda? Hadn't he known that Hilda would inevitably fall for somebody else?

He went down to the yacht club the next afternoon, intending to go sailing and hoping to catch a glimpse of Hilda. It was years since he had had a real talk with Hilda.

He ran into a knot of tennis fans in the locker room telling Phil Beamish how good he was. Michael listened to the talk in an increasing temper. Beamish was a good deal too pleased with himself. Somebody ought to take him down a bit. What he needed was a good beating on the court.

It was at this unfortunate moment that somebody asked Michael if he had seen the match.

"Yes," Michael said dryly. He turned to Beamish. "I thought you did some very pretty volleying." But he couldn't stop there. He wanted to say something Beamish wouldn't like. "Of course," he added, "I did think it was lucky for you that Bob wasn't smart enough to take advantage of the opening you left every time you ran in."

"I didn't know I left so much of an opening," Beamish said.

"You mostly left an opening as wide—as wide as a barn door," Michael said. "Anybody with a real drive would have passed you four times out of five."

"I suppose," Beamish said angrily, "that you think you could do it."

Michael spoke without stopping to think.

"Certainly," he snapped.

It was exactly like a fight. The next thing Michael knew he was standing on a tennis court for the first time in nearly four years with a tennis racket in his hand awaiting Phil Beamish's first service, and it was too late to back out. He didn't want to back out. He quite simply preferred to die.

He hadn't much time to think about anything. But he was conscious as he watched Beamish getting ready to serve of a whole series of memories and impressions. He saw again that day at school when he had collapsed in the last ten yards of his quarter mile against time; that the likable chap who had climbed into the umpire's high chair was a doctor he knew slightly, Doctor Bates; that he had been a fool to get into this and that he was glad of it; that the little group of fans was growing rapidly; then he wished Hilda would come down; that this was probably the hottest, sultriest, most oppressive afternoon of the summer—an afternoon to make a man with a sound heart turn purple in the face.

Beamish tossed the ball high above his head. Michael, leaning over, saw that his service was a slice. It came hard and fast toward his far forehand corner with Beamish charging the net behind it. Michael saw, as his arm swung back for the stroke, that there was an opening down the sideline six feet wide. For the briefest fraction of a second he saw in his mind's eye, just above the top band of the net, the familiar white target he had painted on the door and learned in these last years to hit nineteen times out of twenty. Then his eyes were on the ball and he felt the familiar weight of the ball in the middle of the strings, heard the familiar ping of the taut strings against the ball.

Beamish stabbed wildly to his backhand as the ball went past him.

Beamish walked briskly back to his base line and served again. Michael saw again the opening, wide as the barn door, pictured again the white target in the middle of it, saw the ball go low and true past Beamish's hard stab. The little crowd of fans laughed. Beamish grinned amiably and stayed back on his third service. After a long rally, Michael took the point. He won that first game without dropping a point.

It was a different matter when he began to serve. He could place the ball anywhere he liked in the service court, but he had very little speed. Beamish hit everything off his forehand with great power. The game went to deuce but Beamish took it.

Michael took a hitch at his belt as he waited for Beamish to serve again. He had that odd, fluttery, disconcerting feeling about his heart. He might not last the set. But the next moment Beamish served, and he forgot his heart in the delight of going for the ball. He was amazed at the control he had of the ball. He was hitting with only fairish speed. But he had the feeling that he could hit a teacup anywhere in Beamish's court every time. Beamish apparently had the feeling that he could too. He had quite abandoned any attempt to rush the net and was playing behind his own base line.

They alternated games, not as evenly matched players usually do, each winning his own service, but each winning on his opponent's service. When the games stood at 5–4, Michael let loose with everything he had on his service, risking double faults freely, and won the game and the set. Beamish took it for granted they would play another set. Michael felt quite certain he couldn't last another set. But he would not protest. He did last the set. He took it exactly as he had the other, at 6–4.

The third set was harder. The heat was beginning to get him. The rallies were longer. They played more deuce games. Time and again Michael thought he could not last another rally, another stroke. His heart no longer fluttered. It thumped against his chest. But with the games at 5–all he got a magical second wind. Beamish, desperate now, tried rushing the net again. Michael caught him flat-footed three times in succession. The games were 5–6 and Beamish was serving.

Beamish followed a double fault with a beautiful ace. The game stood at 15–all. Beamish took the next point after a long rally. The score was 30–15. Michael knew that he had to win now or not at all. He chopped Beamish's next service just over the net and tied the score at 30–all. Two more points to go. Beamish served a double fault. One more point to go. Michael stood waiting. He would have to get this point because it would be the last. He was swaying a little as he stood, and the court seemed to swim like the deck of a ship on a long swell. The ball was coming. He swayed to meet it, drove it, and followed it in to the net. Beamish's return was a high lob. Michael saw that lob going up, swayed backward, trying desperately to get behind it, got behind it, swung with a last gathering of his strength.

The next moment he realized that his feet were higher than his head. He struggled a little, trying to right himself.

He heard Doctor Bates' voice saying, "He's quite all right; he'll be all right in another minute; he has only fainted."

His head began to clear. He realized he was lying on a bench beside the court. "I'm all right," he said.

He had a talk with Doctor Bates when he had had a shower and got into dry clothes. He told Bates the story. Bates examined his heart and assured him that it was all right.

"You mean it's really sound—as sound as anybody's?" Michael asked.

"Rather sounder than most, I'd say."

"You mean that the specialist was mistaken?"

"I don't mean he was mistaken in thinking your heart was working badly at the time he examined you. He was merely mistaken in thinking it couldn't be cured by light exercise."

"You mean I can play tennis—dance—run—do anything I like?"

"Anything in reason," Bates answered.

"Then why did I faint this afternoon?"

Bates shrugged his shoulders.

"It was a hot day—you were going pretty hard."

"Beamish didn't faint."

Bates grinned.

"He didn't think there was anything the matter with his heart."

"What has thinking got to do with it?"

"It sometimes does make a difference," Bates said. "I don't mean that a man's heart would wholly fail him because he thought it would; and I certainly don't mean that a bad heart will come through merely because a man thinks it will. But I doubt if you would have fainted if you hadn't thought you were going to."

"I thought I was going to die," Michael said.

"That's the answer," said Doctor Bates.

V

MICHAEL found Hilda dancing in the club that night. He hadn't danced with her for four years. She was dancing with Phil Beamish.

Michael watched them for half a minute and cut in.

"Well," she said, "how do you feel now?"

"You heard what happened this afternoon."

"Nobody has talked about anything else."

"I'll tell you how I feel out on the veranda after this dance," Michael said.

They danced the dance through and walked out on the veranda and leaned against the rail.

"I feel," he said, "about as high and wide as a barn door."

Hilda laughed.

"It makes everything very different," he went on. "Four years ago I gave you up. Now I take it all back. I'm not a cripple any more."

"You haven't bothered much about me for four years, have you, Michael?"

"No," he said. "I've made a point of—not."

"And now, just because you've got your pride back, just because you're all set up, just because you feel as high and wide as a barn door, you think you can have back everything you had then—as if these four years had never been?"

Michael stood silent. He hadn't really thought of her side of it. He hadn't offhand any answer.

"You know I didn't want to avoid you," he protested.

"How do I know it?"

"Why—why," he said, "you just do know it."

"Oh," she said in her best sardonic tone, in the tone he had once heard so often and hadn't heard for four years. She looked out over the harbor.

"Well," he said, "I think you do know it just the same. I think you know I loved you all the time."

"You do, do you?" She still looked out over the harbor.

"I do," said Michael firmly.

She turned and faced him, laughing, but with a little catch in her laugh.

"I didn't know that you loved me, Michael," she said, and her voice was grave. "I just went on hoping you did."

It was fully five seconds before he had sense enough to kiss her.



PHOTO. BY S. FALLEN COLEMAN

Independence Hall, Philadelphia

Buy better woodwork FIRST
even if some furniture must wait

This is asking for some of your furniture money---but here are good reasons why

THE woodwork of your house is furniture that you buy when you build and cannot change afterward. You cannot buy doors, windows, trim, stairways, one room at a time as you can carpets, beds, chairs, and lamps.

Yet even an empty room does not look bare if the woodwork is well chosen; for woodwork is part house and *part furniture*. Really beautiful permanent woodwork is so important to the future beauty of your home that it deserves a little share of the money that is now in your furniture budget.

Beautiful woodwork is now easy to have

The manufacturers of Curtis Woodwork believe that it is quite as important to have good design in a door or casing as it is to have furniture that is true to its period.

So they retained architects of highest standing to work out a complete line of both exterior and interior woodwork forms, from small delicate moldings to large, impressive pieces of permanent furniture. Woodwork was designed for houses in various architectural styles—types that have stood the test of time.

Now you and your architect or builder can select appropriate designs from the Curtis Dealer's stock or from his Curtis Catalog. These items are made up in advance of your needs. Confine your selections to Curtis sizes and designs (consult your Curtis Dealer on this important point) and there will be no errors in production, and no disappointments so common with made-to-order millwork. And every Curtis article is not only of known design, but is uniformly of the same construction as every other similar article. That is because all Curtis Woodwork is made by one manufacturer, according to definite standards of construction, materials and workmanship.



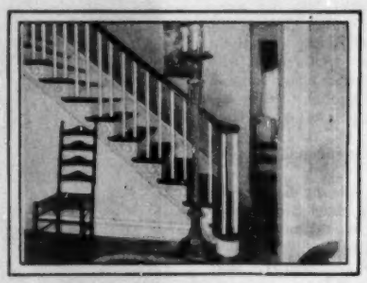
A corner of the kitchen in the home of Professor Andrew J. Weaver, Madison, Wisconsin; Small & Flad, architects; Harold Togstad of the Stanley C. Hanks Company, builder; C. C. Collins & Son, Inc., dealers. Curtis dresser C-750 is shown. The back of the dresser is three-ply wood ⅜ inch thick, without a crack or crevice in the entire surface. The drawers have dovetailed corners so they cannot pull apart. They operate on center guides so they cannot jam. The spaces for bread boards are enclosed so that crumbs cannot drop below. The flour bin is removable. Such superiorities make this dresser worth more than ordinary cabinets.



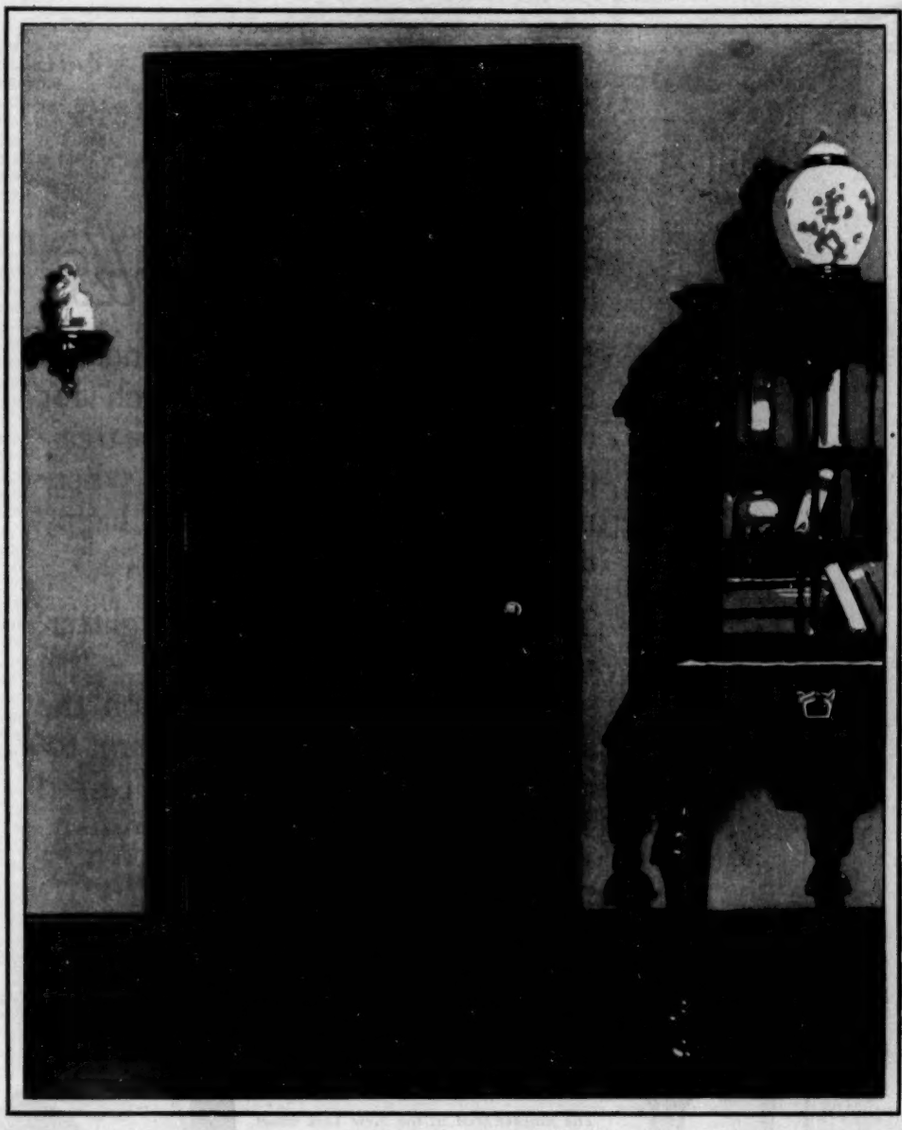
Curtis windows are practical as well as beautiful. The check-rails (where the two sash meet) are rabbeted. This kind of a joint is seven times as effective as a plain bevel joint in keeping out wind. And Curtis sash are all made of California white pine—a long-lasting wood. The stiles and rails are put together with the mortise-and-tenon joint. The sash are completely machined and sanded ready for the carpenter to fit them in place and for the painter to finish. The photograph above is from the home of Professor J. G. Fuller, Madison, Wisconsin; Small & Flad, architects; Harold Togstad of the Stanley C. Hanks Company, builder; C. C. Collins & Son, Inc., dealers. The windows are Curtis design C-1024. There are many other styles in the Curtis Catalog.

Good design has not added one cent to Curtis Woodwork prices

Every article of Curtis Woodwork is manufactured, in standard sizes and approved woods, in quantities. That brings down production costs. That is why, when the many points of superiority in Curtis Woodwork are taken into account, it costs no more



In this home in Madison, Wisconsin, of Dr. George Qualley, a charming stair hall has been achieved by the use of Curtis stair parts. The balusters (C-941) are beautifully molded. They are dovetailed to the ends of the treads instead of toe-nailed, the usual method. Two other interesting details are the starting tread and the moldings on the face of the stringer. This stair was assembled under the direction of Frank Riley, architect, by Harold Togstad of the Stanley C. Hanks Company, builder; C. C. Collins & Son, Inc., were the dealers.



There is a definite demand for a one-panel door with a molded panel. Curtis offers this design. Note the narrow stiles and rails. They add gracefulness and dignity. The Curtis ovolo molding gives proper definition to them (See Fig. 3 in the column on the right). Note how a solid insert frame with a molded raise it held in the stiles and rails of the door. This in turn contains the panel. Thus there are no nailed-on moldings either on the panel faces or on the stiles and rails. So no nails mar the finished surface. The construction of the solid insert frame is itself something entirely new to the woodworking industry. It avoids cut, torn or split grain in a joint much stronger than that produced by any other method. This door (C-317) is made with pine frame and birch panels and all birch.

Building Strength and Long Life Into Curtis Doors

Curtis doors are of two kinds—solid and veneered. Solid doors are made of California white pine. It is a long-lasting wood suitable for paint or stain. It is slow to warp, check or rot. Veneer doors are made in either birch or oak or both. Cores for stiles and rails are built up of small blocks of California white pine; face veneers are rotary cut, showing beautiful grains. The sections and details below explain the principal Curtis construction features in both solid and veneered doors. In all Curtis doors a *Curtis special waterproofed glue* which has passed all tests is used.

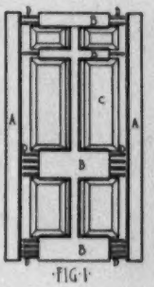


Fig. 1. Every door, whether solid or veneer, is composed of stiles (A), rails (B), and panels (C). The panels are inserted into grooves in the stiles and rails. The stiles and rails are held together by round, hardwood dowels (D). Glue is squirted into the dowel holes in the stiles and rails before the door parts are clamped together. Each dowel has a groove in it for the purpose of releasing any surplus glue, and insuring a glued contact throughout the length of the dowel.

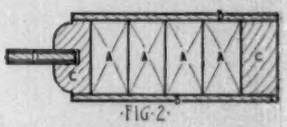


Fig. 2. Cross-section of stile or rail of a Curtis veneered door. (A), white pine core blocks; (B), hardwood 3-ply veneer; (C), hardwood edging strip; (D), 3-ply veneer panel.



Fig. 3. Cross-section of stile or rail (D) of a Curtis solid door with *ovolo* molding (C). Also shows solid insert frame (B) and placing and thickness of veneered panel (A) in door C-317 (see large illustration on the left).

Fig. 4. Cross-section of stile or rail of a Curtis solid door with *flush* molding (B). Note use of spline (C); molding is nailed to it, not to the stile or rail (D); hence any shrinkage in the panel (A) will not pull the molding loose from the stiles and rails.



Fig. 5. Cross-sections of solid beveled panels in solid doors. Note the marked raise in the bevel (C and D), which adds greatly to the appearance of the panels. This detail is a distinguishing feature of Curtis doors, faithfully reproducing the beauty of doors from very old houses of the pre-Revolutionary period. Panel in $1\frac{3}{4}$-inch door is 1 1/16-inch thick; in $1\frac{3}{8}$-inch door, 9/16-inch thick.





than ordinary millwork. It actually costs less when such expense items are included as sanding and cutting and fitting on the job. Curtis Woodwork can now be bought in practically every town or city east of the Rockies. Usually the most progressive lumber dealer is a Curtis Dealer.

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NOT SO, BOLIVIA

(Continued from Page 11)

bush with one hand, but the arrow in my shoulder made me sick; I couldn't hang on. I must have hit a ledge. The next I knew I was in—in an Indian shack in the pueblo."

"How come?" I says. "If they are hostile like you say, how come they did not finish killing you off?"

"When they got a good look at me," says Jimmy, "they saw I was too beautiful to die."

He is a scamp, that boy. But I was mad at him, account of Gene. I would not let him make me laugh.

"As beautiful," I says, "as Naya?"

That jarred him; it had him wondering how I knew. Gene, she tried to hush me up; she did not want him to tell anything he did not want to; but I was mad. Many a young fellow has made a mess of things that way. Some of these Indians are real pretty when they are young.

"You heard me," I says, speaking sour. "Who is Naya?"

"Oh," says Jimmy, "she's a—an old woman that nursed me."

"That was real nice of her," I says, sarcastic. "Since when have you been calling old women sweetheart?"

"I mean," says Jimmy, "she is a little girl."

But he had to grin. I can't explain; you may know the boy is lying, but you cannot help feeling like he is all right.

"Uncle Lew," he says—he calls me uncle all the time, though I am no kin to him, only an old fellow that never had a son of my own—"Uncle Lew," he says, "that's my story and I've got to stick to it. Please don't ask me any questions, because I can't answer you. And I can't even tell you why."

"That is the boy!" says Gene. "Spoken like a true Trevelyan!"—whatever a Trevelyan is. And she sits by him and holds his hand and tries to laugh to me, but tears come in her eyes, she was so glad to have him alive and in his right mind. "Roll your hoop," she says, "Uncle District Attorney Lew! Banana oil is out."

That is the way those kids talk half the time. Roll your hoop means lay off of him and pull your freight. That is, the boy means he is all right. Banana oil means he need not make up any fish stories, because we know he has got a good reason if he does not tell. You can understand them fine when you are used to it. And Jimmy's voice gets husky and says he has heard of wives, but she is sure the berries; which means she is the one that hung up the stars and the moon.

What could I do? I says, "Well, why didn't you say so in the first place?" and snorted and walked out.

But something had sure happened to that boy. His arm got well and his shoulder got well, and he went through the motion of working the same as ever, but his mind was sure not on it. Sometimes he could be looking right at you and never hear a word you said. He would give orders and forget that he had give them; and, gentlemen, you cannot run a mine that way; it is a mercy he did not get somebody killed. It had me worried, I am telling you. I did not like the look that came into his face sometimes—his eyes deep-set and hot somehow, and something pinched and wicked around the mouth. It did not seem like Jimmy.

One month we made the biggest clean-up we had ever made, but he did not let out a whoop the way I thought he would. He just says, "That's good. That's fine," more absent-minded; like it was all right, far as it went, but not much berries when you came to think of it.

Evenings, he would sit and stare off at the hills. Even with Gene; and, gentlemen, that does not go. You may trust your husband, but if you are human, a thing like that will sure get on your nerves; especially if there is a woman in it. And Gene's nerves was not any too good about this time. I thought she was just worried about Jimmy; but it seems there was a reason. You know how women are.

Never, gentlemen, tell a married man anything—not if his wife loves him. I am not saying she nagged him; Gene is not that kind. More likely she was just so easy to talk to that he did not realize that he was breaking his word, which he had swore not to tell. I know that kid; he will keep his word or break a leg. But a man cannot help being anxious about his wife when she had got trouble enough without being worried about him, and wanting to pacify her. It seems he told her—more like it was a joke, so she would not be scared.

And she was not. That is the trouble with telling half the truth. Somebody may believe you, and what you did not tell will blow up in your face.

That durn kid had been spying on Guatamo. That is this old Aztec I was telling you about; the one that claims to be their king. He claims to be descended from Guatemotzin. The Spaniards say Guatemotzin was killed by Cortez after Moctezuma died, but the Indians claim he got away and headed north into the hills, trying to find the way back to the lost country where all the Nahua peoples came from; but he only got about a thousand miles and settled in that cave and died.

I am not saying it is so; I am just telling you. They claim he was the one that brought all these gold idols and altars from Tenochtitlan—the Town of Tenoch—in the valley of Anahuac; what we call Mexico City now.

Jimmy, he was not thinking of the gold; not then. He was just out there hunting that Betsy mule like he said, when all of a sudden he saw this long painted canoe go slipping along down in that canyon, these naked hill Indians paddling, and old Guatamo huddled in his *huitzin* cape. He knew who it was, all right; he could see the sun on his gold headband, though he was two thousand —— Huh? No, not a crown. It is a thing they wore to hold their hair, but his is gold instead of wood. Yes, he wears plenty of gold; his poor old bones are fairly loaded with it; even his sandals are gold, though it does not do him much good because he cannot walk much. Some fellows caught him once and burned his feet up trying to make him tell where the gold idols was hid out.

Huh? No, I reckon not. They never came back alive. Likely their hearts was burned on the very altars they was looking for. That is the old Aztec way of worshiping Huitzil'—cutting a man's heart out alive; but nowadays they do not have the prisoners to practice on.

Guatamo is a bad man to go fooling with. Himself, he could not hurt a fly, but there are a million Indians that will sure get you if you lay a finger on him. And Jimmy knew it, too; but you know how young fellows are. He did not stop to think. All of a sudden it came to him that maybe he could find out where Guatamo lived, which is a thing no white man ever knew. So he kept out of sight and trailed along, and all of a sudden the canoe turned square at the cliff and went into it and out of sight. And he was sitting up there on his horse, noticing the landmarks so he could find the hole, when arrows started flying.

The next he knew was in Guatamo's cave. They took him there to see if the old hellion wanted to cut his heart out.

Jimmy, he did not tell Gene that. Gene, she had seen Guatamo once; fact is he had more or less to do with her and Jimmy getting married. When Gene first come down here, she just happened to be staying at our house because it was not safe for her to ride on up to Siete Minas with her papa, and me and Jimmy took her over to see Moreno's hacienda. Moreno is one of the richest men in my district, mostly Spanish and very proud, which his daughter was the girl Jimmy was engaged to at the time.

And old Guatamo, he come down out of the hills to have a talk with Moreno about mistreating Indians. These peons have been kicked around by rich men for four hundred years, but now they are sort of getting their hopes up again since the revolutions have run so many Spaniards out of the country. I do not know what Guatamo thought he could do about Moreno shooting and whipping his own servants; you cannot get them to stand up to their own master in cold blood. But he come down the river below the hacienda, and they all quit work and flocked down there to get his blessing.

It is right funny, gentlemen. There was this queer old king of slaves down by the river, thinking of things four hundred years ago. There was the Morenos, rich and polite, thinking Gene was plumb scandalous because she had short hair and a short dress and a hat on. There was Jimmy, engaged to Elena and in love with Gene, being Spanish one minute and American the next, and putting his foot in his mouth every time he opened it. And there was me, doing my durnedest to keep the mess from blowing up completely; which it did. Moreno got mad at Jimmy, account of Gene, but Jimmy made him back down and apologize, and Moreno had to take his spite out on somebody. So him and his overseers waded into Guatamo's camp meeting and knocked those peons key west and crooked, just to show them who was boss around there.

He did not touch Guatamo; he knew better; but he herded them into a corral like cattle, and he had one of them tied up and whipped, the overseers holding them in line with guns to get their lesson. And Guatamo knew it and could not do a thing.

But Jimmy would not stand for it. Not so, Bolivia! He made one dive at the overseer with the whip and whaled the daylights out of him. So the other overseers turned their back to take a crack at Jimmy, and the Indians jumped on them and there was one great-granddaddy of a scrap. You ought to been there, gentlemen. They come pretty near carving us all before the rurales came.

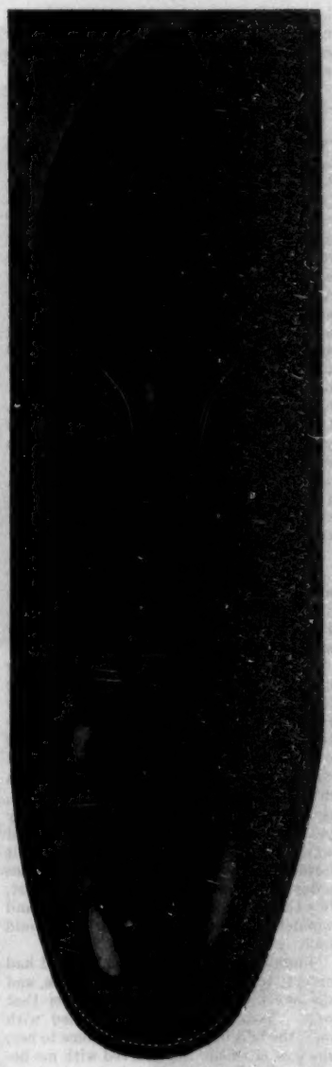
Moreno, he had to leave the country for a while. You cannot blame him much for being sore at Jimmy; but he got over it, because Elena married a duke or something while they was hiding out in Spain. The duke is living on Moreno now.

Guatamo, he just faded back into the hills. He is an easy fellow to forget. Years can go by and you will never hear a whisper of him. Even when you are looking at him, he does not seem exactly real—shriveled and wrinkled till he does not look human, wrapped in his *huitzin* cape, more like an old, old crippled bird. You see his eyes, shiny and black and still, and do not realize that he is seeing you. But he can see all right; and he does not forget. A year or two is nothing to a man that can remember back four hundred years.

So when they brought the kid to him in the cave, he saw it was the same freckled young Yankee that kept an Indian from being flogged once. So he did not cut his heart out. He had him put to bed and sent his own great-great-grandniece or something in to fan him.

That was what Jimmy saw when he came to. He says if he had been a turkey he would have thought he was in paradise; but I do not know what turkeys have got to do with gold and beautiful girls. I reckon he was just joshing. That boy would joke to be hung.

But you cannot blame him for feeling queer. Lying on this soft mat with a soft catskin for a cover, a feather canopy over him, soft rich colors running up to this gold plate with jewels shining in the middle; gold on the walls, and feather draperies, and silver herons, and no roof that he could see; a big torch burning like a candle by the dead, and the Princess Naya



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kneeling by him, fanning, and staring at him with her big black eyes. No wonder mining did not seem much berries to him any more!

Huh? Much obliged; the same. I take it kind of you.

V

NO WONDER he could not take much interest in our monthly clean-up; he had seen more gold than we could dig out of the ground in twenty years. Big chairz of it, carved plates of it, statues of it—gold! Soft, shining, heavy yellow gold, already mined and worked, and nothing to do but kill a few men and cart it off. Oh, I am not blaming him! Old as I am and little good as it would do me, I have waked up in a cold sweat from thinking of that one big statue of Huitzil'. Solid, it must be, and pure gold, or pretty near. I got a chance to heft it once when old Guatamo was not looking, and I could not even joggle it, though I am stouter than you think. And you can see how soft it is by the way it is dented where it fell once on the rocks—while they was bringing it from Anahuac, I reckon, four hundred years ago. I bet some peons got their hearts cut out for that.

Sir?

Yes, I have been there. But that was afterward, like I was telling you; when Concha went to pray about Gene's baby. But do not let me keep you, gentlemen. I am just killing time.

No, much obliged. I do not like my drinks to come so fast. When I was a young fellow I did not know any better, but now I know a man can use only so much of anything—liquor, or victuals, or comfort, or even gold. Gold! There is no liquor that can make a man so drunk or keep him drunk so long. Gold fever—I have had it, gentlemen. I hate to think how many years I wasted on the trail and how I acted when I made my strike at last. But it burns out like any other fever. There comes a day when you wake up with a dry heart, like the dry mouth of a morning after, and wonder what you thought your gold would buy.

Jimmy was not my partner then. I had nobody to be glad for but just Concha, and she never cared. Indians are queer that way. Year after year she trailed with me—the hills did not seem lonesome to her; she was satisfied. She starved with me because I was her man. But she is not a lady, gentlemen; not the way we mean. She did not know how to stop work and live on money. That is why a few thousand dollars went sour on me, the way a million would on you.

Sir? Well, I have never had a million either, but I know it would not do me any good. I would rather just have something to be working at, and a young fellow to be always joshing about it, and a girl like Gene to keep him satisfied, and a husky little gringo growing up to call me grandpa or I will know the reason why. A baby has got a right to have two grandpas, and Jimmy's papa died.

Guatamo can keep his gold, for all of me. Oh, I am not blaming Jimmy! He is young and full of life, and things get hold of him. He could not help figuring how it could be done. He knew it was no use to tackle that cave with guns; you would get stuck full of arrows before you saw a thing to shoot at. No use to try to sneak inside in a canoe; he had seen the mantrap in that tunnel. But we have learned ways of killing people that they never heard of.

There is a cold wind sucking into the tunnel day and night. He figured how you could throw down bombs of gas, like in the German war, and then sit back and smoke your pipe until they was all dead.

He did not tell Gene that. Not so, Bolivia! It seems he made more of a joke of it with her. Those kids can have fun out of anything. They called it Allie Barber and his Forty Thieves, though I never heard of Guatamo or his Indians stealing anything; it is from a yarn about a man that had a cave full of gold. And this girl Naya, they called her Fat Emma, though she is not fat or nothing like it. She is a slim girl and durn beautiful.

He did not tell me anything. But I could see him thinking, and once or twice I tried to talk to him.

"Son," I says, "something is eating you, and has been ever since you had that trouble with the Indians. Sometimes it helps to get a thing off your chest. Don't you want to come clean with me?"

"No," says Jimmy—short, like that.

"Then I'll tell you," says I. "I can see through a grindstone all right if it has got a hole in it. While you was out of your head you said something about Ixtaccicoyotl—about White Fox," I says, "and Concha was scared green. She will not tell me, and there is only one thing she is scared to talk about, and that is anything that has got anything to do with Guatamo. You have found out something."

"Interesting," says Jimmy, "if true."

"Yeah," I says, and watched his eyes to see if they would flicker. "Is it a woman, Jimmy? Or gold?"

They did not flicker. They did worse. They got kind of hard and blank. I can't explain. Looking straight at me, but not letting me see into them; like something pulled over them. I can't explain.

"Pay your money," says he, short and ugly, "and take your choice."

Yes, and he even figured how he could get the gold out of the country. You could not ship gold idols and old Aztec things; the Government would take them away from you. But we have got our own smelter and ship bullion every month. That was how far he had already gone in thinking—melting down statues that people have worshiped for a thousand years, to say nothing of killing men.

But I believe he would have took it out in thinking. A nice young fellow cannot start robbing and murdering in cold blood. I do not think he would ever have gone near that cave again if it had not been for Concha.

He seemed to be forgetting it; or maybe the idea of his son coming along kind of put it out of his mind. He was right worried about Gene. Her health was fine, but —— Are you married, gentlemen? Then you will know Gene was not going crazy; but Jimmy did not; this is their first. She started taking queer manias. One while she took to fretting about dust settling on top of the door and window frames where she could not see it, though their house had not been built more than a year, and the air is clean out there. She could not rest until the women climbed up there and scrubbed them.

But shucks! I remember our storekeeper's wife—once she took to hankering for ice cream, which she had never tasted any but about three times in her life, and she pretty near pestered Gonzalo into sending all the way to Orendain for some. He did not do it; they do not humor women much; they figure having babies is just their regular —— Huh?

I was just telling you. One day Jimmy come storming over to my house and yells at me, "Where's Concha?"

This was at noon, and I had not more than got into the house, but I could hear the women getting dinner; I did not think a thing. "Around the house somewhere," I says. "But, son, I am not deaf."

A deaf man could have heard him all right. He went storming through the house and out the back and around to the front again, yelling and calling them. "Gene! Gene! Concha!" But Gene and Concha did not answer. He went tearing down to the river and back again; and men going by from the mine stopped with their mouth open to see what was the matter.

You could hear him all over the place, but nothing answered. Only faint echoes rolling down out of the hills behind the house, like something laughing, far away and still. I had to grab hold of him to make him tell me.

"The women say they left right after breakfast," says he, panting. "They've taken the canoe with the gasoline kicker!"

"What for?" I says, which Concha does not care a thing about canoeing. It is not fun to her. She did enough of it in the old days to keep her pacified the rest of her life.

"Has Concha been talking about Centeotl?" says he, distracted.

"No," I says, which they do not talk much about their gods. "Not to me. Why? What about it?"

"She has to Gene," says Jimmy. "Been at her to go and pray so the baby will be born strong and brave. Gene told me so. But she laughed, Uncle Lew! She seemed to think it was just one of Concha's quaint ideas!"

"They are not quaint," I says, "to Concha. But surely you don't think she got Gene to take stock in it?"

"No," says Jimmy, groaning. "I—I don't know. You know how queer she's been!"

He did not notice the men standing there; I did not realize, myself, till afterward; but three of them could talk English—a German shift boss named Miller, and a half-white Mexican from Ixtlan, and a white hobo named Charley Something. Last year we had a regular plague of hobos drifting down from the railroad camps north of Tepic, and they was pretty sick of hoboing by the time they hit our camp; but they seldom stayed long enough to learn their last names. Not that it matters what his name was now!

Afterward I remembered them standing there with both ears stuck up like jack rabbits. Plenty of people have heard yarns about Guatamo's gold.

"It's all my fault," says Jimmy, cursing. "I don't know how I came to tell her. But I didn't want her to be worried. I didn't tell her how much gold there was. I didn't tell her I was lucky to get away alive. I told her they wouldn't have hurt me if I hadn't been shooting at a sacred crane. Of course she was curious about Guatamo's cave—who wouldn't be? It seemed to amuse her, and God knows she's had little enough ——"

That was the truth. Gene is an active kid and she had been cooped up till she felt like she would yell; and she got to thinking about that wonderful cave which ——

"She doesn't realize," says Jimmy, "how they live on hair trigger day and night. I just made a sort of Arabian Nights of it. I never thought —— I told her how Guatamo said I could get to him if I ever wanted to see him again—by the river, but alone—one at a time, the way the Indians come. He told me what to say, and I told her that too. It seemed to tickle her. She said it over till she learned it. Said she was going to try it. But she laughed, I tell you! I thought she was just kidding! I ——"

"Sure she was," I says. "Likely she has forgot all about it by now."

"No," says Jimmy. "She said she was going—today."

That is one trouble with joshing; you can say a thing and nobody will believe you. Gene, she did not want him to believe her; she knew it was not sensible; but she got to thinking about it, like Gonzalo's wife and the ice cream, and it sounded easy—just step down to the river and into the canoe. More like a picnic. She claims it seemed right reasonable at the time.

I am not blaming Concha. She fairly worships Gene, but she is an Indian and she thought it was the thing to do.

Whew! Gentlemen, that is not my idea of a picnic. I tried to get the kid to leave his gun at home, which if it came to fighting we could kill some of them all right, but it would not do us any good if the rest of them killed Gene and Concha. But he was fairly crazy; you could not tell him anything. He was saddled and gone before I even caught my horse. I lit out after him, and once I saw him about a mile up the trail, and thought I saw a naked Indian running by him.

I never once thought to look behind me. That is rough —— Huh?

Oh, certainly, sir. Go right ahead.

Telephones are quite a thing, huh? I reckon you and your friend are used to them, but they still give me quite a feeling. They have a telephone from Siete Minas clear to Orendain, near fifty miles as the crow flies, and they tell me you can hear a man cough. So I reckon it is nothing much to talk right here in the same city. Do you reckon his friend can hear him now, low as he is talking?

VI

OH, THAT is all right, sir. I have got nothing but time. Where did I leave off? Oh, yes, about this naked Indian running by Jimmy's stirrup. Those fellows can sure run; and they can keep it up all day, fast as a horse can go on trails like those. That is rough going; a horse cannot get through some of those *barrancas;* you have to climb out and go around by the mesa and in again. It kept me busy trying to catch up without breaking my horse's neck.

And I did not catch up. Not so, Bolivia! That boy was going two jumps to my one; he did not give a durn for any horse's neck; not then. I was four miles behind when he shot over the edge and went rocketing down that canyon wall, and if that Indian was still with him, I bet he was saying "Now I lay me" to Huitzil'. But I did not find them dead at the bottom. Time I got down to where his horse was killed that other time, I could not see a soul.

I knew the cave was somewhere in that neighborhood. And he had come this way; I could see places where a horse's calks had scratched the rock. But it is just a shelf above the river, and it rears up at one end, sharp as a church roof; no horse could climb it. And there was rocks and bushes that would hide a man, but not a horse. I kept expecting arrows any minute. I did not know what to do. Up on the far hills you could still see the sun, but in that deep crack it was already dusk. Blue dusk, and water gurgling under tall cliffs like it has gurgled for ten thousand years, and blue sky empty as a dead man's eyes.

All of a sudden I heard a woman screaming. Faint and far off, but clear as glass until those echoes took it up and turned it into ghostly laughing; and I am telling you my hair stood up. I have heard mountain cats yell for forty years, and it sounds something like a woman being hurt bad; but I never heard a cat scream, "Jimmy! I can't stand it!"

I knew too much about the way they worship to their gods; or used to, when they had the prisoners. Huitzil' especially; he is their war god, and a cruel bloody one. But I could not find a hole a mouse could get into, much less a horse.

And there was an Indian standing at my elbow. That is, he was naked like one, and brown as one, only this cloth around his middle and a band of gold around his head. But his muscles bulged under his skin, which an Indian's do not unless he is overworked or old; and this White Fox is young. He is not more than twenty-one or two. And his hair is black, but kind of curly, which an Indian's is not, and his eyes are gray—blue gray, and blaze cold like a white man's when he hates you.

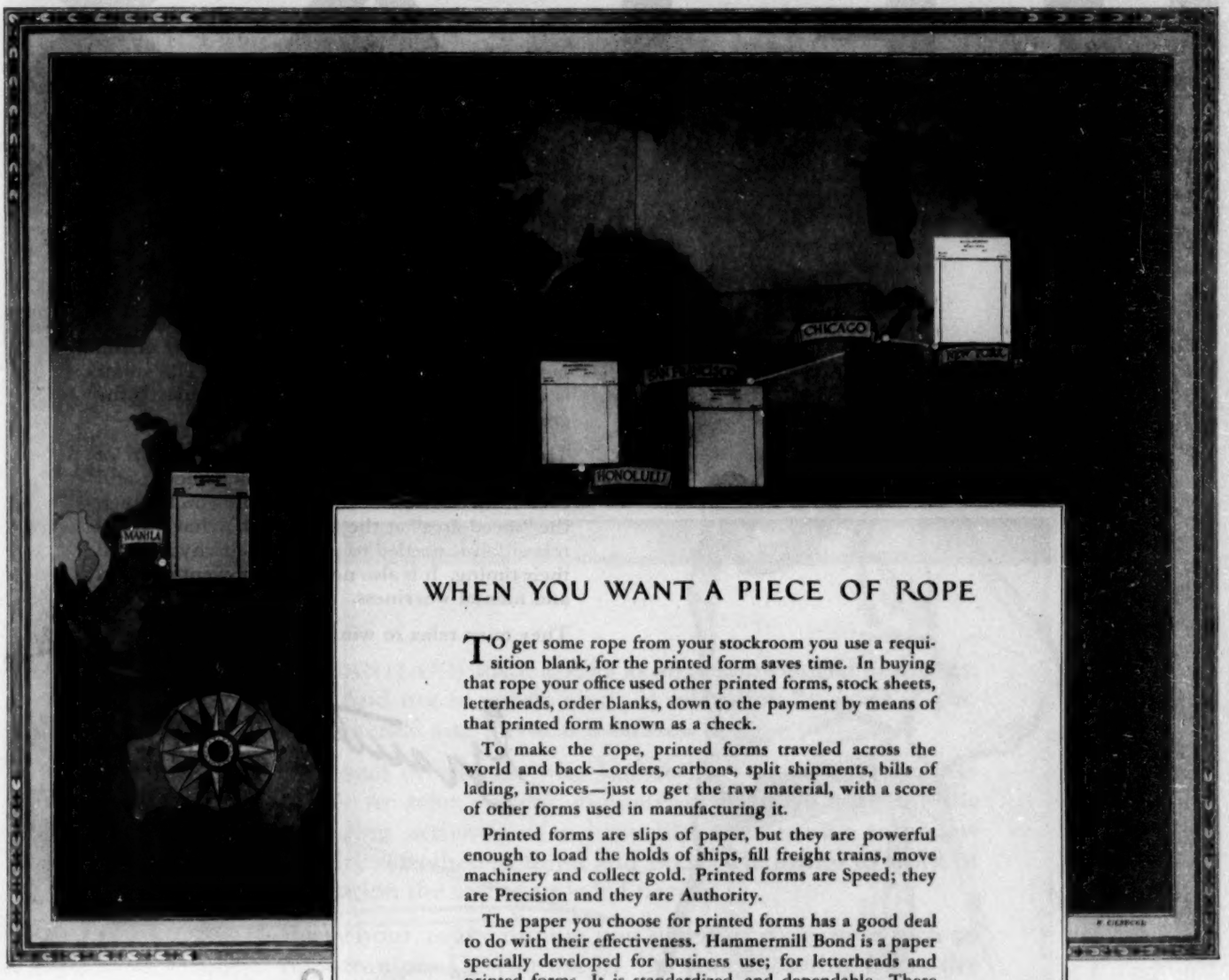
I thought he was going to fly at me. I did not know he was hating me just because I was Jimmy's partner—account of Naya, I mean. He is the one she is engaged to marry. He will be king when old Guatamo dies, if ever.

But he had got his orders from Guatamo. I do not know how they find out just what is happening, but they do. They knew I was trailing Jimmy, and they knew Miller and the half-breed and this Charley hobo was trailing me.

He snarls something at me in Nahua—but he can talk Spanish pretty good when he wants to, White Fox can; and he does not talk in his throat like an Indian, but in his mouth like a white man. His voice is deep but kind of sweet. And, gentlemen, you ought to hear that White Fox sing! You would not think so much voice could come out of any man. Not loud, I mean; just much; I can't explain. More like out in the woods where trees are big, and the wind singing deep and all around you.

(Continued on Page 127)

WHEN YOU WANT A PIECE OF ROPE



WHEN YOU WANT A PIECE OF ROPE

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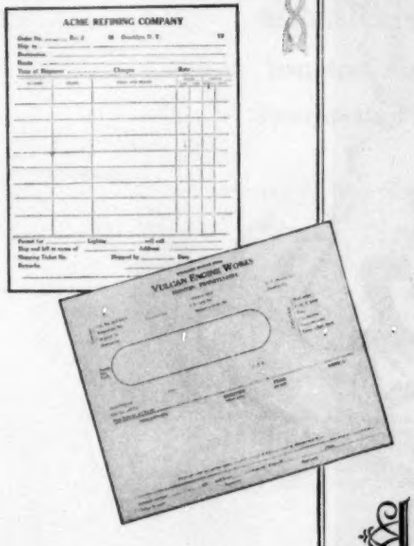
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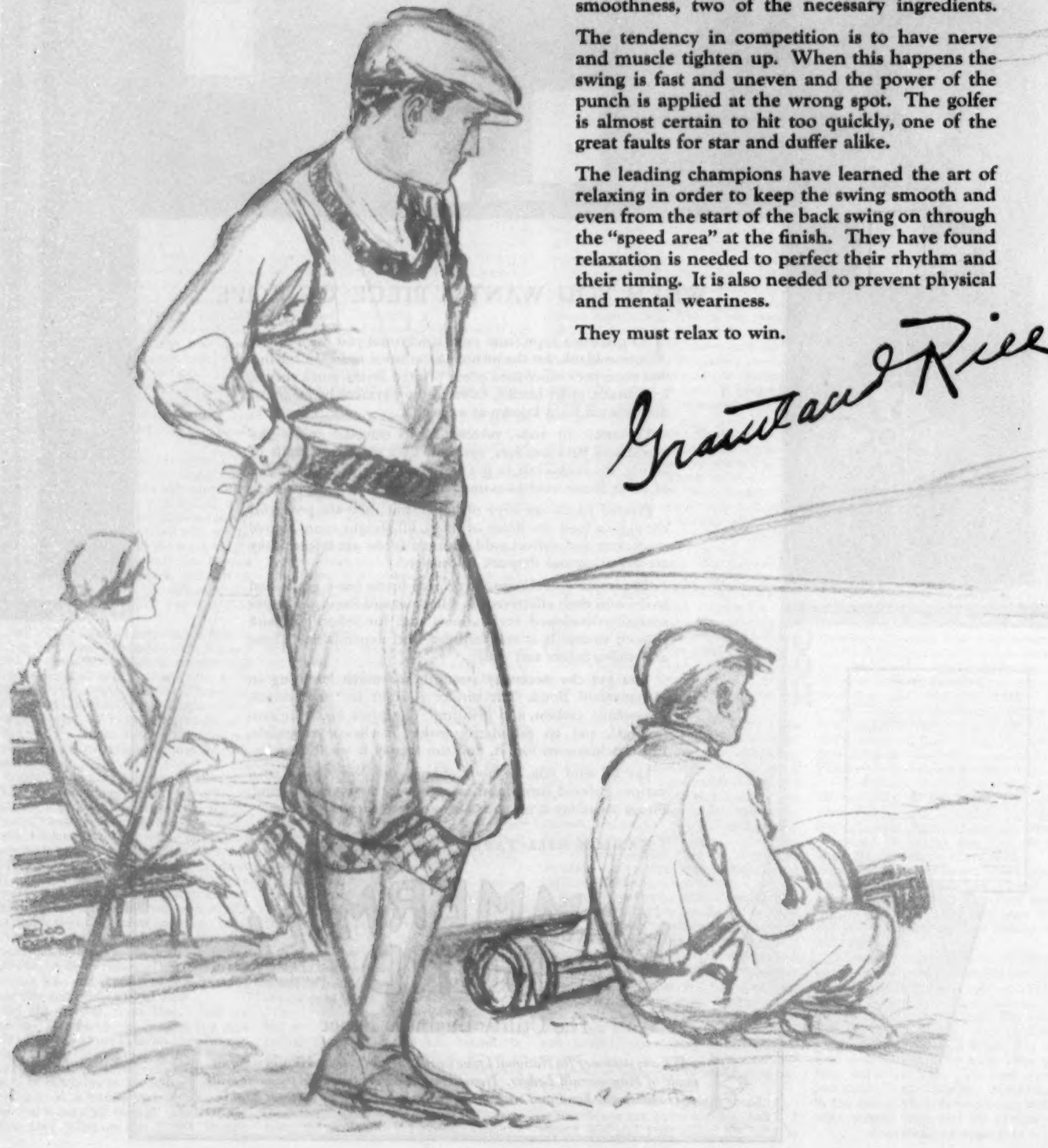
THE basis of golf is rhythm. The basis of rhythm is relaxation. Relaxation leads to ease and smoothness, two of the necessary ingredients.

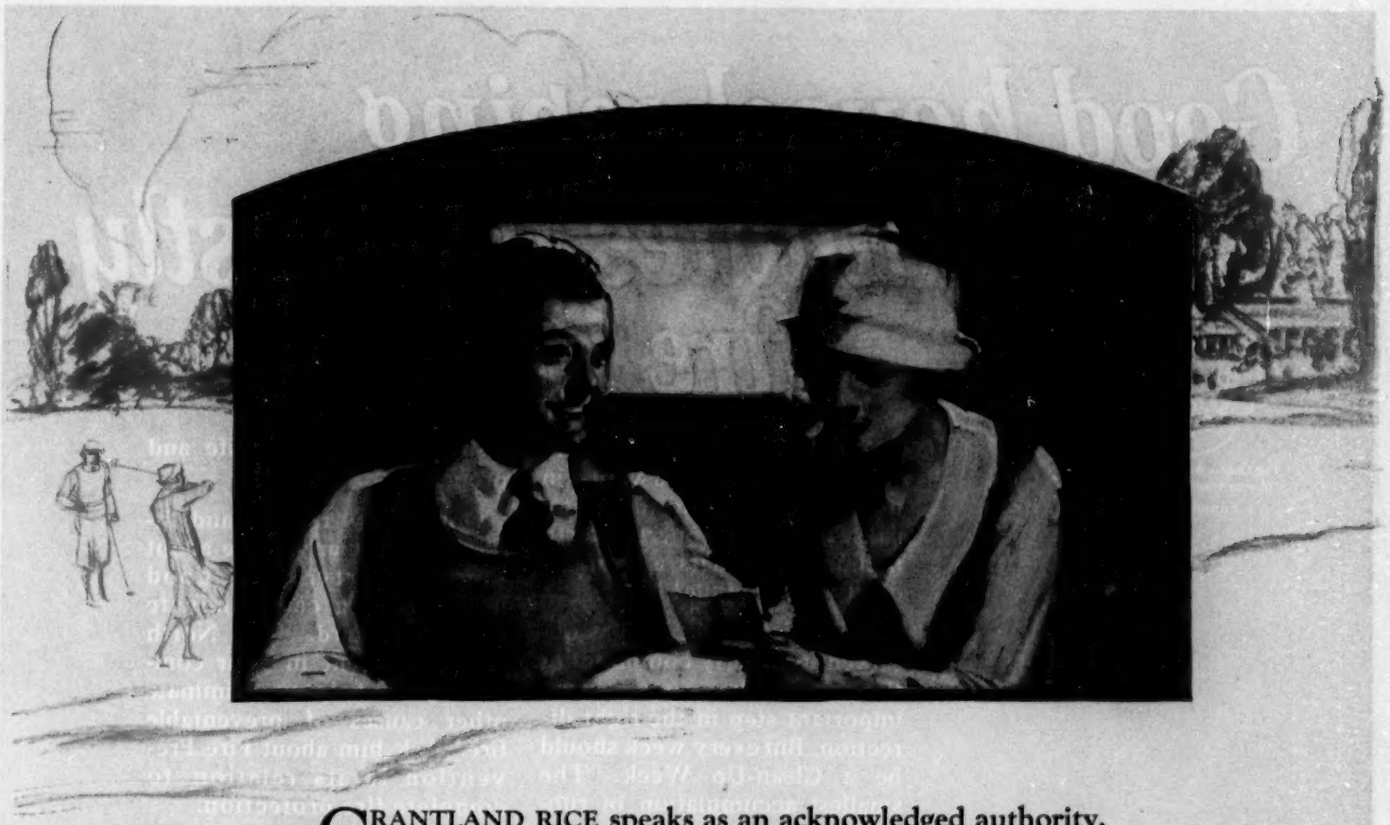
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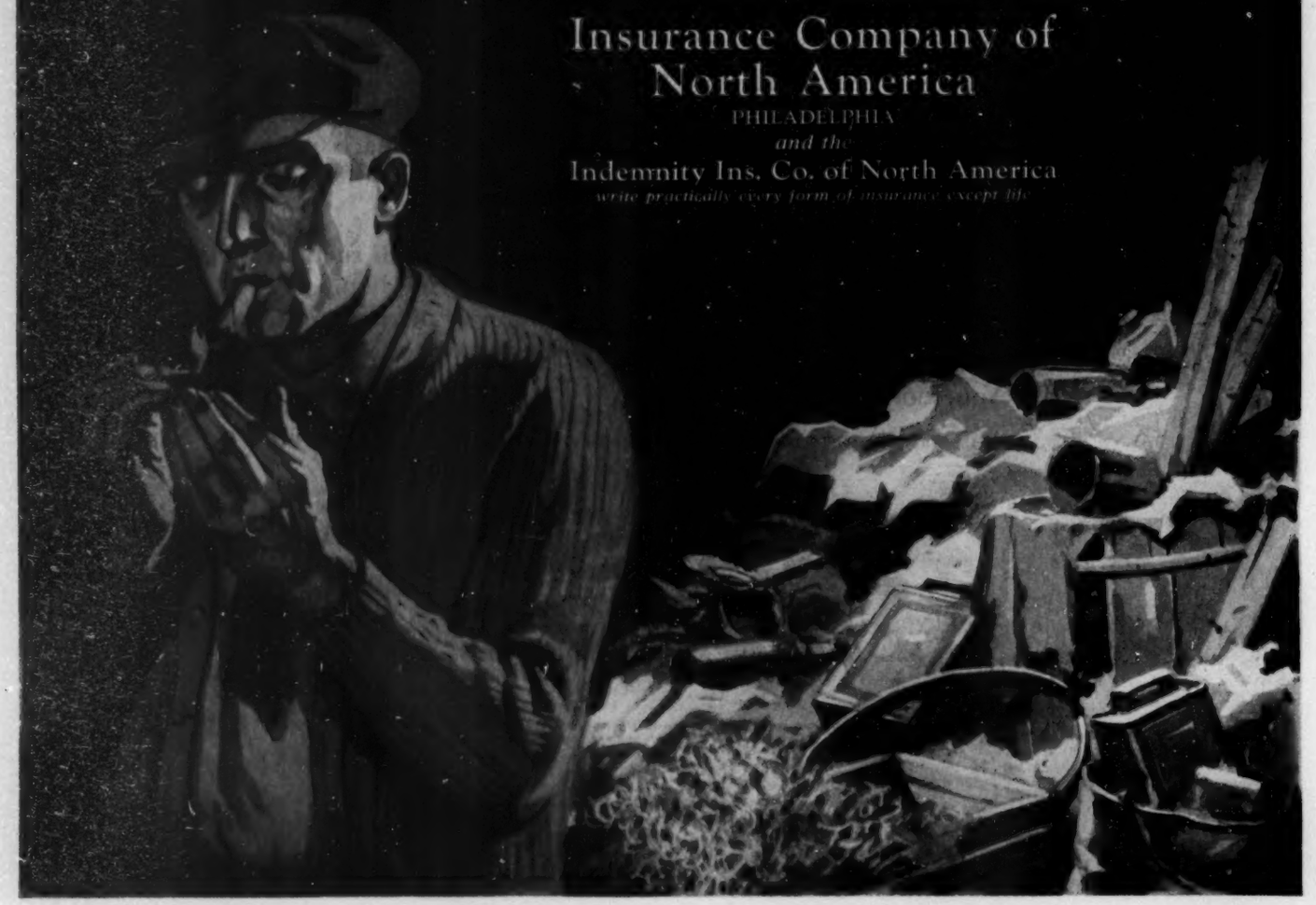
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850

(Continued from Page 122)

They say he makes up his own songs. They say it is a gift from one of his great-great-grandpas that was named Coyotl too; but one of them was a white man or I miss my guess.

Huh? Yes, the cave is just beyond that ridge sticking out of the canyon wall. Yes, you can get into it horseback if you know the way, but you will drown yourself if you do not. I was just going to tell you. White Fox, he jumps into the river and motions me to slide my horse down quick. He wades out about twenty feet and shows me where to turn, and upstream and in behind this ridge, and pulls my horse behind some big rocks in the water and motions me to hold my breath.

Gentlemen, I held it. Because there was six-eight Indians perching around with arrows on their bowstrings, and one of them pulled his arrow back and pointed it at me. Those big bows are something to hold back; they will drive an arrow through a bull; but I do not know how long we waited, and nobody moved a muscle. That is why Indians are so good at hiding. They can be in plain sight and you will not see them because they do not move.

That cave is sure a bad place to slip up on. There in front of it where we was standing, the echoes bring you every rock that rolls. I thought it was a regiment of cavalry, but it was just one horse. That German and the half-breed, they was willing to let Charley take the chances while they stayed back up on the cliff and watched. Or maybe they could not hold him back. Maybe he thought he was going to bulge right in and get himself a chunk of gold and never fool with working any more.

I heard him go into the river like I did, but he missed the place and went plunk into deep water. I heard his horse climb out and gallop off; but he had lost Charley. I heard him splash and sputter for a minute, and then I could not hear a thing.

Those Indians could; I saw their eyes. And sure enough, that fool hobo come creeping up that ridge and stuck his head over right where they was watching. One of the arrows snicked the rock and went sailing up into the sky, but two of them drilled square into his skull. I remember those two bright feathers hanging down.

I bet his friends got tired waiting for him to move.

So White Fox took me on into the cave. The others did not go; you know, it is a sacred place. . . . Huh? Yes, it is right there behind these rocks. Yes, you could go by in a canoe and never see it. The mouth is nearly under water—Lord knows how deep on one side. It is a lake underground; a big spring, I reckon, because the water is ice cold, though you do not notice any current because it is so deep. I remember how I shivered—pitch dark and windy, and me wet to the waist and not too easy in my mind. I felt the roof go up, and saw lights high in the air, and heard the slow, thin voice of old Guatamo crying to Huitzil'.

Huh? Yes, it is high inside. There is quite a *teocalli* by the shore of the lake—a temple of their gods; a pyramid with steps on all four sides, the sacrificial stone on top, and idols and altars with the everlasting fire. It must be near a hundred feet up to these cracks in the cliff where the morning sun strikes through and shines on this big statue of Huitzil', and the roof is somewhere above that. It is a place where strata rock has buckled and heaved up—two hundred feet, to judge from the outside.

Yes, you can see the buckle in the face of the cliff. It runs all the way up to the mesa rim. That ridge sticking out is part of it, and these big rocks in the water are pieces that broke off.

Sir? Yes, that canyon has a name. No, sir, I did not say.

Oh, sure; no harm in wondering. Many a man has.

I am right glad I met up with you gentlemen. Jimmy, he has got friends here, but they are young fellows and seem to think I have got one foot in the grave. I do not know what to say to them. They are so busy just—just being young; I can't explain. Working and joshing and thinking what they are going to do tomorrow. They never seem to wonder what these hills could tell.

You catch a glimpse of it sometimes. Men rising up through centuries to lead them on, and leaving names that men remember yet—like giants moving somewhere in the mist.

Take their god Quetzal'—there is a statue of him in that cave. He was not cruel like their fighting god Huitzil'. He had blue eyes and yellow hair. And whiskers; yellow ones, or so the story goes. The Fair God, they called him. Now where did they get that idea, a thousand years before they ever saw a white man? He came from the Eastern Sea, where Vera Cruz is now, and taught them to plant corn and take care of the sick ones and live decent. He had a long staff with a winged snake in silver on it; that is what Quetzalcoatl means, Feathered Snake; but I have heard it was the sign of a doctor in Europe or somewhere once. He tried to get them to stop human sacrifice, and Huitzil' picked a quarrel with him and he had to leave the country. He went back into the sunrise on a raft made out of snakes—live ones; or so the story goes.

But you know what that means. This one lone white man—he got old and maybe sick, and could not hold his own against the priests. He knew they would cut his heart out alive; he had to use some trick to get away—some magic to keep them thinking he was a god. He told them he was coming back, and after he was gone they realized how good he was, and kept expecting him six hundred years.

You cannot keep from wondering who he was. You cannot keep from wondering where he died, out on his raft alone, when he had done the best he could for them.

Columbus was a tenderfoot compared to him. He makes a heap of difference today. Because the Spaniards came, and one of them had blue eyes and yellow whiskers, and the people said Quetzal' had come and brought his friends along, and the priests claimed it was no use to fight against the gods. Maybe the Spaniards could have licked them anyway; but I do not believe it. I hear they had a hard time as it was.

Sir? No, this statue of Quetzal' is not pure gold; it is gold on copper; it tings like a bell when you tap it. It is squat and ugly, like they thought gods ought to look, but I admit I said a little prayer to him—for him, I mean. I know he was not a god, but he was a brave man and nobody will ever know.

Yes, the statue of Huitzil' is solid. Yes, it is better than life size; the tip of his war bonnet stands near seven feet, and he is thicker than a man. But if you are in a hurry, gentlemen ——

No, sir, I do not want a drink.

Yes, Gene was in there. Getting off my horse, I stumbled and fell over something, and it was her canoe pulled up on the shore. I nicked my shin against the gasoline kicker, and I can't tell you what a feeling it gave me—this bright chunky little piece of machinery in that spooky place where everything was cruel and dark and old.

Blind as a bat, I was. Going by that pyramid, I pretty near stepped off into that black ice-cold lake. White Fox, he caught me; quick as a cat, he is; and strong? He pretty near unjointed my backbone. He lugged me up a rocky slope, and there was doors cut in the wall and a light showing through feather curtains. I stepped too high and stumbled in and pretty near knocked Jimmy over.

It would not have took much. The boy was white around the gills and pretty shaky, but he tried to grin.

"You—you're just in time," says he. "It's a ——"

Huh? Sure, I will be glad to meet any friend of yours. Howdy do, doctor? I am pleased to meet you, sir. Have a chair. Huh? Well, maybe a little drink would not do us any harm; but you cannot buy it. Not so, Bolivia! This is on me. I was just telling them, doctor, about the time my partner's son was born.

It was quite a surprise, which we was not expecting the little rascal for a —— Sir? Yes, that is right. Yes, I have seen the cave myself. No, sir, I do not mind describing it; if you can find it and get out alive, you will know as much as I do. Here is the tunnel going in. Here is where it narrows and they can drop rocks on you. Here is this black lake—I do not know how big; it is too dark to see. Here is this temple on the shore. . . . Huh? No, just a pyramid with all their gods on top. Here the ground runs up to doors cut into the back part where they live. Bedrooms you might call them; I was just telling these gentlemen—that is where my partner woke up one time when he got an arrow through his shoulder and fell over the cliff.

Well, you can imagine, doctor. He expected to wake up dead, but there he was on a soft mat with a feather canopy over him, and gold and silver everywhere, and a beautiful girl down on her knees, fanning and staring at him with her big, solemn black eyes.

"Hello!" says Jimmy. "Where are we, and if so, who?"

VII

BUT Nayanenetzin—her name is Naya, doctor; *tzin* means she is royalty, and *nene* means baby or child, because she is not married yet—she does not talk English or Spanish either; and Jimmy does not talk Nahua, but he did not give a durn. You know how young fellows are with pretty girls. He talked to her anyway, joshing and laughing because she did not understand.

Naya, she did not know what to make of him at first. They do not do much laughing around there. It is a sad place when you come to think of it. It is not only a church; it is all that is left of an empire and the glory of long centuries gone by.

But you do not know my partner, doctor. First thing you know, he had her smiling too. It must have been a novelty to her—born and raised in that dark and gloomy place; I reckon she never saw the open sunshine in her life; her skin is barely coppered, though she is pure Indian. She is right beautiful. She has got big eyes and a soft baby mouth that looks like she has never laughed; but Jimmy, he trained her. That is their name for him—Laughing White Man.

He would laugh and call her sweetheart, and she would just come running, all fixed to smile for him.

She is a tall girl, and you do not realize how young she is until she smiles—more like a baby, though she is thirteen and going to be married. She did not know what "sweetheart" meant, but White Fox did; he can talk Spanish pretty good; and he felt like carving —— Huh? No, I am just calling him White Fox because these gentlemen seem to think there is something tricky about saying Ixtaccicoyotl, which is his name. He is the prince and Naya is engaged to him.

You cannot blame him for hating Jimmy. I noticed his eyes, but I did not know what he was sore about till one day I heard a sort of commotion, and there was him and Jimmy all tangled up and rolling on the ground like a pair of —— Huh?

Oh, four-five days. If you are a doctor you will know that Gene could not travel right away; but she is a healthy girl and —— Huh? Well, maybe it was longer. I did not keep track exactly.

Yes, they let us stay. Yes, I got to know it pretty good. Sir? Oh, ten or twelve, I reckon; their war god and their harvest god and their sun god and their wind god and—I forget. Huitzil', he seems to be the main one. He is their fighting god. They say he was born with his hands full of arrows and humming-bird feathers on his left leg—that is what Huitzilopochtli means, Feathers on the Left—and jumped right up and chased his grown brothers into

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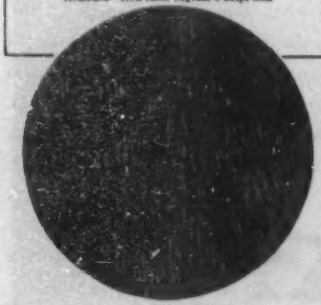
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a lake and drowned them. Yes, for a baby, he must have been quite a fighter.

Sir? Well, he is kind of thick and ugly. No, sir, I do not remember exactly. Just ugly, like all their idols. . . . No, sir, I could not say. . . . Yes, it seems to me there was. . . . No, I cannot be sure. . . . Well, here is these altars on the pyramid and the gods kind of standing around. No, I do not remember just how. Yes, there is quite a lot of writing. The walls of the main cave are covered with it as high as a man can reach. . . . No, sir, I do not remember. . . . Guatamo, he would read it by the hour, and White Fox would say it in Spanish for us, but I could not make head or tail of it. Kings doing this and that, the year so-and-so of Fish or Rabbit, and signs curled up if the king said yes, and down if he said no. And —— Oh, yes; signs like on this gold piece. This gentleman seemed to think it was a piece of money, but ——

Yes, that is what I told him. . . . You know about the Nahuas, doctor?

Well, I will be durned! What is the use of me telling you when you know more about it than I do? I thought Guatamo was the only man alive that could still read their writing. I am proud to know you, sir! *Deveras es un gusto dar con uno á quién no le estraña lo que* —— Oh, I thought you talked Spanish. How come you can read Aztec writing then?

I did not mean to hurt your feelings, doctor; I was just saying it is a pleasure to meet a man that knows. Yes, sure there is a difference between studying a thing and just hearing yarns. All I know is what my wife has told me, one time or another in the last thirty years. No, she is not an Aztec; she is a Chichimec, which is an older —— Sir?

No, sir. She did not tell me about the cave; I just finished telling you I was there. . . . No, sir, I cannot be sure. . . . No, I did not notice exactly. All I know is just what I am telling you.

Well, sir, that is your business. I cannot help whether you believe it or not.

Yes, far as I know, we are the only white men that ever did.

Sir? Oh, yes; I forgot to tell you. Miller and the half-breed, they must have realized finally that something had happened to Charley. So they got away from there. They got a few roughnecks to help them—white men; you could not hire an Indian—and waited for a dark night and slipped into the tunnel. They did not know it was fixed for that. I heard a smashing and yelling and —— Sir?

Well, not all at once. Finally, yes.

H-s-st! Waiter! See what the gentlemen will have.

No, sir, they did not get the gold. Not so, Bolivia! They made a game try, but that cave is a bad place to tackle. First off, you cannot get into that canyon without some Indian knowing it. If it is too dark for arrows, they just wait till you get into the tunnel, and just touch a button and down comes fifty tons of rock.

Drink hearty, gentlemen!

No, it did not kill them all. It smashed the first boat all right, but Miller and three-four of them swum out and started shooting, and the second boat slipped in because they cannot drop the rock but once. Seemlike the cave was full of them, shooting and yelling. I grabbed my pants and gun and galloped out and —— See this scar? That is where an arrow gashed me, whizzing by. Indians was fairly pouring in from the back part of the cave. No, they do not live in there; not all of them; only Guatamo and his priests and kinfolks, like Naya and her mother and White Fox. But there is a tunnel winding up two thousand feet and out on the mesa, and the alarm got to this pueblo I was telling you about.

The robbers had got up on the pyramid and was shooting from behind the gods. You could see fire spitting out, but nothing to shoot at, till all of a sudden a light blazed out from everywhere. No, not electric light; you could not see where it came from. . . . No, sir, I do not know if they touch a button or what. . . . Yes, I know they touch a button for the rock; I looked it over afterward.

Yes, they have any number of tricks; I was going to tell you. But I am getting thirsty again. Where is that durn waiter?

Well, sir, that was sure a sight. This magic light that did not make a shadow; this black lake shimmering and this black pyramid looming up, gold shining on the steps where old Guatamo put his feet when they carried him up to worship; gold on the altars and jewels twinkling like in the sun, and smoke from guns mixed up with smoke from sacred fires, and the big gold idols standing there. Tons and tons of gold, and robbers using it for a shield!

The Indians did not like to shoot at their own gods. White Fox, he started up the steps with nothing but a knife, and Miller leaned out to take a shot at him; but Jimmy drilled him. Miller come tumbling down and White Fox grabbed him up, though Miller was a big man, and held him over his shoulders to stop the bullets, and come galloping back to thank Jimmy for saving his life. They was good friends after that; but Miller was shot full of holes.

That was when I saw the water rising. White Fox had to splash through it, coming back. Up and up, covering the pyramid a step at a time. Up and up the slope toward the doors at the back of the cave; but it did not quite reach us. They have got it figured to a gnat's heel. That pyramid was under water while the bedrooms was still dry.

Yes, sure it drowned the sacred fires; but they put them out every fifty-two years anyway, and they did not dare to let those fellows out alive. . . . Huh? No, the arrows put some of them out of their misery, but some of them swum out of range and ——

Huh?

Say, young fellow, I bet your mamma did not teach you to come butting in where gentlemen are talking. I reckon you are one of the young dudes Jimmy introduced me to, but I do not give a durn. If you want to see me, you can sit over there and wait till we are through, or you can take a walk and cool yourself off. Just suit yourself.

Excuse me, gentlemen. Young fellows have not got any manners nowadays. Where did I leave off? Oh, yes, these fellows being drowned. Some of them tried to swim out, but the tunnel was thirty feet under water by that time. We could see them struggling quite a while; but finally they all went under, and the water went down and the Indians gathered up their bodies, because that lake is where they get their drinking water.

No, I do not know why they do not keep that light on all the time. I would if it was me.

Whose turn is it to buy a drink?



PHOTO. FROM K. JACKSON

Cathedral Rocks, Yosemite Valley, California

No, nothing much happened after that. Yes, they showed us a real good time. They give us a banquet every day, old Guatamo sitting on his throne, and a beautiful girl to wait on Jimmy and another one on me. Oh, yes, and when Gene was able to travel, they give us a pocketful of gold trinkets. See this thunder-bird charm? That is one of them. . . .

No, sir, I never have been back. I always meant to, but I never seemed to get around to it.

Well, if nobody else will buy a drink, I will. H-s-st! Waiter! See what the ——

VIII

I WAS afraid you could not keep your face straight, Jimmy. This doctor, he asked a million questions about that cave, and I thought he was just interested; but finally he started getting funny. I was telling him about Miller and the half-breed trying to slip into the tunnel, and the watchman on that shelf dropping rocks and knocking the bottom out of their boat; but Mister Doctor cut his eyes sideways at his friends and smiled sarcastic and polite.

"And the robbers were all killed!" says he.

Kind of mocking me, you know. He thought I was making it up; so I made him up a good one while I was at it. I had them touching buttons and dropping rock fifty tons at a time. I had the water coming and drowning them off the pyramid—fifteen or forty of them; I forget. He would not think it was anything just to have your boat sunk and be shot full of arrows.

He would not think it was anything to make friends with Ixtaccicoyotl by wrestling with him and grinning like a mar when he could throw you every time. Not so, Bolivia! If anybody asks you, Ixtaccicoyotl is a friend of yours because you saved his life.

No, much obliged, Jimmy. I have had more drinks already than I wanted; but that is not what makes me feel like laughing.

I was just thinking of stylish banquets in that cave, and beautiful girls waiting on us. Yes, sir!

You could not tell those fellows in a million years. Naya, for instance; they would see that she was a beautiful child, but they would not see the pity of it—even if she smiled for them, timid and wishful like she does. Or Ixtaccicoyotl; they would see he is a handsome fellow and a slick wrestler; but they would not wonder where he got that big deep voice of his, or the blood that makes him look and act like a white man when he is supposed to be pure Aztec royalty.

But they would be hot dog after that gold.

Huh? Well, let them hunt. I told them it was on a river, and there is not more than six of them in twenty miles of our place. I told them it was under a buckle in the cliff, and if they can find a hundred yards of cliff that is not buckled I will eat your hat. And if they stumble onto it—well, they can never say I did not tell them. They will leave their skulls with Miller and that Charley hobo, and without any fancy touches either. Which they have got a perfect right to do.

But do not worry, Jimmy. They think I am a windy old liar from the word go. I saw their faces, and it was worth the price. They do not believe a man could know about that gold and keep his hands off. They do not know you, Jimmy. They do not know Gene, and they have never seen that son of yours. They do not know what well off is. They would know all about a million dollars, but Indians are just peons to them; and they would not see that being square has made you and your wife and son a million friends.

Ho-hum! Well, come on, Jimmy. It must be nearly ten o'clock. Cities may be all right for them that likes excitement, but not me. Not so, Bolivia! I will sure be glad when morning comes and we are started home.



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THE HUNDRED ACRES

(Continued from Page 44)

that he did say. But he'll know they're not true when he thinks it over. He was all stirred up before hand, you know. He pitched into me red hot."

So that was the kernel of it—John Thorpe, for whom he had always felt so much admiration and gratitude! Her bosom swelled, but she wished first of all to understand the situation clearly; so she only asked softly, "What else had you tried, Ned?"

He grinned wanly. "Metzler. I thought he might buy back the Orawine stock; but Metzler's a cheerful cannibal too." Then he corrected that. "Really, it's probable he doesn't want the stock back. But if he does want it back he's going to wait and buy cheap from the sheriff. He knows I'm on the rocks. That's one of the troubles of the situation. Everybody knows I'm on the rocks. If I've got anything to sell it can probably be bought cheaper from the sheriff. If I lose this lawsuit with Beckwith I not only don't get anything for the land; but I owe Butz & Langley the fifty thousand dollars they've already paid me, and they'll probably get a big judgment for damages too."

Something that had been in her mind for days now burst forth urgently: "Ned! I want you to get some other lawyer besides my father! You must get another lawyer!"

"Your father's a very good lawyer," he replied calmly.

"But not for you," she urged. "Honey, he doesn't think you can win this suit against Beckwith. I know he doesn't think you can win it. You must get another lawyer—one that does think you will win."

"Afraid I'd have a hard time to find one," he said soberly. "I haven't got a scrap of evidence, and Beckwith's got a valid deed. Nobody thinks I can win it."

That was too much. She bent forward, her hands coming together. "But you can win it, Ned! You will win it! It's right! You must get a lawyer who knows you're going to win it; who can make the court see it!" Her voice rang with conviction, then fell into an exclamation of dismay: "Oh, Ned! You're not giving up?"

He took the outburst quietly, and there was no emotion in his reply.

"No; I'm not giving up on the lawsuit. I'm going to fight it through to the last ditch—fight it all I know. But since my talk with John Thorpe this afternoon I got a new angle on it. I was like you, Nellie; I felt that I'd got to win—simply got to! But when I listened to old John pitching into me, it sort of came to me that I didn't have to win, after all. I mean, I didn't have to win the lawsuit and the money."

He glanced down, as though pondering an inner experience, and up again.

"You see, they're all thumbs down to me now, even good old John Thorpe. And if I'm going to be shot I want to do it cleanly. If they're bound to have it that way, all right; I'm ready. But I don't want to go down howling. So I'm not torn up about it any more. I'm ready. Somehow it's all out of my hands. I've done all I could. So what I want now is just to make a clean job of it—stand up straight and take the shot decently."

He pondered a moment more and made an appeal to her.

"You know I hate it, Nell. It will be poor luck for you and the youngsters. We'll have to go back to where we started from and start all over again. But if we're going to get wiped out—well, we can stand up straight and manage to smile a little; do it cleanly, you know. And there's something else to think of; that is, what I owe John Thorpe. He's stood by me, and I want to protect him all I can. You see, if Butz & Langley start this suit it will be a lien on my property. I owe the bank a lot of money. I want to go over there in the morning, before a suit is started, and assign everything I've got to him. That will wipe the slate as much as I'm able to, and we'll start over again."

She lifted to the thought that he stood cool and upright in his defeat, yet she could not endure the defeat. Going back to where they started from, he had said; but there were a good many gray hairs at his temples—nine years out of his life. He could be shot without flinching, but they were not going to shoot him! Her lip trembled, her eyes moistened, and she went over quickly to perch on the arm of his chair, drawing his head against her soft bosom.

"You're not going to lose, Ned," she said, low, as though it were a secret between them. "You're too good! It would be a crime! You're too fine a man!"

It eased his heart, like a poultice on a wound. "Well, we'll stick to that idea as long as we can," he said. "But I'll want you to sign a deed to the house in the morning. Of course we couldn't live here anyhow. It costs too much. They'll need somebody to run the factory. Maybe they'll give me the job, but I don't know."

Going back to cramped quarters and cramped living, carefully counting the nickels, and with three children now; no sure foothold in the world; anxious about the future. Some bleak picture of that was in both their minds.

"I've made some big mistakes," he said soberly. "I ought to have got my bargain with Alf in black and white. I ought to have kept that letter. I oughtn't to have jawed with him when he bobbed up here. I oughtn't to have spent all this money on the strength of what I thought I was going to get for the land. Easy enough to see it now. Maybe a man's mistakes are bound to come home to roost. But I've got all over howling and tearing my hair about it. The main thing now is—if it's coming—I want to do it decently. After all, old honey, they can't really sink us, you know. We'll get on."

She put her hand to his cheek, pressing his head to her breast again. "You're not going to lose, Ned! I know you're not! You're too good!"

But after all, that was merely an emotional expression. A few minutes later she happened to remember an incident of the afternoon, and said, "I saw the fat thief in front of the Hotel Royal half an hour ago."

The fat thief, meanwhile, had taken a comfortable chair in a corner of the veranda. The encounter with Mrs. Edward Hurd had stirred the thing up afresh. He must get hold of that letter. But how?

And Milton Stowe was engaged with the obverse side of the same puzzle. When he made the last demand for money Beckwith had been quite insistent upon seeing the letter, and had stood him off again with a beggarly hundred dollars. He had a great deal of contempt for Beckwith—no more guts than a rabbit!—yet he was far too astute to trust that letter in his hands, even for a moment.

So there it was: When he demanded money Beckwith countered with a demand to see the letter. He didn't propose to take any chances with that letter until all the money was in his fist; but the miserable two hundred dollars which he had so far extracted from his victim was nearly gone. An irritating situation.

Thus far he had been canny in his dealing with Beckwith, going to him only when strictly sober and in command of all his faculties. But this afternoon he was pondering the situation in the back room of a small and flyblown shop whose stock in trade consisted of tobacco, candy, sea shells, coconut shells carved and painted to resemble a human face, stuffed and varnished blowfish and various other odd wares. The proprietor—a Mexican or half-breed—did not like people to sit in his back room. He had frowned at Stowe and answered him gruffly, but the cheeky old man ignored the hint.

The proprietor liked back-room visitors to make their little purchases, pay the price and leave at once. Although the doors were closed and the shade to the one window carefully drawn, people sitting around there might attract undesirable attention. Besides, he hadn't a doubt that if left alone back there, this old man would promptly help himself to a drink and never pay for it. Stowe was a good customer, however, and in this trade one couldn't take the risk of offending anybody. So the proprietor merely frowned and answered gruffly.

At length the persistent visitor relieved his anxiety by consulting an old silver watch and saying, "All right, Charley; one more and I'll toddle home."

Charley poured the potation—a very stingy one, Stowe thought indignantly, in view of the monstrous price—then took the half dollar and a moment later had the satisfaction of seeing the customer depart. Stowe walked straight enough, yet with a deliberation which might have reminded one of a man walking a tight rope. So, navigating with care, he turned the corner of the Hotel Royal a few minutes later and saw Beckwith on the veranda. Thinking it over in the back room, in alcoholic assurance, he had made up his mind to fetch the lobster across this time. His withered chin was uncompromisingly settled upon his soiled collar and there was a hostile gleam in his vinous eye.

A nod on either side served for greeting, and the caller settled himself in a vacant chair.

Beckwith noted the deliberation of his movements and the glow of his nose, and smelled an unmistakable odor.

Being seated, Stowe delivered an ultimatum: "I've come for some real money. I'm broke again. This time it's real money; and if you ain't got it I'm going to Hurd before sundown." There was a smash in the eye for the lobster!

Beckwith's brain was busy with the tempting thought, "He's drunk!" and he replied mildly, "All right, Milt. I've told you all along I'm going to give you a square deal; but you've got to give me a square deal. I don't know that you've got anything but a copy. Show me the letter and I'll talk business with you. You couldn't ask anything fairer than that. If you've really got what you say you have, what are you afraid of?"

Afraid! The word irritated Stowe powerfully. Afraid of this lobster! His face turned redder. "I'm not afraid of anything," he declared. "I'll show you that letter, but it will cost you a lot of money to look at it; I'll tell you that!"

Beckwith's nerves were tingling. "All right; I'll pay," he said. "But I want to see the letter first. That's only fair." Even while speaking he was trying to concoct some plan in the back of his head; think up some place where they could meet for a view of the letter.

"Have you got twenty-five thousand dollars in the bank?" Stowe demanded.

"Not this afternoon," said Beckwith; "but I can get it there by ten o'clock tomorrow morning." He was still trying to think of a favorable place where Stowe could show him the letter.

But Stowe stood up and announced, "All right. I'll bring the letter here. I'll show it to you in fifteen minutes right here."

The word "afraid" rankled in his mind. But this swift dénouement confused Beckwith. Here the thing was on his head, with no plan at all. And this veranda was no place to exhibit a letter.

"Come up to my room," he said. "I'll be waiting for you."

Stowe eyed him an instant, as though with some suspicious reluctance; then answered, "All right. That will suit me. You make out the check." Standing beside the chair he wavered slightly.

There was danger in that. The drunken old fool might lose the letter, or get run over. So Beckwith advised, "Take a cab. You can make the trip quicker that way. I'll pay for it."

"All right," said Stowe. "I'll get a cab."

He took an instant in which to balance himself, then walked steadily away. There were two cabs in front. He beckoned one, climbed in and sank back on the cushion. He had walked all his life, but from now on he would ride in cabs! Cabs, by Jove!—and a good hotel to live in, and all he wanted to drink! Cabs! He looked out of the window, with condescension, at foot passengers.

At Mrs. McArdle's he told the driver to wait, and hastened upstairs to his mean bedroom at the back of the second story. For years the letter had lain in his trunk; but of late he had hidden it in the closet. He got it out and stuck it in his coat pocket. But he had something else to get out of his bureau—an ancient brass-mounted revolver that had not been discharged for twenty years. He raised and lowered the hammer to see that the mechanism would work, and turned the cylinder with his fingers; then put it in his coat pocket. Alf Beckwith better not try any tricks on him! All the while he had an illusion of being very cunning.

Completely satisfied with himself, he went downstairs. But a cab was a rare phenomenon at Mrs. McArdle's. Tillie, colored waitress and chambermaid, had never before seen one waiting in costly idleness at the curb in front. She conveyed the sensational news to the landlady. When Stowe came down into the bare little hall, therefore, buxom Mrs. McArdle was standing at the front door, looking out through the glass panel, debating whether or not to step forth and investigate. She turned at the sound of Stowe's shuffling feet on the stairs.

It was a triumphant moment for him, and liquor made him indiscreet.

"That cab is waiting for me, Mrs. McArdle," he said. "I'll be riding in cabs after this. I'm going to have one hundred thousand dollars tomorrow." He tapped the breast of his coat. "I've got the document right here."

He brushed by her and opened the door, making what he believed to be a dramatic exit. But the landlady only thought, "He's stewed again."

Driving back to the hotel he crossed the lounge and went up in an elevator to the eighth floor, where he knew the way perfectly. It was down the right-hand corridor, then a turn to the left, past three doors. The first of those doors gave to the shaft of a freight elevator. It stood ajar three or four inches, disclosing a dark bottomless interior. Stowe happened to notice it. Careless to leave that door open. The fourth and last door was Beckwith's. He put his hand to the knob. The door opened and he stepped in. Beckwith was sitting at the foot of the apple-green bed with flowers painted on it, waiting for him.

"I've brought it," he said, after he had closed the door. His right hand went into his coat pocket. He glowered down at his host a moment, withered chin settled in his soiled collar, and took out the old revolver. "I've brought this too. No tricks, you know. I'll shoot you like a dog if you try any." He said it with a relish, and Beckwith was reminded of a foul old buzzard.

V

IT WAS after one o'clock that night when Beckwith returned to the hotel from a snug and jolly little dinner party at Wes Loftus' house; sort of a naughty little party, too—Mrs. Loftus still abroad and Mrs. Martindale not present—not only cocktails but champagne, and then poker. He had played in wonderful luck. When he won the final pot from the three other men, Claire Tobin was perched on the arm of his chair with a hand on his shoulder. She applauded him. How her eyes shone! What a woman!

(Continued on Page 135)

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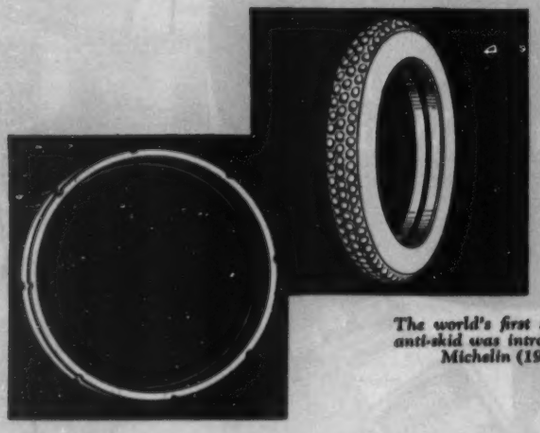
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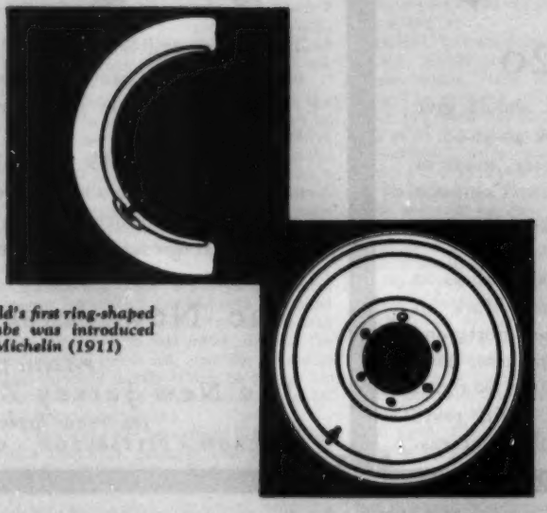


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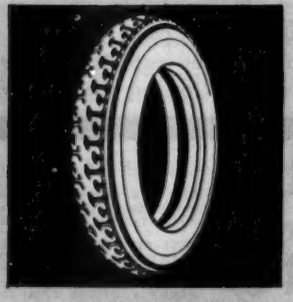
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(Continued from Page 130)

Alighting at the hotel from Colonel Martindale's limousine, he paused on the curb for a gay little volley of farewells, like the popping of champagne corks. Claire Tobin waved her hand to him through the window as the car rolled away, and jolly Miss Fletcher too. The colonel was taking them home.

In his dinner coat and snowy shirt front, he entered the lounge, a faint smile, like a pleasant memory, still on his lips. At this hour the lounge was nearly deserted, with only a few lights on. The emptiness threw into relief a grave youngish man in a neat blue uniform with gold braid on it who sat beside a pillar facing the door.

Beckwith had met this grave-looking youngish man. His name was Yocum—Captain Yocum—and he was chief of police in Sunport. Alf nodded to him. Captain Yocum nodded back. Alf walked past him, and so up in the elevator to his room. Turning the corner of the corridor he noticed that the door to the freight elevator was closed.

Switching on the lights in his room he looked around, and his nerves jangled. First, the wastebasket was empty, and when he left the room it had been a third full of torn rubbish. Next—it caught his eye like a magnet—a little book of postage stamps, such as one buys at the post office, lay on a corner of the apple-green writing desk. Decidedly, it had not been there when he left the room. He stepped over to the closet. In changing to a dinner suit, before leaving the hotel, he had hastily hung his everyday coat and vest on a hook near the closet door. He remembered it distinctly. That coat and vest now hung on a frame quite at the back of the closet.

Of course, someone had been here.

But there was a discreet tapping on his bedroom door. Somehow, he had known that the tapping was to come. It had been coming all the evening. He opened the door to the blue figure with gold braid, which he had quite expected. A courteous man was Captain Yocum—not halting him in the lounge before people, but allowing him to come upstairs, and then following him.

"Come in; take a seat," said Alf, as though the call had been by appointment.

There was something very cool and official about this tall smooth-shaven youngish police officer, who had an admirable war record. He stepped over to the apple-green desk, took the chair beside it, and laid his gold-braided cap on the blotting pad.

"Smoke?"

Standing in front of his guest Alf proffered a new gold-plated cigarette case with his monogram on it. Captain Yocum took one, and Alf took a seat.

"It's about an old chap named Stowe—Milton Stowe," the visitor explained. "His body was found on top of the freight elevator in the basement about half past six this afternoon."

Mechanically Alf raised his eyebrows and exclaimed, "The devil!" Yet that pretense of surprise did not sound convincing to him.

"The hotel people think he must have been up here to see you," Yocum suggested, in that sober unemphasized way of his.

Alf's explanation came readily, even volubly. "Why, yes; he was up here to see me. Old man used to work for me, you know—ten years ago, when I was in the Orawine Company. He was our bookkeeper. Guess he's been sort of on his uppers—booze, probably. In fact, he was about three sheets in the wind when he came up here this afternoon. That was somewhere between five and half past, near's I remember. It was a little touch, you know; he wanted a little loan, as he called it."

"You gave him some money?"

With a generous air Alf replied, "Why, yes; I gave him ten dollars—old lang syne, you know. Long's he didn't come too often, I was willing to slip him a little change. I let him shake me down for ten." He was going through a rôle that had been mysteriously prepared for him.

Yocum picked up his cap. His eyes lingered for a moment on the writing desk. He seemed to look particularly at the little postage-stamp book on the corner. "You think he left your room around half past five?"

"Why, something like that. I couldn't be positive, you know."

"No." The officer stood up. "I'm obliged to you. It was in the line of duty, you know, to make inquiries. One of my men came over to see you this evening, but you were out. I happened to be going by here and thought I'd see if you came in soon; wanted to get it cleaned up. I'm going to Tampa in the morning." He was moving toward the door.

"Yes. I'm going to Tampa in the morning myself." Alf was smiling, but inwardly asking, "Why did I say that?"

Yocum had the door open, but paused for another sober question. "I suppose Stowe didn't leave a gun here?"

"A gun? Oh, no!"

"Good night."

"Good night."

The door closed on the blue uniform and left Beckwith for a moment in a great void. A gun! His stomach felt cold. He slipped the bolt on the door. But it might be a trap; Yocum might be coming back. He waited a full minute; then, in the bathroom, he bolted that door behind him. A wicker hamper for soiled clothes stood in the corner. He dug into it breathlessly, but what he sought was not there. He turned the hamper upside down, spilling its contents on the tile floor, and replaced the rumpled articles one by one. Surely, what he sought was not there. Somebody had taken it away.

He went back into the bedroom and sat down. It was overwhelming; yet, somehow, it had been palpably following him all the evening. Even at the gay little party, with Claire Tobin perched on the arm of his chair, this dénouement had been crouching at his heels.

Perhaps the thing would never have happened if the boozy old fool hadn't drawn that absurd, rusty, brass-bound revolver. The ridiculous weapon seemed to invite it. Even then it fairly happened of itself—a punch and a grapple, the old man going down like an empty sack; then a knee on his chest and a hand to his throat. The next thing he knew the old man lay dead on the floor, positively dead. The nape of his neck had prickled, and in his brain a great rush and tumult had made orderly thinking impossible.

But he had remembered the partly open door to the freight-elevator shaft only a few steps away. It came to him like a cue from a prompter. There was nobody in the short corridor. The limp body tumbled down the dark shaft headlong; and he was back in his room. Somebody must have heard that crash at the bottom of the shaft; they would be up here to question him in five minutes, and he had two things to conceal. That idea had stuck up out of the swirl in his head.

The first thing was that absurd old revolver. He thought of the hamper in the bathroom, but dropping the weapon in among the dirty clothes did not seem sufficient. He caught up a bathroom towel, wrapped the revolver in it, and thrust the roll down into the hamper. That seemed safer.

But an even more momentous thing was the letter which he had taken from Stowe. That letter was everything. He couldn't bear to part with it, yet they might search him and find it. With that great rush and tumult in his brain, he tried to think how to hide it; and he must be quick, for any minute now the knock might come at his door. Then he remembered a detective story that he had read a good while before—how cleverly the man in the story had disposed of an important document by mailing it to himself.

The next moment he was at the writing desk superscribing an envelope in his heavy sprawling hand to "Mr. Alfred Beckwith, Grand View Hotel, Tampa, Florida," and writing in the corner, underscored, "Please Hold." His mail consisted principally of circulars and pamphlets—a stack of them every day; but he did have some local correspondence and there was a twenty-five-cent book of postage stamps in the writing desk, with only one stamp left in it. He affixed that stamp to the envelope and tossed the empty book into the wastebasket, which was a third full of litter. The latter circumstance was clear in his recollection, because he had thought for an instant of hiding the all-important letter by dropping it in there, only that was too insecure.

Slipping down the corridor, he had dropped the envelope in the mail chute—and was ready for them, after a fashion. Nobody came, however. By and by he surmised that they hadn't found the body yet. The bottom of the elevator shaft was in the basement; there had been no occasion to use the car. He began to feel more secure. Stowe was drunk anyhow; the elevator door was ajar. What more natural than that a drunken man should mistake it for the passenger elevator, stumble in and fall? One moment he felt quite secure; then there the thing was again crouching at his heels. So it had been all through the evening.

It was obvious now that they had searched the room in his absence. They had found Stowe's pistol. They had emptied his wastebasket—looking for the letter, no doubt. They had searched his clothes and hung them up in a different place. Something came to him clear as noonday, and he marveled that he had not thought of it before, namely, that boozy old Stowe had not been single-handed in this enterprise; some abler, better-informed person had explained the importance of the letter to him and set him on. That was why Stowe had been so sure of himself all along and known exactly how to strike.

Without doubt this secret confederate had known of Stowe's visit this afternoon. Learning that Stowe was dead, he understood at once what had happened, and told the police to look for a letter; perhaps had been here himself to help find it. All this was now perfectly clear.

Yocum had crossed the room to take a seat by the writing table and had looked at the table in a significant way, especially at the little book of postage stamps. Beckwith stepped over there, and a wry fateful little smile formed on his lips. There it was. An electric sign couldn't have made it plainer. The fresh blotting pad showed in reverse, in his heavy, sprawling hand, "Mr. Alfred Beckwith, Grand View Hotel, Tampa, Florida," and where the corner of the envelope would be, "Please Hold," underscored. A ten-year-old child could have read it without difficulty. Unquestionably the searchers had read it, and understood. All they needed to complete the case against him was to catch him at Tampa when he claimed that letter. He might deny his handwriting, but he couldn't deny claiming the letter.

At three o'clock Beckwith softly opened his door and peered into the corridor, which was empty. He wore a new overcoat, and, beneath it, the rumpled old suit in which he had come to Sunport. Hardly anybody had seen that suit; therefore it could not be described.

He was carrying the battered old suitcase, with one of his new suits and some linen in it. Not finding that new suit in his closet, they would think he had worn it away and describe it; but he meant to throw it and the overcoat into the bay.

A man could lose no more than his life. That was the stake he had to play for now. They had found Stowe's pistol in his bathroom. They knew he had directed an envelope to himself at Tampa, and undoubtedly had guessed what it contained. But that letter was what they needed to complete the circumstantial evidence against him. When he stepped up to the hotel desk at Tampa to claim it, a hand would fall on his shoulder and the trap would be sprung.

(Continued on Page 137)



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Carbohydrates must be converted into sugar by the system before they can be assimilated. As a banana ripens, the starches are transformed into healthful fruit sugars, so that Nature accomplishes one process of digestion before the fruit is eaten. It is because of their ready digestibility and because they afford abundant energy that doctors recommend the frequent inclusion of bananas in the children's diet. Teach the children to eat bananas slowly, chewing each bite thoroughly. Then they get all the satisfying taste of the sweetness and the food is ready for quick and complete assimilation.



Serve bananas often in any delicious way you choose, only be sure of the better flavor and easier digestibility that ripeness adds. To get bananas at their best, buy them by the "hand" or by the dozen and let them ripen in your home, at room temperature. *Do not put them in the ice chest*, as cold interferes with the ripening process. Wait until all green is gone from the tip and the golden skin is flecked with brown. Then this fruit is at its best.

Choose Unifruitco Bananas when you buy. They are the bananas grown on the model plantations of the United Fruit Company. Modern methods of cultivation, and tropic sun and soil make Unifruitco Bananas the most choice and finest-flavored that grow.

They are brought north in ships specially constructed to keep bananas at their best. Unifruitco Bananas are distributed all over the United States and Canada by the Fruit Dispatch Company, Importers. Wholesalers and jobbers everywhere keep the fruit in specially constructed "banana rooms." It is this care in the cultivation and distribution of Unifruitco Bananas that makes it worth your while to choose them when you buy.

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Please send me recipe book "From the Tropics to Your Table."

Name.....

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City..... B

(Continued from Page 135)

That was quite clear to him. Yocum had come up to his room to put some finishing touches to the snare, as by getting his admission that Stowe had been in the room. He had been a fool to say that he loaned the old man ten dollars. Without doubt they had searched the body and found no ten dollars on it. The old man had said he was broke. He'd been a fool to say he loaned him anything, but that was only a detail. What they needed was the letter. He proposed to escape before they got it.

A man could lose no more than his life. For that he must take any chance that offered. Fortunately he was quite well furnished with cash. Expecting poker at the little party, he had provided himself at the bank; then he had won all the evening; so there was more than eight hundred dollars in his pocket. Time was, when that would have seemed a fortune. Swiftly, insensibly, he had slipped back to that time.

He doubted that they would be shadowing the hotel; they would feel too secure of him for that. He couldn't get an automobile at this time of night without leaving a broad track; but he had a boat of his own, perfectly capable of slipping across the bay before daylight. Once on the mainland, he might go north, east or south, so they would have to guess at his direction. He meant, in fact, to work south; then over to Cuba; then to Mexico. The past rose up to him. With eight hundred dollars he could maintain himself indefinitely.

Probably the night clerk was snoozing. At any rate the broad lounge was quite empty. Alf slipped out of the side door into the night and crossed the street quickly, his nerves taut for a hail or the sound of pursuing footsteps. But all was still, and he struck into the dark shrubbery of the public park. It was still at the water front, too—not a sound or motion; yet he trod gently along the little pier where the Lurline was tied bow and stern. Stooping, he undid the knots and pulled the boat against the pier, on which it struck with a soft thud.

Then aboard, dropping his bag and opening the housing of the motor, which was flush with the wall of the little cabin. Not wishing to show a permanent light, he struck a match, squatting to take a look at the mechanism. Opening the throttle he turned the flywheel. There was only a little sputter, but he had hardly expected more at the first revolution. He put his hand to the wheel again. A thunderbolt struck the back of his head and sent him sprawling; an electric flash light blinded his eyes.

Amid the din within his skull, Jim Hunter's voice sounded. "Je-ru-salem, Mr. Beckwith! That you! I thought somebody was trying to steal the boat! Gee! I did hit you a belt for fair!"

This coarse brute, who should have been fired days ago, was sleeping on the boat, unknown to the owner, to save room rent. Dazed, Beckwith cursed him and got him ashore. Two minutes later, chugging briskly—and loudly—through the breakwater, the owner put a hand back of his ear and felt a lump that seemed as big as a hen's egg. Of course Hunter would tell; but not before daylight. He wet a handkerchief in the cold sea and bound it round his swollen head.

VI

COMING out of the Sunport National Bank into a soft warm fog, Hurd was greatly at peace. He had done his utmost, emptied himself out to the last grain, so that in a way what happened now was none of his affair. He was even quite lighthearted, as though, after the long grueling strain, he had been discharged from all further responsibility. He had gone through the ordeal, been creditably shot, and was now on the other side.

The stout, bald figure of the bank president was in his mind. No one could expect irascible John Thorpe to apologize in set terms. He had not apologized, exactly; but penitence for yesterday's eruption had been in his air; and the figure of John Thorpe in Hurd's mind now gave him warmth and comfort. Thorpe was his friend again. He had handed over everything, and was quite empty-handed. Turning up street toward the Orawine factory, he remembered that he was not even a partner now, as in the dubious early days, but only a hired man, orally commissioned to conduct the concern for the time being on behalf of the bank, with nothing said as yet as to what his salary would be.

Well, he had done what he could. The harrowing, heart-eating mess was behind him. There was nothing ahead of him but a long, clean, unscribbled future, with all the refreshment of a blank page. Unless, of course, he should miraculously win that lawsuit. But he didn't care to give that a second thought; it was part of the mess. He preferred looking to the clean, messless future, quite light-heartedly, as he strode on in the fog.

There was no wind, so the fog did not drift or smoke, but lay in a loose moist blanket. The window in the office of the manager of the Hotel Royal might have been in the cabin of an airship anchored ten thousand feet up, for nothing but motionless mist was visible from it, and an electric reading lamp burned on the desk beside which Captain Yocum was explaining with a thoughtful, puzzled air: "He lived at a boarding house on Thompson Street. Mrs. McArdle runs it. She came down to police headquarters about nine o'clock last night. It seems that word of his death was slow in getting round to her and she thought it over awhile before deciding to come down. She said he drove to her boarding house in a cab sometime between five and half-past yesterday. She's never known him to use a cab before. He kept it waiting in front while he went up to his room.

"She was in the hall when he came down, and he said to her, 'I'm going to get a hundred thousand dollars; I've got the document right here,' or something like that. He tapped his breast pocket when he said it, as though the document was in there. But she said, too, that he'd been drinking a good deal. She paid no attention to it. It seems he was in the habit of bragging. After she heard he was dead she thought it over awhile and went up to his room, where she found that he'd taken a revolver out of the bureau."

Yocum rather appealed to the frowning, nervous manager, "I didn't give it any weight, really; not a bit. She didn't really give it any weight herself—knowing the man; always bragging, and full of hooch at the time. But she thought it over and decided it was her duty to come and tell us. I wouldn't have given it two thoughts myself. The case looked plain enough—an old codger, well stewed, up on the eighth floor, just at the time when your hall lights hadn't been turned on and it was sort of dim." He gave the manager his uncompromising official look. "That freight-elevator door had been left open."

Relapsing into mere citizenship, he went on, "What would anybody think but that he stumbled in and broke his neck? I wouldn't have given a second thought to anything else. But Mrs. McArdle thought she ought to tell us, and as long as she did tell us it was just in the routine line of duty to ask a few questions of the last man known to have seen him alive. That's always according to Hoyle. I sent Prescott over, but Mr. Beckwith wasn't in; gone out in evening clothes. I just happened to come by at one o'clock. If he'd gone out in evening clothes he might be coming back about then, so I came in.

"A routine thing, you know. I wasn't really giving it a thought. But it had to be cleaned up. Well, I went up to his room, and stayed two minutes or less. His story was straight as a string. He said the old man came up, half-seas over, to touch him for a little loan, and he gave him ten dollars. We went through Stowe's clothes, you see, and he had just ten dollars and some change in his pockets—two five-dollar bills and some silver. Even if I'd given Mrs. McArdle's story two thoughts before, I would have dismissed it then. It all tallied; there was the ten dollars in the old man's pocket. I just crossed it off the list."

The puzzled frown deepened, and Captain Yocum, usually so composed, seemed annoyed. "But a chap named Hunter, who ran his boat, says he came down to the pier at three o'clock this morning, with an old suitcase and old clothes under his overcoat—evidently meant to get away without anybody seeing him. He put Hunter ashore and sailed off. Not a sign of him since. Strange thing for a man in his position to do. Of course I thought of this business of old man Stowe. Then, there is that lawsuit with Hurd. They were partners, you know, and Hurd says Beckwith agreed to take two thousand dollars for that land; says there was a letter from Beckwith agreeing to it. This old chap Stowe was their bookkeeper. In thinking it over, you see, it occurred to me there might be—well, some grounds. If Beckwith had sat tight I wouldn't have given it another thought. I don't say there's anything in it now. But with his running away, I'm back on the job again. Mrs. McArdle is sure the revolver was in Stowe's bureau a couple of days ago; been there untouched ever since he's lived with her, she says. She thinks he must have taken it with him yesterday afternoon; but it wasn't on his body."

The smooth and chubby hotel manager, with a flower in his buttonhole, was much more disturbed than Captain Yocum. It was bad enough, in all conscience, to have an old fellow tumble down one's elevator shaft and break his neck—particularly when the police promptly discovered from a fool guest that the door on the eighth floor had been left open. That would let the hotel in for a damage suit, if deceased had any relatives to bring the suit. But far worse than that would be a grisly murder in the hotel, giving guests the creeps and sending them elsewhere. Why couldn't people pick out some other hotel to do their murders in?

Mention of a pistol was rather like a blow in the stomach.

"Do you know," he asked painfully, "what kind of a gun it was?"

"It was an old-fashioned, five-chambered revolver, brass mounted—some rust on it. Probably a short-barreled .44, from the way Mrs. McArdle described it. Why?"

It was hard luck, but the question was uttered by the law. "You can see my position," the manager appealed. "I'd about as soon have smallpox in the house as a murder. But I'll tell you what I know. Beckwith didn't pay his bill last week. He owes us quite a bit. The night clerk saw him go out of the side door with a suitcase at three o'clock this morning. The chambermaid said his bed hadn't been slept in. At first I was thinking of our bill; but afterward something about this old man came into my head and I went over it again.

"Beckwith was liberal with his tips. The chambermaid took some extra care of him. She went to his room about seven o'clock last evening with fresh towels. She has to keep track of 'em, you know—so many to be accounted for. Well, a bath towel was missing. She thought he might have put it in the hamper with his own dirty clothes, and looked in there. When I questioned her afterward she remembered that she had found it in a sort of roll or wad, stuck down in the clothes."

Cynically he explained, "You wouldn't expect her to think anything about it till afterward. She wouldn't naturally think anything about anything till afterward. She had her bath towel, and that was all there was to it, far's she was concerned. She just took it in the wad or roll, with a couple of hand towels picked up from the floor, and carried 'em back and dumped 'em down the chute to the laundry.

"But that was the last thing she did in the room, you understand. Before that she tidied it up a bit—hung up a coat and vest that he had left on a hook, and emptied his wastebasket. It seems that in emptying the wastebasket she noticed a little book of postage stamps in it. But there were a



6 Protecting Plies

SEE how GOOD LUCK hose is made! Around the live rubber tube are six tightly wrapped layers or plies of stout cotton fabric filled with rubber gum and encased in a tough cover. Tube, plies and cover are all vulcanized together into a solid yet flexible wall. The result is a light, strong garden hose which gives years of service around the house or garden. GOOD LUCK hose is "built to stay alive," because it is built of live materials combined with long manufacturing experience.

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has a ⅝" water channel, because this is the logical size for hose to be used with house or lawn silcocks. Sizes smaller than ⅝" will not deliver all the water from ½" hose fittings, and larger sizes will not deliver enough more than ⅝" to justify their increased weight and expense.

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Spur Tie all tied for you

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True style kept true by this patented form

Below is a photograph of a Spur Tie with part of the silk cut away and turned back. You can see the H-shaped Innerform as it actually appears inside the tie. This is the patented form, found exclusively in the Spur Tie, that makes it keep its true style—the smart, unwrinkled good looks of a tie that will not curl or roll.

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Starts smart—

and here is why it stays that way

YOU needn't get tie-tired. Free yourself from the trying trouble of knot-tying. The Spur Tie comes to you already tied. You merely slip it into place and fasten it. Now, whether you wear soft collars or stiff, you are wearing the smartest-looking tie that ever looked back at you from a mirror.

The Spur Tie's style secret is the H-shaped Innerform, illustrated and described above. That exclusive form lets you shape your tie any way you want it, and it stays that way.

You will find Spur Ties displayed on the counters of shops for men, shops that sell the new smart things in men's wear. Remember that there is only one Spur Tie. It is the only tie that can have in it the H-shaped Innerform.

Feel for this H-shaped Innerform, and then make sure that you get it. Look on the back of the tie you buy for the red Spur label. That is the way to make sure that you get the real Spur Tie—the tie that looks more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie.

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You like good stories, of course. Then mail the coupon below for a free copy of "Can Do Winthrop Finds a Gold Mine." It is an absorbing romance of love in business, written for your entertainment by a well-known writer. Mail the coupon for a free copy of this delightful romance.



BOYS! *Here is your tie, just like Dad's and Big Brother's. It is Spur Tie Junior. It comes all-tied-for-you, in the snappiest patterns you ever saw. No tough knots to worry with, you put it on yourself. Then no matter how hard you play or work, the H-shaped Innerform makes it keep its shape and grown-up good looks.*

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couple of stamps left in the book. Apparently he'd thought it was empty and thrown it away; but there were a couple of stamps over in the back. So she laid it on a corner of his writing desk where he'd find it. Then she picked up the towels, as I told you before."

He regarded the policeman earnestly, as though what he was about to say required a full measure of credulity. "The towels went down the chute and fell on a heap of dirty clothes on the laundry floor. Sorting over these clothes this morning, they found an old-fashioned, brass-bound revolver with a little rust on it. I've got it here." He opened a drawer in his desk and produced the weapon. "Of course I can't say that it came out of Beckwith's room. Probably nobody can say that. But it might have been rolled up in that towel. When the revolver was brought to me I didn't think of the old man or Beckwith. All sorts of things get mixed up with the dirty clothes sometimes. But when you mentioned a revolver—well, there it is."

Captain Yocum only glanced at the revolver, but there was an edged alertness in his manner as he said, "Come upstairs with me. I want to look over his room again."

A little later he was pointing down at the inverted writing on the blotting pad. Unnoticed by him when he visited the room in the night, those marks now stood out like an electric sign, as they had stood out to Beckwith.

"That's his writing," said the manager. "He must have mailed something to himself at Tampa."

"We'll find out what it was," Captain Yocum replied decisively.

At four o'clock that afternoon Hurd sat in the sun parlor with his wife, having returned from Tampa with his father-in-law only a few minutes before. He had been going like a house afire since eleven o'clock that morning, when Captain Yocum—not strictly according to Hoyle, but in what he considered the ideal interests of justice—had given him a tip that there was a document at the Grand View Hotel in Tampa which might interest him. Certain legal formalities were necessary in order to get possession of the document, and they must hurry lest it slip through their fingers.

Now that the breakneck job was done Hurd rested in a powerful sense of awe.

"Yes, sir," he repeated. "Alf killed him. He must have killed him. You wouldn't have believed it. But he must have—and mailed the letter to himself at Tampa."

The sense of awe filled them both. After a moment his wife thought aloud, but under her breath: "Of course they'll catch him."

Hurd hung his head, staring at the floor. "Yes; they're sure to catch him. When I think back, as old Alf used to be —— Somehow you can't believe he was such a bad fellow at heart." He looked blankly up at his wife and made an immoral confession: "On trial for murder—hanging! I hope he gets away."

She understood that, sympathizing with him if not with Alf Beckwith, and replied with pity, "But he can't."

"This fog may help," he suggested vaguely, glancing into the persistent mist. "But, of course, he can't finally. They've sent an alarm for him all up and down the coast." Absorbed in the fateful drama, he muttered, "Poor old Alf."

At that time a half-decked gasoline launch was drifting in the soft warm blanket—somewhere in the Gulf of Mexico certainly, but beyond that its occupant had no idea of location. A few minutes after three that morning he had churned briskly out through the breakwater into broad still night. Half an hour later the rapid spit of the motor had softly died down. After two or three spasmodic gasps it ceased. Beckwith investigated and soon discovered the difficulty. He was out of gasoline.

Fog came with daybreak, and he drifted in a viewless mist. Not once since the last red wink of a little lighthouse in the night had he seen any object save the boat that bore him and the gray water in which it floated. He had no knowledge of currents and no notion where he was going.

He was very hungry, for there was not a crumb of provisions on the boat; but the thirst was worse. Long since, he had found that the water jug contained only a few drops. The thirst was a cumulating torment from which he could not detach his mind. Anxiously he peered into the fog and listened. This current would not carry him very fast or far; they would catch him now anyhow. If he could only get a drink he would hail any craft. But there seemed to be no craft, no shores; nothing but this enormous still mist with the lazy gray water beneath it.

Of late he had ceased really to look and listen for a boat, or for a shore line. Not that a shore line would have done him much good unless he could attract somebody's attention on it, for he had never learned to swim more than a few strokes.

But he had ceased to look, ceased paying attention to the notion of rescue. Something else held his mind now—as though this present situation had been inscrutably implicit in his enterprise from the very moment he embarked upon it. Something in him had shrunk back from it all the while. He had never before done what, between white men, would be called an outright crooked thing. Well, he couldn't do it—not and get away with it. No, he couldn't get away with it.

The thirst was a torment, but he couldn't get away from that either. "There are plenty worse men than I am," he was thinking; "but I couldn't do it. I made a big mistake, and it's got me now. It's got me. Why do I wait?" His mind seemed to clear, as though the fog had suddenly lifted, showing him his course. The thought repeated, "Why do I wait? It might as well be now." As though addressing another person, the thought added, "I'm sorry."

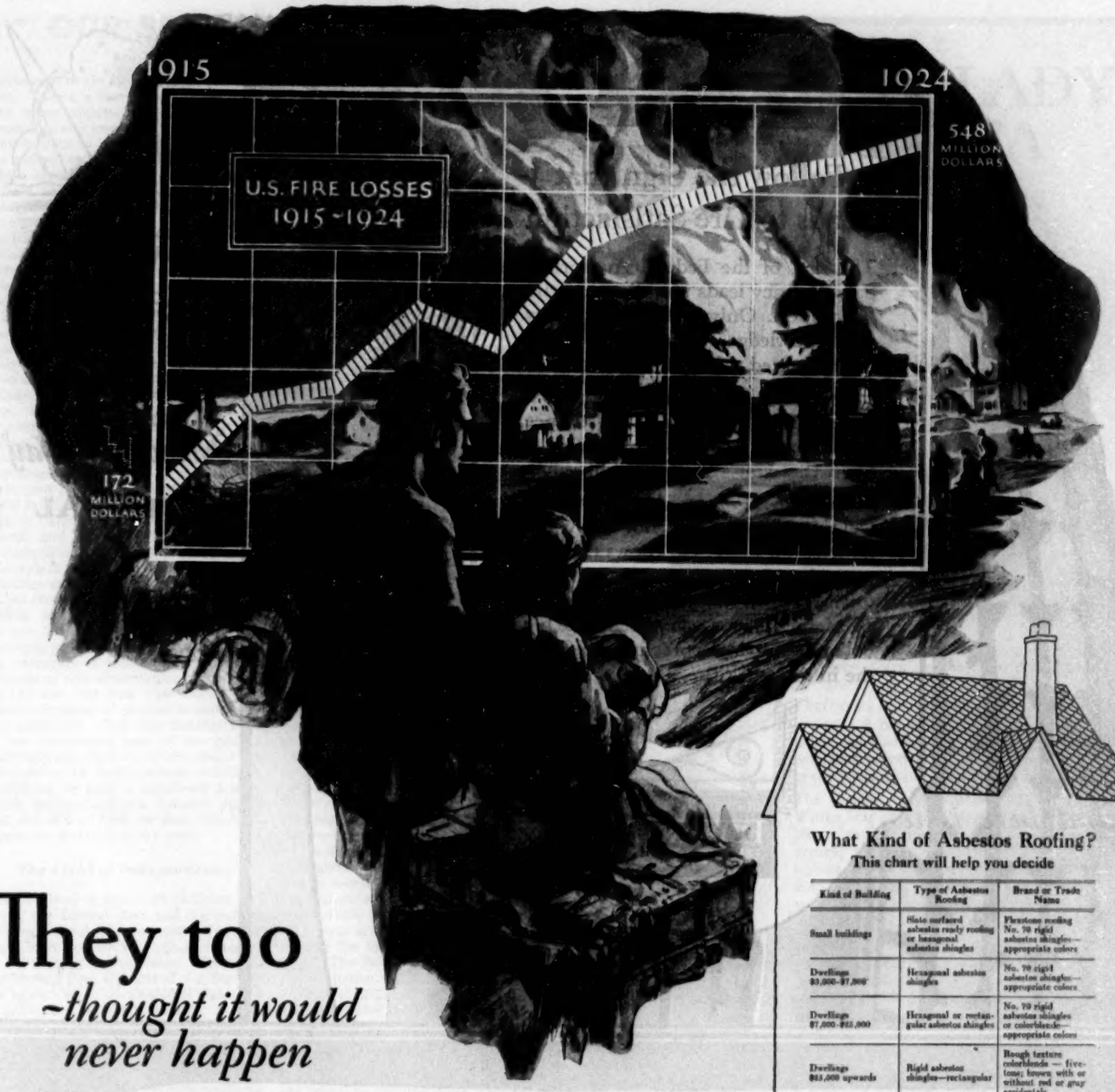
In one simple motion, without the least hesitation, he stepped up on the gunwale of the boat and dived, kicking it away from him in the action.

(THE END)



PHOTO. BY RAU STUDIOS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Along the Wissahickon—Fairmount Park, Philadelphia



They too
-thought it would never happen

THE cold figures of a fire loss chart are apt to mean little to the man whose house "has never burned down."

But an *increasing* number of home owners are finding that behind those figures lies a real threat, for in ten years our annual national fire loss has swelled from $220,000,000 to nearly $550,000,000.

Fire authorities agree that the inflammable roof is a tremendous fire hazard, responsible not only for occasional fire but often for the wiping out of whole city areas.

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This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	Slate surfaced asbestos ready roofing or hexagonal asbestos shingles	Flexstone roofing No. 70 rigid asbestos shingles—appropriate colors
Dwellings $3,000–$7,000	Hexagonal asbestos shingles	No. 70 rigid asbestos shingles—appropriate colors
Dwellings $7,000–$25,000	Hexagonal or rectangular asbestos shingles	No. 70 rigid asbestos shingles or colorblende—appropriate colors
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles—rectangular	Rough texture colorblends — five-tone; brown with or without red or gray accidentals
Factories, shops and mills—monitor and sawtooth roofs*	Asbestos ready roofing or asbestos built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready or Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs—all buildings*	Asbestos built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—standard or excessive temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Roofing and Siding

*Note—Industrial buildings call for expert advice. A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches.

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FEDERAL TIRES

OUR SESQUICENTENNIAL

(Continued from Page 17)

emblematic of the story of American freedom. Taking a few paces, you enter the area where architects, artists and landscape designers have made their principal contributions to tell in terms of their art the inspired central motive underlying the whole exposition. Here are the various palaces, packed with foreign and domestic products, exhibiting, to quote once more the words of the President, "the progress of the United States and other nations in art, science and industry, in trade and commerce, and in the development of the products of the air, the soil, the mine, the forest and the seas."

But before we glance at some of the outstanding exhibits of these palaces, let us pause a moment to take in the general scheme of architecture, for the architects have developed a style of treatment of the buildings which is unique to this exposition. They decided that the evanescent structures they have to deal with should express strictly contemporary trends in design. They therefore took the very latest individual development in architectural style, that of the set-back structures now fairly familiar in present-day office buildings in large cities where zoning laws prevail, and they employed some of the characteristic features of this strictly American style in formulating their designs. The buildings are tinted in pastel shades laid on the stucco, and the entire effect is decidedly novel, romantic and pleasing to the eye. These buildings, constructed with factory-type steel frame and stucco coating, exemplify in themselves the modern methods of rush construction learned during the war, and they were erected at a speed undreamed of as possible under prewar conditions. And this demonstration of the tremendous pace of the modern building craft, which can erect a magic city complete in all details almost overnight, constitutes in itself a significant feature which distinguishes this dynamic age of rush and change from the slow, laborious, permanent methods of the past.

The Light of Independence

At the head of the Court of Honor, between the Liberal Arts and Agriculture buildings, stands the impressive Tower of Light, more than 200 feet high, surmounted by the Light of Independence. This tower can be seen from all parts of the city and will appear, when illuminated at night, as a magnificent silver shaft, shedding its radiance over the entire exposition grounds. This light commemorates the inspired vision of the founders of liberty, the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The tower and lighting arrangements constitute the finest piece of electrical engineering of its kind ever achieved. It is lit up externally by 250 one-thousand-watt flood lights, and the aurora from that intense concentration of flood lights will be visible in New York.

Conceive this brilliantly illuminated spectacle in action on some special patriotic occasion such as the Fourth of July with the President in attendance, or Armistice Day. Ceremonials and speeches and army and navy and aerial reviews; the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers filled with the pageantry of naval fleets; promenade dancing at night in the open in a splendidly illuminated fairyland canopied with flags and scintillating with red and green and violet lights; special aviation maneuvers, reproducing the combats on the western front, with smoke screens, aerial bombs shot up and exploded beneath the darting aviators, who are picked out by searchlights thrown upon them from below. All this as a commemorative celebration and also to demonstrate our progress in electricity and in naval and aerial fields.

It is not possible in a general article of this character to describe in detail all the various foreign and domestic exhibits. And it is more than probable that the visiting family from Detroit or Las Vegas or Pleasantville will soon scatter, each member following his own special interests, with possibly a noon rendezvous to meet at one of the numerous restaurants, which may be reproductions of quaint old American inns or picturesque foreign affairs with wild, unexpected food. Father, if he is the ordinary business man, will probably turn his footsteps to the Palace of Machinery, Mines, Metallurgy and Transportation, where are exhibited all the powerful engines of all types that do man's bidding and to which man in turn is enslaved. There he will find the Diesel engine, one of the most significant advances in power-engine construction, which will be represented by the greatest assemblage of its examples in history, including Diesel-driven and direct-connected engine generator sets. All phases of advancement in machine and electric transportation fields will be shown by the great manufacturers of this country.

A Cave of Modern Magic

Marine engines, locomotives, steam turbines, great electric machines and whizzing dynamos, the whole evolution of power from the old-fashioned mill wheel down to the latest device will be unfolded before his eyes. The development of the automobile will be presented in concrete visualization from its earliest stages. Modern means of locomotion by rail, by water and by air will be displayed, contrasting them with the old methods, special attention being paid to the achievements of the past fifty years.

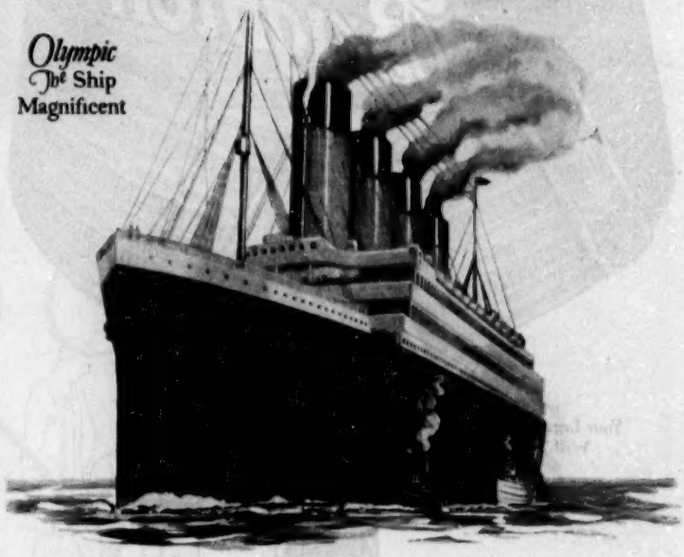
In the Palace of Liberal Arts and Manufactures the manufacturers of the telephone, the telegraph and radio have assembled a satisfying exhibit which portrays the entire history and advancements made in these industries from their inception up to the present day. The radio exhibits and demonstrations, in particular, will cover the sending and receiving of photographs by radio from the exposition grounds throughout the United States, and also to foreign countries by means of a tie-up with the Marconi station in London. Right this way! Have your tintype taken by radio with your arm around your best girl to send to the folks back in your old home town! The Bell telephone, which was first put to public use in the Centennial Exposition of 1876, will be shown in its progress since that date, together with the latest allied development—the system of sending pictures by wire. That new baby giant, the moving-picture industry, will here have its first opportunity for showing the nation its methods and growth since it has reached its present hoary age. Moving pictures, with national stars, will be made while you wait on the exposition lot. The oil industry will sink an oil well, showing every phase of oil production from the ground up. The largest steel manufacturers will illustrate their industry from the initial treatment of ore to the final stages of fabrication.

If father is a farmer he will presently tear himself away from this Aladdin's Cave of modern magic and betake himself to the Palace of Agriculture and Food Products, which contains all that pertains to feeding the human race from the preparation of the soil, through the harvesting to the final appearance of the product as an edible commodity upon the market.

Meantime, mother and the girls, with a very definite goal in the back of their heads to see how the women of the nation have been represented in this vast show, may perhaps linger for an hour in the Palace of Fine Arts, built around a central court 120 feet square and surrounded by a magnificent display of outdoor sculpture by artists of international repute. The exhibits in this building, naturally, are confined chiefly to paintings, sculpture and prints, with

"THE FIRST LADY OF THE SEA"

Olympic The Ship Magnificent





The Regent's Suite on the *Olympic*—done in dark mahogany and gold. This was recently occupied by H. R. H. The Prince of Wales.



S.S. *Adriatic* in weekly service New York to Queenstown (Cobh) and Liverpool, with *Baltic*, *Cedric* and *Celtic*. The latter two call Eastbound at Boston.



S.S. *Minnetonka* and sister ship *Minnewaska*, 12,000 tons, in fortnightly service New York to Cherbourg and London, carrying First Class passengers only.

PEOPLE are known by the company they keep. Ships are known by the people they attract.

The *Olympic* is the aristocrat of the sea—not only because of her proud record of accomplishment, but also because of her patronage. Experienced travelers prefer this 46,500-ton ship of the Magnificent Trio of the White Star Line.

The *Olympic* is typical of the ships of the White Star and associated lines in the complete range of her accommodations. She is typical in her uniformly high standards of service throughout—a service which is at the disposal of the traveler at minimum rate as well as of the occupant of her most palatial accommodations.

Together with the *Majestic*, world's largest steamer, and the *Homeric*, the "ship of splendor," the *Olympic* maintains a weekly schedule of de luxe, express sailings between New York and Cherbourg (for France) and Southampton (for England).

The Red Star Line's regular service from New York to Antwerp, calling at Plymouth and Cherbourg en route, offers the traveler a delightful crossing. The palatial *Belgenland*, famous for her world cruises, and the popular *Lapland* maintain a schedule with the Cabin Class steamers *Pittsburgh* and *Zeeland*.

For comfort with economy—Tourist Third Cabin accommodations at $170 (up) round trip. Our Second Cabins, altogether pleasant quarters for the trip, for $132.50 (up) one way. Cabin Class at $135, while First Class on some of our steamers costs as little as $210.

From Montreal and Quebec the S. S. *Doric*, *Regina*, *Megantic* and *Canada* maintain a weekly Cabin Class service in summer, direct to Liverpool, over the short, scenic St. Lawrence route.

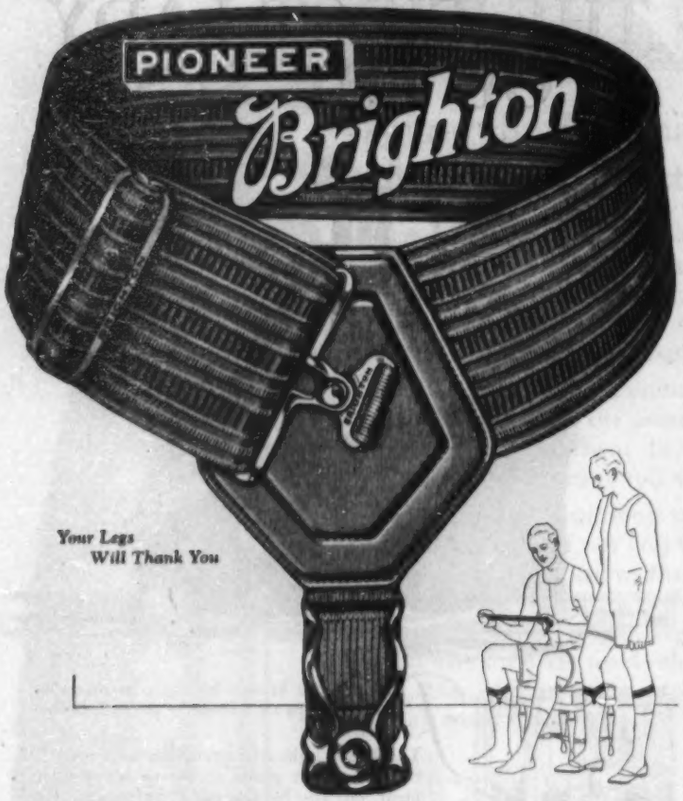
Apply to 84 State St., Boston; 127 So. State St., Chicago; 1951 E. 6th St., Cleveland; Majestic Building, Detroit; 121 So. Third St., Minneapolis; McGill Bldg., Montreal; 219 St. Charles St., New Orleans; 15th and Locust Sts., Philadelphia; Arcade, Union Trust Bldg., Pittsburgh; 1019 Pine St., St. Louis; 460 Market St., San Francisco; 619 Second Ave., Seattle; 1208 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C.; our offices elsewhere or any authorized steamship agent.

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ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE · RED STAR LINE

INTERNATIONAL · MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

Keeps Comfortable Always



And here is the Reason

BRIGHTON "comfort" elastic is the reason. Only thin strands of long-stretch rubber are used and the rubber is specially cured to give remarkable ease to the elastic.

Result—perfect support, with practically no tension. Brighton Wide-Webs should be worn loosely—and, at night, there will be no legs chafed from binding, or tired from checked circulation.

Furthermore, each strand of rubber is wrapped with soft yarn to guard against the deadening effects of perspiration and thus insure double wear.

Your legs will never feel the touch of Brighton Wide-Webs, because the comfort lasts. For comfort's sake, insist on them always. ***Your legs will thank you.***

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.

For 49 Years Manufacturers of

Pioneer Suspenders Pioneer Belts
Brighton Garters

PIONEER
Brighton
WIDE-WEB
GARTER

PIONEER Single Grip 35c and up Double Grip 50c and up PIONEER

textiles, wrought-metal work and ceramics, with special emphasis laid upon contemporary American works.

But presently mother, if she is an average cultured American woman with a respectable but not overwhelming passion for such things, will glance at her wrist watch, start, and exclaim to her companion, sister or daughter:

"See here, dear! We'll take a real good look at all this later on. But we promised to meet papa at 1:30 at the Kansas Column for lunch. You know how he is if he doesn't get his meals on the dot; he'd think the whole show was a dud. So let's get on. I want to see that Street of '76—old High Street, do they call it?—which the women of the country have reproduced in exact duplication of Revolutionary days, showing the homes of Washington and Jefferson, and I don't know who all. You know, since I've been furnishing my house in Early American, I've been interested in those things and I want to see exactly what those old interiors were like. And while I think of it, we must grab a look at that Benedict Arnold House over in Fairmount Park outside the grounds. They say it's a perfect type of Colonial architecture and contains a fine collection of real Chippendale which beats the Early American Wing in the Metropolitan all hollow. I always thought of Benedict Arnold simply as a traitor. How could a man with such a distinguished house be a traitor to his country? Or was it somebody else? I'm sort of misty on that. We'll have to get sonny to hunt up the facts. Boys ought to know such things. Put a mark in your catalogue, dearie; we'll probably have to drag papa away from his old machines, but I'm bound he's going to see some art." And so they wend their way to High Street, which represents the chief contribution of women all over the country to the Sesquicentennial Exposition.

Old High Street Reproduced

Old High Street—which was the name given what is now called Market Street in Philadelphia—has been reproduced exactly as it stood in Revolutionary days. This street is no cheap, tawdry, claptrap Midway Plaisance affair. Famous architects, chosen by the Architects' Institute, studied and delved into the records of the Historical Society and reproduced the original homes, accurate in measurements, physical appearance and atmosphere, so that the section as a whole represents a concrete visualization of the old street where Washington, Jefferson, Adams and Morris lived and went about their daily affairs. Within these various buildings, all of which are furnished in the period of 1776, will be housed the women's national organizations, which will be in charge not only of the exhibits, activities and celebrations but also act as hostesses to the people of America and visitors from foreign lands. Among the buildings accurately reproduced inside and out in this quaint old Street of '76, is the house where Washington lived when he was President and Philadelphia was still the national capital; the house in which Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence; Franklin's Printery; the Morris House; the Stable Theater; the Slate Roof House, which will be used as the headquarters for the women representatives from each state; the old Meeting House, which will be in charge of the Quakers and be kept open for quiet meditation and prayer; the old Indian Queen Tavern; the First Brick House, built with bricks brought over from England as ballast, in which will be reproduced an old dame school, and be used as headquarters for women teachers from all over the Union, who may thus learn how the three R's were taught in the good old days. In addition, there is to be operated the Little Stable Theater, holding an audience from fifty to seventy-five. And there is the Girard House, the Bakery, the Foreign Relations House, furnished in French style, the hostess of which will welcome the people of foreign nations as they were greeted in the days of old High Street.

All But the Spirits of '76

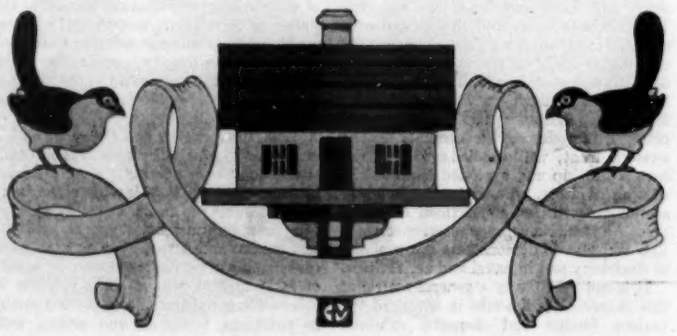
Finally, there is the market with forty-eight stalls, each of the original thirteen states operating its own stall, with characteristic exhibits and actual articles for sale. At the tavern, the Indian Queen Inn, old-fashioned darky cooking will be served, and in the garden mild liquid refreshments—these latter as a contrast to the original foaming tankards of musty ale. In front of these houses a chosen committee from the Garden Clubs of America will plant and maintain old-fashioned gardens such as Martha Washington delighted in. Members of the United States Marine Corps, one of the earliest military organizations of America, in replicas of their picturesque uniforms of '76, will patrol the street, so that visitors, according to hoary tradition, may tell their troubles to the marines. Even in such minor details as period costuming of attendants, the committees have exercised scrupulous care in order that the atmosphere and illusion of the past shall be complete.

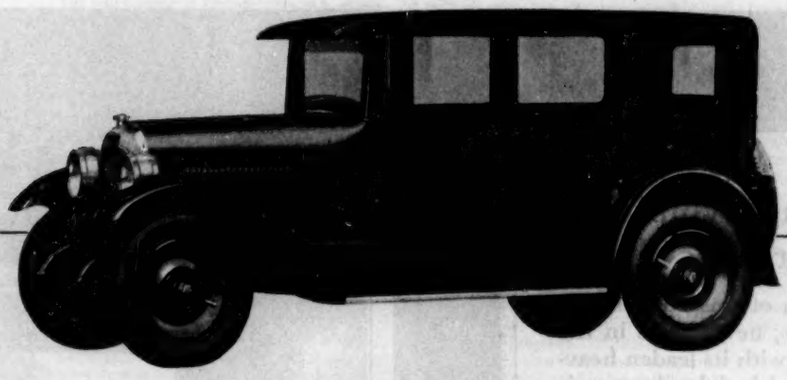
On other sites scattered about the grounds may be seen faithful reproductions of such historic houses as Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of Washington, replicas of the log huts in which the Pilgrim Fathers dwelt during the first dire winter in Plymouth, and the Swedish Block House, the original of which was erected in 1669 by the Swedish colonists in Pennsylvania who antedated Penn.

In addition to re-creating in its exact spirit and atmosphere the section of old High Street to which women's organizations all over the country have contributed under the able leadership of the women's board composed of 100 members, a historic committee has been formed to mark points of historic interest in and around Philadelphia, to provide handbooks and to conduct parties to these places so that visitors with a flair for venerable or memorable spots may browse about a bit and indulge in a bit of quiet sight-seeing off the beaten tracks, as they would undoubtedly do were the exposition laid in London, Paris or Rome.

Situated near the Street of '76 are some of the pavilions of foreign nations, and these are worth a glimpse in this hurried advance scouting tour. We halt for a moment at the pavilion of ancient India. Her merchants have contributed a beautiful building

(Continued on Page 145)





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A Spring Symphony of Color and Charm

Fresh blades of grass, new leaves on the trees, new clouds in the sky; Winter with its leaden heavens and tarnished landscapes is gone. Spring is unfolding a fresh, new world.

How did your car survive the muddy fingers of Winter? Has the upholstery kept new and unfaded?

C & A plush will hold its freshness throughout many Winters and emerge at Springtime with its soft brilliance unmarred.

Before you buy a new car insist that it be upholstered in C & A plush. Either a mohair, a velvet, a velour, but some type of plush.

C & A plush has won its place as the favored fabric for automobile upholstery because it is beautiful, durable and will, in addition, add real value to your car when you trade it in.

A great many closed cars now have the C & A label* sewed in the pocket—look for it and be sure of the finest upholstery that can be had.

Send for a free copy of "The Plush Primer". In addition to a list of cars upholstered in C & A plush it contains many reasons why upholstery is a vital factor in the selection of a new car.

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*

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL



C & A PLUSH

(Continued from Page 142)

patterned after the far-famed Taj Mahal, which cost $500,000 to construct. Here native traders will display their fabrics, old pottery, rugs and blankets, and the exquisite, rare products which have made India known to the Occident. An Indian theater will give performances, and at a huge national bazaar with snake charmers, hypnotists and fortune tellers, the visitor may slake his thirst for the black magic of the East, or drop into an Indian restaurant where native chefs serve strange viands.

And now let us dip for a moment into rich, old brocaded Spain. The Spanish Government has erected a pavilion which is a reproduction of the Torre del Oro, or Tower of Gold, of Seville. Among the interesting objects on exhibition will be the jewel casket of Queen Isabella, the repository of the famous jewels pledged to outfit Columbus' voyage of discovery. That high-spirited lady started something which still is not finished, when she hocked her crown jewels in such a cause. Hats off to Isabella, who was something of an early founder herself. Hanging about the walls of this pavilion are magnificent historical tapestries, and just before you glitters the greatest collection of ancient armor in the world—a collection so famous that no itinerary of a European tour is complete without a day for its inspection. A military band, the finest in Spain, and a troop of the king's guards accompany the collection.

International in Scope

If your eyes are not dazzled by all these old-world glories, let us pause for a moment at the Persian pavilion, constructed in the old Persian style, probably a reproduction of one of the ancient buildings of Persepolis. Here are displayed in rich and glowing profusion brilliant, gemlike rugs, carpets and draperies from ancient looms, old embroideries, shawls, illuminated Persian manuscripts, as well as the manufactured products of modern Persia.

Strolling a little farther, the sound of music breaks on our ears and we find ourselves on the outskirts of a picturesque old square. It is the famous Nuremburg Marktplatz, constructed under the direct sanction of the Mayor of Nuremburg, an almost exact reproduction, showing the daily activities of the people in their own native costumes. Two orchestras have been imported from Germany and many German societies have coöperated to make this community one of the most attractive features of the exposition.

Still strolling, we come upon the John Morton Memorial, a building the funds for which were raised by patriotic Swedes in this country in honor of John Morton, Swedish signer of the Declaration of Independence. This building, which contains important Swedish exhibits, will not be razed at the close of the exposition, but will remain in Philadelphia as a permanent monument to Swedish achievements in the New World.

And then there are the exhibits of the British, the Italians, the French. But after a time the human mind wearies of sightseeing, it turns perverse, resentful under the prolonged strain, and tired feet begin to shout insistent messages to the brain. So we turn back and fight our way through the good-natured crowds to the auditorium, where a great pipe organ, one of the finest in the world, designed especially for the exposition at a cost of $150,000, peals out its grave, majestic notes.

Singing, Running and Flying

The musical program of the Sesquicentennial, for which more than $650,000 has been expended, will be one of the most attractive features of the entire exposition. It will consist principally of orchestral music, bands and choral programs. There will be an orchestra of from eighty-five to one hundred pieces which will give two symphony concerts weekly under such leaders as Stokowski, Mengelberg and Damrosch. A Sesqui Chorus of at least 250 voices will participate in many of the events planned by the music committee, and famous soloists, such as Kreisler, Chaliapin and Gigli, will give special programs. In addition, hundreds of negro jubilee singers, selected from the best voices all over the country, will render the negro spirituals and simple folk songs popularized by Foster.

The majority of the men, no doubt, if time presses, will dodge this part of the celebration in favor of the athletic program to be held in the stadium. These sports will include every form of amateur athletic contest and will be a daily attraction for a large number of visitors from the great, free open spaces where men are men. International and national championships have already been listed for many important sports, and the program is so vast that it will vie with the Olympic games in variety of events and standard of performances. Many world-famous athletes have signified their intention of entering events in which they excel. The events will include canoeing championships, American Henley regatta and rowing matches, swimming championships, track and field events, golf championships, rifle shooting, an international polo match, national dirt bicycle championship; tennis, motorboat, billiards, football and baseball contests.

Aviation also will play an important rôle at the exposition. For this purpose two large flying fields have been set apart, and these will be used, in combination with the Navy Yard flying field, to make a triple accommodation which will make possible the elaborate program. Altitude, distance, speed and endurance contests are scheduled and will be participated in by aviators who are the possessors of world records. The biggest event will be the National Air Meet scheduled for September, in which some of the aces of World War fame will compete. Such men as Fonck, Bishop and Rickenbacker, supreme aces of the World War, have volunteered coöperation in the air or on the ground. Within the Philadelphia Navy Yard, adjacent to the exposition site, is the largest airplane factory in the world, which will be an added attraction, and regular army and navy flyers will share in the program. A military camp covering forty acres has been set aside for troops stationed at the exposition grounds during the course of the celebration, and reviews, military parades, sham battles and an aircraft bombardment are included in the list of spectacular events.

Forty Great Spectacles

It should be remembered that the Sesquicentennial celebration plays a dual rôle. It is not only a great international exposition, with splendid exhibits in practically all fields of human endeavor, but also it is commemorative of the greatest single event in the nation's history, and to celebrate this latter purpose numerous special pageants and events have been prepared. In the great arena, which seats 12,000, spectacular dramas such as the Fall of Rome, Babylon, Tahiti, Isis and Osiris, Cleopatra, and 1776 will be enacted with professional participants and under the best directors of the country. There will be forty such spectacles during the exposition and twenty-six great pyrotechnic displays—aerial bombs, rockets and set pieces—commemorating in fiery pantomime the great events of history. Among the most beautiful of the fiesta events of the exposition will be the Venetian Nights' Feast of Lanterns, the Garden of Dreams and two magnificent flower festivals.

Everybody is Invited

The Gladway, covering more than eighty acres, will include romantic lagoons, and at night gondolas, manned by Venetian gondoliers singing the songs of old Venice, will glide over the water, while marine pageants will be enacted on floats.

Already calls for road maps from distant points reveal that the automobile is to be a favorite means of transportation. In preparation for the crowds the city of Philadelphia has spent more than $4,500,000 to improve the approaches to the exposition site. The preparations for such a great international exposition—it is estimated that the cost may exceed $120,000,000—lay a stupendous burden of work on the organizers, men and women, who have the affair in hand. These able leaders have toiled day and night for months; most of them must need remain anonymous heroes, virtue as ever being its own more or less inadequate reward.

But to one man who has stood firmly at the helm, overcoming difficulties and disappointments by his courage, his vision and strong will, must be allotted his just meed of praise. This is Mayor Kendrick, of Philadelphia. Speaking to the writer, he said:

"We have had our trials and vicissitudes, such, I suppose, as are common to all great expositions were their inner histories revealed. It has been a stupendous labor—a labor involving organization, coöperation, the hardest kind of drudgery, and an infinite amount of detail. But now we have come through our trials, which at times loomed mountain high, and we shall feel more than repaid for our pains if the great visiting public enjoys the celebration which has been prepared. I should like to speak particularly of the industrial exhibits, the musical program, the sports and the aviation maneuvers, each of which will be superb of its kind. Our visitors will find us warm-hearted and enthusiastic hosts. We bid our guests, citizens of America and foreign visitors, a hearty welcome. Come and stay as long as you like."



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An Airplane View of the New Municipal Stadium, Looking North, Showing the Palaces of Agriculture and Food Products and of Liberal Arts and Manufactures of the Sesquicentennial International Exposition

It's easy to buy *Simply ask*

Will the collars shrink? Long before they are made up, the collars of Wilson Brothers Shirts have done all the shrinking they are ever likely to do Men get sore at ill-fitting collars, and we take great pains to prevent that.

Also, the neckbands are made of a special pre-shrunk fabric that never needs starch—hence never turns into a saw.

Is the chest measure ample? Because these are *men's* shirts they are cut with a tapering shape—three inches bigger across the chest than at the waist where extra cloth creases and bulges.

Are the armholes roomy? You can reach up and pull down a window without binding at the armpits in a Wilson Brothers Shirt.

Are the sleeves correct length? Your cuffs will be neither dust-mops nor elusive bits of cloth dangling somewhere between your wrists and elbows if you buy Wilson Brothers Shirts The sleeve-length indicated on these shirts is the permanent length of the sleeve after two washings.

Will this shirt creep above the belt? Short shirts creep out above the belt and must be tucked in with thumbs that are all too short

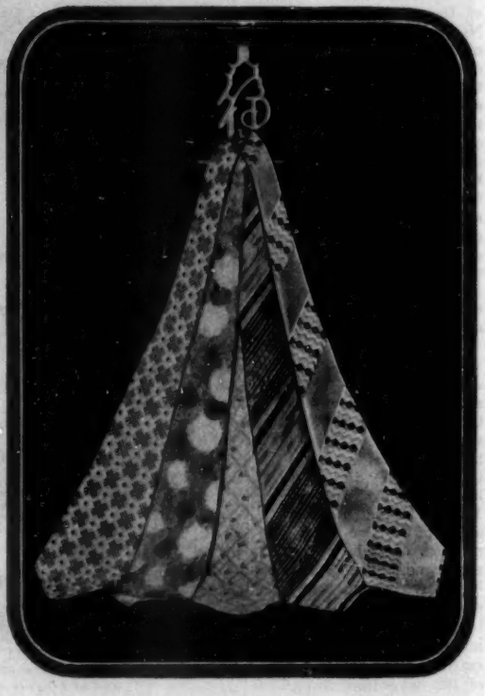


SPRING SHIRT STYLES

Your haberdasher can show you a wide variety of Wilson Brothers Shirts. The latest patterns will be checks of all sorts and colors. And he will tell you that he is selling more collar-attached shirts than ever before. Most men agree that such a shirt with the famous Wilson Brothers pre-shrunk collar is the height of comfort. However, if you happen to prefer neckband shirts, with or without collars to match, you will find many to choose from. You will be delighted with the fine materials of madras and broadcloth, as well as the trim way in which they are made. Priced from $2.00 to $5.00.

COLLAR-ATTACHED PAJAMAS

Men who are properly particular about their dress today demand night wear with style and character as well as comfort. They find it in these Wilson Brothers Pajamas, made up from fine-count percales, madras and broadcloth, in any number of fancy checks, figures and stripes. $3.00 to $8.00.



LIGHT NECKWEAR

For spring you will want neckwear that is light in both coloring and material—and perhaps a bit gayer than you have been wearing all winter. Here it is: novel figured effects as well as modified cubistic and futuristic patterns in contrasting pastel shades, mark the new Wilson Brothers Cravats. They are made up in both imported and domestic silks, at prices that range from $1.00 to $3.50.

WILSON BROTHERS *Haberdashery*

SOLD BY OVER 10,000 MEN'S STORES

good shirts ▲▲▲ *these questions—*

for so important a task. Therefore, the tails of Wilson Brothers Shirts are cut extra long.

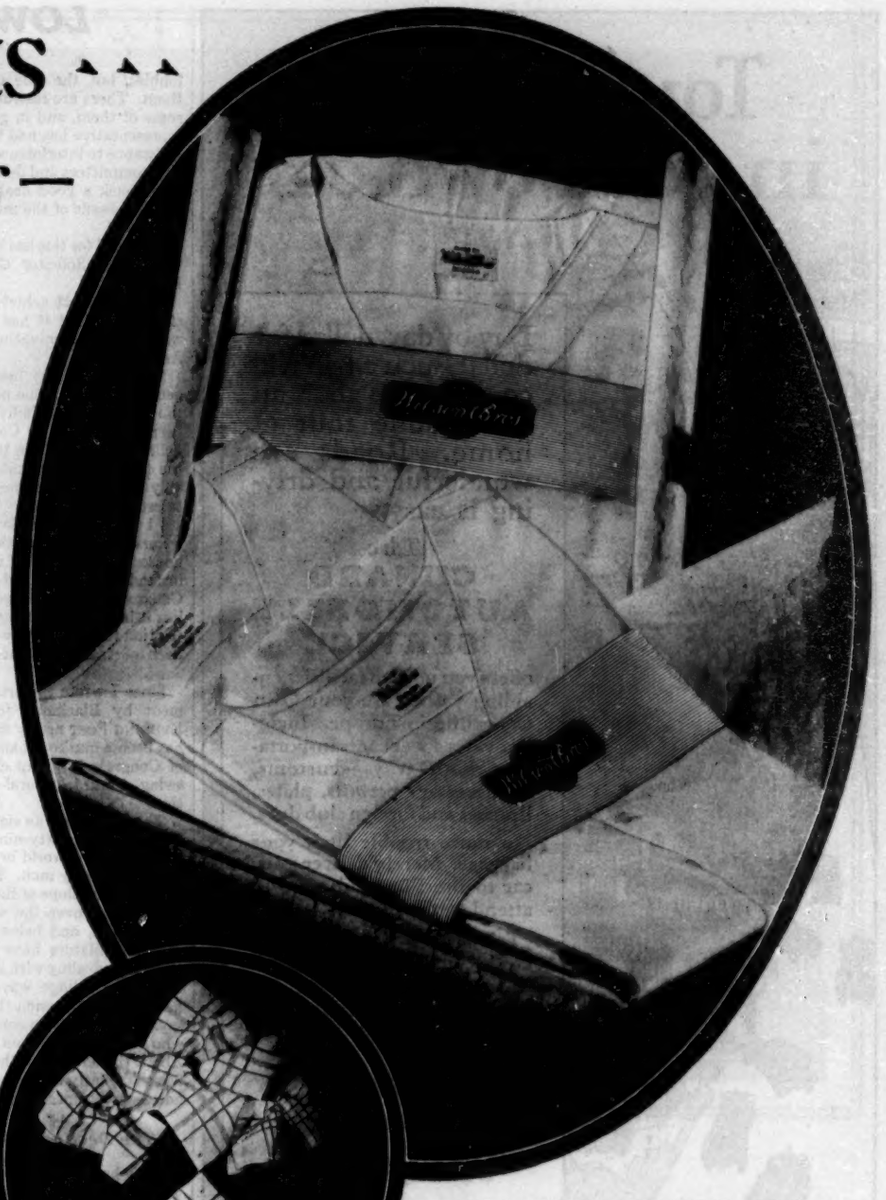
Have they trouser-leg tails? Nobody wants to feel as if he were wearing an old-fashioned nightgown as a shirt. So the front tails are cut away in Wilson Brothers Shirts, to tuck neatly into your trouser legs.

Are they well-made? Because men who wear Wilson Brothers Haberdashery have an eye for such niceties, shirts with patterns are perfectly matched at collars, cuffs, pockets, and fronts. Very fine sewing and close stitching; more stitches to the inch than you usually see; cuffs that are truly reversible and never look turned—all these things mean satisfaction, strength and longer wear.

Are they correct in style? The style information given under these photographs is backed by the authority that has made Wilson Brothers the American style-leaders in all articles of haberdashery.

See these smart, new things at any retail shop that sells the Wilson Brothers line.

Wilson Bro's CHICAGO
NEW YORK ∿ PARIS
FACTORIES AT SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

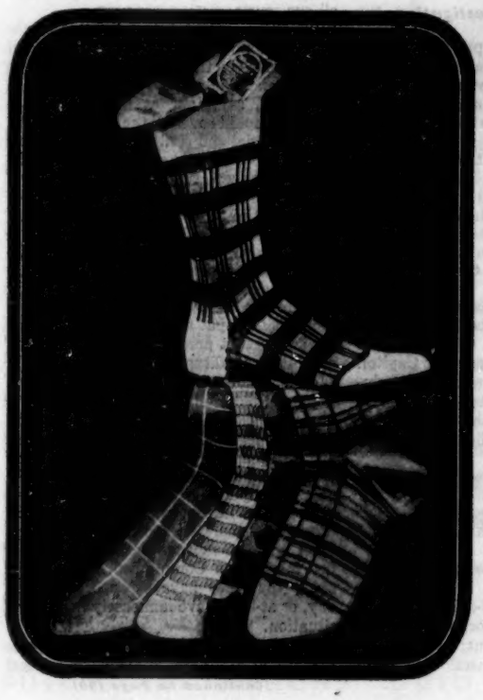


FINE ATHLETIC UNDERWEAR

Shasta cloth—an exclusive Wilson Brothers fabric designed for cool and airy comfort—is always a favorite summer underwear material. Fine quality English broadcloth, silky and lustrous, is also popular. All Wilson Brothers Underwear is carefully cut to insure freedom of movement and to allow fully for possible shrinkage. The garments shown here are made up in a wide range of plain fabrics and novelties, at prices from $1.00 to $9.00 the garment.

NEW IMPORTED HANDKERCHIEFS

The new imported handkerchiefs are bright with many colors, in both hand blocked and woven patterns. Corded stripes in the borders and also novel center effects in the new pastel shades are popular. The latest designs have their colors woven at the edge of the borders. Novelties from 50c to $3.00.



NOVELTY HOSE

What has become of the man who never wears anything but plain-colored hose? This season the new hosiery is more colorful than ever. The novelty patterns illustrated are woven in bright contrasting colored lisle, silk and silk-and-lisle. Like all Wilson Brothers Hose they are trim in fit and comfortable, stoutly woven for wear. Take your choice of these or more conservative patterns at from 50c to $4.00 the pair.

WILSON BROTHERS *Haberdashery*

SOLD BY OVER 10,000 MEN'S STORES



LOW TIDE IN POLITICS

(Continued from Page 23)

lobbies, but the tide has turned against them. There are resolutions to investigate some of them, and in general the average representative has had his back stiffened in resistance to interference bodies and impulsive committees and delegations. We have come back a good deal toward legislation for the benefit of the majority man, as you call him."

The need for this has been emphasized by the former Solicitor General, James M. Beck:

"The greatest achievement of the Constitution is that it has made the general welfare the dominating feature of our American life.

"The distinction between laws for the general welfare of the people and those for the welfare of an individual or class had been lost sight of by Congress. Billions of dollars are raised from the taxpayer, but all too frequently the money is appropriated only to the use of some special class or interest.

"I wish the preamble could be written in letters of gold over the portals of both houses of Congress. If this should happen, instead of logrolling and so-called pork bills, Congress would make no appropriation unless it had some legitimate and indubitable relation to the general welfare, and the burdens of taxation would be sensibly lessened."

Since I wrote the article called Government by Blackmail for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST nearly two years ago, there has been a marked change in the resistance of Congress to group clamor and a sharp swing toward general-welfare consideration.

There has been no sign this winter, however, that the Sixty-ninth Congress would make any new world or create any Utopia for the majority man. The snow has fallen gently on the slope of the Capitol dome and on the roof over the wings of legislative government, and below its gentle mantle gentle legislators have been, with gentle efficiency, dealing with gentle routine. The spirit of Coolidge was hardly needed to hang over this session the motto, "He who says too much says something not so; he who does too much does something wrong." About the only thing the voice of Congress has said gently is, "We are transacting the necessary business."

The Decline of Investigations

They have even become playful about it. The House, under the guidance of Nicholas Longworth, the Speaker, who has a merry mischievous side, has been almost playfully treading on the heels of the more perturbed Senate.

It was even suggested that the House, having caught up with its business, might adjourn for a holiday and let the Senate talk along its way. The whole attitude has been, as I have said, of a huge board of directors anxious to vote on a routine program and go home before the cherry blossoms were out.

This is one of the reasons why investigations have been so unpopular. They are ineffective and they disturb the gentle tune and the clublike atmosphere of the Capitol.

The following are the important resolutions for congressional investigations before the Rules Committee of the House which Chairman B. H. Snell indicated he would not report:

To investigate the office of the Alien Property Custodian;

To investigate the causes of coal strikes and recommend legislation to prevent the recurrence of another one;

To investigate the causes of the sinking of submarines;

To investigate the Anti-Saloon League;

To investigate the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment;

To investigate the general aspects of alcoholic-liquor traffic;

To investigate the authority of a letter from Secretary Weeks to the members of the Mitchell court;

To investigate the justice of the finding of the Mitchell court;

To investigate various phases of the civil service;

To investigate the merits of Philippine independence;

To investigate the effect of the present tariff law.

Hooverism Made Permanent

Instead of congressional investigations, we have come to a point where the administrative end of government has really begun to exercise the power of experts. The fact-finding business has gone to the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. It has developed from the President's willingness to let his cabinet officers roll their own. It has developed from the presence of Hoover, who is able to know or find out about almost everything in the world. As a hen, he can sit on more eggs than any other ever known in Washington. Functions of government slide toward him like filings toward a magnet. He can speak with the authority of facts about child training one day and the accounting costs of a rubber tree on the next. When one steps into the Department of Commerce, efficiency and facts are pouring over the door sills. How can fact finding in Congress ever keep up with such a prodigy?

Hugh L. Cooper, one of our most distinguished engineers, has sent me a pamphlet containing a suggestion for making Hooverism permanent—for incorporating into endless life the contribution of scientific methods to government. He says in part:

"In the absence of a better agency, we should have constantly at our service what we might call a government council. Such a council should be permanent and devote its entire time to the study of government and the making of specific recommendations to Congress thereon, after a most thorough and complete study of the matters under review.

"We have the men and the need to justify the existence of a council of the dignity of the Supreme Court, and its creation and operation would not hinder, but on the contrary would greatly help our Congress and all our courts.

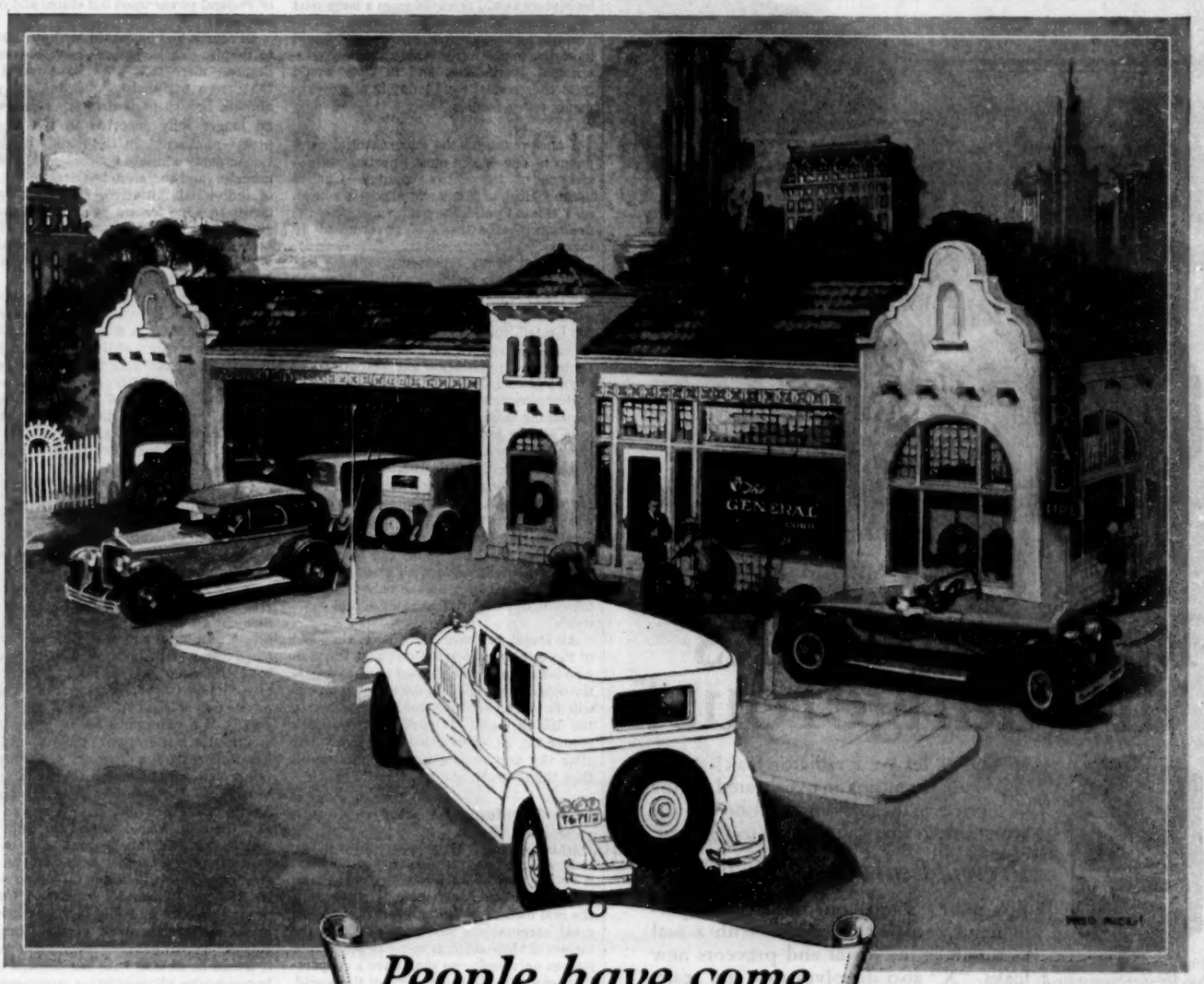
"This government council should be absolutely nonpolitical, appointed from and be supported by the states, and should have a membership of about 100, two from each state and, say, four at large. The appointees should cover all the major walks of our industrial and civil life. This membership should be able to serve for life, if satisfactory service is rendered. The first term should be for five years and the succeeding terms should be for fifteen years. Reappointment should be contingent upon a two-thirds vote of the council, recommending such reappointment.

"We spend around three billion five hundred million annually for our Federal Government, and yet the amount of unbiased testimony that precedes the authorization of this expenditure is amazingly small. Most of the expert testimony we do have is warped out of all reason by personal and departmental leanings, oftentimes unknown to the testifying experts themselves.

"European politicians frittered away the time from November, 1918, to July, 1924—nearly six years—while about three hundred million European people nearly went down to chaos. Then came the appointment of a few well-selected experts, forming the Dawes Commission, and it now seems that they have perhaps saved the day, or at least have immensely helped the situation.

"With the help of a great agency such as here proposed, or a better one, our Federal

(Continued on Page 150)



People have come to realize

People have come to realize the important part tires play in the whole scheme of present-day motoring. General's steady rise in public preference has been due to distinguished service from the tire itself and from the dealers who sell it.

In attracting the highest type of user General has also attracted a kindred type of dealer. His knowledge of tire engineering and its application to your particular needs enables him to effect economies in your annual tire costs that the less experienced would overlook. ' ' ' It is this highly specialized dealer service, combined with a reputation among users for almost unbelievable mileage, comfort and safety that has had much to do with putting the pastime of shopping for tires in the discard.

The Mark of Leading Tire Stores Everywhere

The GENERAL CORD

—goes a long way to make friends

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER CO.



Take the word of an expert—

"Radiator neglect—that's why this car's in the shop."*

"Radiator leaks are dangerous!"



DON'T let your radiator leak! A dry radiator means an overheated engine—service managers agree—one of the worst things that can happen to your car.

Prevent Leaks with "X" Liquid

Just pour "X" in your radiator. It permanently repairs every leak with a seal as tough as the metal and prevents new leaks. "X" also dissolves rust and scale. "X" *can't* clog the tubes.

The U. S. Air Service used "X" on ALL aeroplane endurance flights. From the Trans-Atlantic Flight to the MacMillan Arctic Expedition, "X" has guarded our airmen against dangerous radiator leaks, assurance to you that "X" is the *safe* way to safeguard your car.

Used for years by Am. Tel. & Tel., Gen. Electric, Standard Oil, etc. Beware of cheap radiator clogging substitutes.

"X" Liquid can be poured thru cloth. Therefore it cannot clog. It is harmless to all metals, rubber and leather.

*"Tune up the cooling system when you tune up the car." Radiator leaks, rust and scale are causes of engine overheating—thinned oil in the cylinders, increased friction and reduced power. Serious overheating results in scored cylinders, perhaps "freezing" causing an expensive engine repair job and takes as much as 5,000 miles from the life of a car.

Insure your car against these dangers by the regular use of "X" Liquid. Clean out the rust and scale and anti-freeze solution with "X" Liquid and have engine and cooling system 100% efficient.

"X" Liquid has been used for years by Standard Oil, Gen. Elec., Am. Tel. & Tel., etc., and the U. S. Govt. on ALL aeroplane endurance flights from the Trans-Atlantic Flight in 1922 to the MacMillan Arctic Expedition in 1925.

"Over Three Million Cans Sold Every Year"

Get a can of "X" LIQUID—in the orange can. Get it TODAY.



"X" is absolutely guaranteed on a money-back basis. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

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Factories:

For Fords, Stars, Chevrolets, etc. Use 75c Size

For Larger Cars, Use $1.25 Size

"X" LIQUID

Permanently repairs leaking auto radiators

(Continued from Page 148)

legislators would be saved from a large part of the time they now ineffectually spend investigating various public needs, and would have the opportunity really to study government themselves, and in time would meet the greatest need today in all governments—wise leaders."

I once managed the gubernatorial campaign of one of the most Spartan upright citizens of the entire country—Charles Sumner Bird, of Massachusetts. He voiced, as I think Coolidge would voice, the difficulty with the thesis of government by experts.

He used to say repeatedly that government was not a business only; he used to say that it was a humane business.

So it is. Fact finding is not enough to run the United States. It can run a little while on fact finding. It can run a little while on mere administration and statistics and facts and cold efficiency.

But government in its best sense means something more—it means an obligation to keep alive a people's conscience, a people's citizenship, with its franchise obligation, the attention of the electorate, the sense of duty of personal service, the choice of fit representatives, inspiration to move forward—not up blind alleys of impractical idealism, but, for instance, toward a recognition that the little fellow can have more and the big fellow less with great profit to both. That yielding on the part of the big fellow is not essentially unselfish and charitable.

As I said to Owen D. Young, the head of the General Electric Company, the man who is as human and shrewd as Coolidge on the other side of politics, the vested interests will do well to heed the words of a bishop of the Middle Ages: "Distribute thy wealth among thy children whilst thou livest, lest after thy destruction, for thy inheritance, they thank death and not thee."

The Soul of Democracy

So also, if fair play determines the distribution of profits from America's industry, if voting-control stock jugglery is replaced by a sincere attempt to make the thousands the real owners of our enterprise, indeed if great corporations will offer credit to the buyers of their stock in order to make capitalism universal—we shall have a coöperation unequaled in the history of the world. We shall have a condition of national unity unparalleled—a condition in which the whole people are really working in a profit-paying work inspiring to national unity. This is not a mere government by experts; this is not an agency of mere fact finding; this is not a program of mere compromise with conditions and of whitewashing or veneering the sores of discontent. It is a policy and a goal of fullness of purpose—of humane purpose which the weary world can see with brightening eyes.

Government by experts alone will not do. Government by pure science is a failure and always will be, just as it will be a complete failure to articulate a skeleton, to provide the percentage of water and of chemicals needed for the human being and finally to attempt to breathe the breath of life into the nostrils of this artificial creation. It just will not live! That is the fallacy of merely efficient government. It needs a soul. It needs the tang of humane understanding.

Good democracy must broadcast the inarticulate spiritual voice of the present somewhat inarticulate and anæsthetized electorate. We started out to put ourselves into a legislative system. That is the essence of our experiment under the Constitution. We started out to put ourselves—our service of bodies, minds and our hearts—into the creation of a nation. We did not start out to tolerate a helpless lethargy or submit to a paternalism. We did not start out to pass responsibility away from us. We started out to watch with jealous eyes, but with delegated faith, the actions of our carefully chosen representatives. We started out promising to watch the encroachments of Federal power upon our states and other menaces.

Of course, as I have said, we have learned to despise—as Europeans have learned to despise—mere talk. We have found out that mere perfunctory debate—and even abroad, British parliamentary debates are no longer fully reported in the English press—represents, in the main, the dictation of party whips or a president or a prime minister, and therefore has none of the zest of individual initiative. The vitality we ought to hope for we now have seen languish in our legislative activities. What we have in fact under the label of democracy—and it satisfies us temporarily—is an unlabeled dictatorship—a dictatorship, as I have often said, comparing it with Mussolini or Primo de Rivera or Mustapha Kemal, equally as potent in the hands of Coolidge as it is in the hands of Baldwin in England. Whatever Mussolini or the Spaniard or the Turk must exact with personal doubts and fears, the President of the United States and the Premier of England usually can dictate with cool machine assurance. It is only another case of the label misdescribing the contents of the bottle.

Uninteresting Congress

Sometimes dictatorship is an advantage. Today, if we really mean business in the most important reorganization of the government departments, as set forth by Hoover, we can always accomplish it at a moment's notice, if Congress will turn its power in a lump to the President. Just as the Overman Bill during wartime passed on to the President new executive power, so in peacetime it is quite possible, if a Congress means real efficiency, to divest itself of the details of a reorganization of government and put the responsibility upon the Administration to act as a dictator. If the present Congress has made any omission of an obviously needed measure, it is the glaring failure to do just this. The time was ripe. It is the right President and the right cabinet to tag with this onerous task—a task which is not in conflict with humane government—and it is decidedly a step which fits the requirement of legislation for the general welfare and one in tune with the business-efficiency spirit of this Congress. It is not a great national issue, perhaps, but it would be in step with our present mood to emphasize administrative government as against agitative government.

Such movements to allow experts and administration to deal with subjects for which they are preëminently fitted cannot be criticized. What can be criticized is the failure of Congress to interest the country. The failure of Congress or the two great parties to interest the country prophesies a depressing narcotic state of citizenship. The failure to find issues into which the teeth of partisanship can be sunk with good vim presages a period when special privilege, whether it be the special privilege of financial magicians or the possible concentrated assault of radicalism, may have its opportunity to steal the concentrated centralized government during a moment of national somnolence.

Here in Washington I have been going about saying, "Today and yesterday I have carried a lantern looking for issues upon which the opposition, or indeed the intrenched party, can go to the country. What are they?"

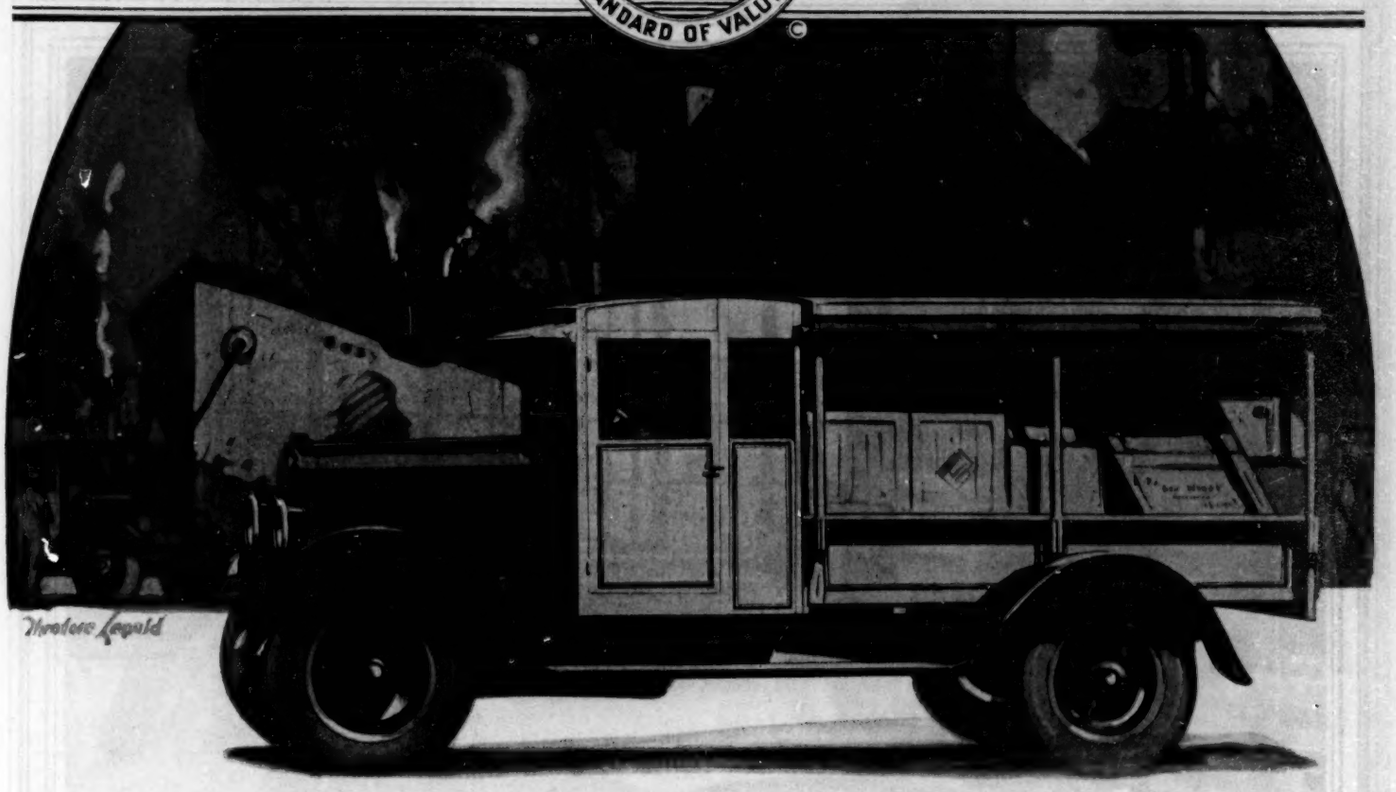
From the Democrats the only answer is this: "Tariff and the big monopolies."

But, alas, as to the tariff the two strong agitative sources are discontented farmers who now belong in large part to insurrecto Republicanism and international bankers who, knowing that the only way foreign loans can be paid is by goods rather than by gold, are for a lowering or destruction of parts of the tariff wall. These are strange props for a Democratic campaign! And as to both tariff and monopolies, there is a strong conservative Democracy against both agitations.

(Continued on Page 153)

SPEED REO WAGON

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Reo Announces an Improved Speed Wagon

A new cab and a new steering mechanism—designed to give the utmost in ease of handling and driver's comfort.

A lengthened hood and cowl, a longer wheelbase and lower body lines, enhancing the already distinguished appearance of the Speed Wagon.

4-Cylinder Chassis
$1090

6-Cylinder Chassis
$1240

Also Tilt-Ray headlights; vacuum tank system with gasoline tank conveniently located under the driver's seat; a ventilated cab; new and more attractive front fenders.

More than ever is this new Speed Wagon the leader in its field.

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Manufacturers of Motor Vehicles to Serve in Every Field of Highway Transport

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EVERY house or apartment for which you furnish building materials is a prospect for Lupton Steel Residence Casements and Basement Windows. The growing demand for them calls for active representatives in every open territory. Write us.

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(Continued from Page 150)

From the Republicans I get even less of an answer. About the only answer is this: "No change. Set it in a cool place."

There are, of course, real issues before the American people, but timid men doubt their political expediency.

One of them is decentralization of government. It is a complex and difficult task. Much of it depends upon mere resistance to more centralization—a negative form of political activity. This resistance is against creation of new Federal functions—new bureaus, new pap for organized minorities, demanding favors from a centralized faucet of favors. Coolidge has done good quiet work in this resistance. But if one asks a political party or a political leader to go forth on a campaign slogan of decentralization, political sense at present will reject that battle cry. The mass of voters to whom decentralization may be of vast importance have never heard of decentralization. It is a Republican doctrine today, and on the whole a conservative doctrine; but it sounds mildly Jeffersonian, and it was once, in another form, Jeffersonian and Democratic. It is almost meaningless in practical politics as an appeal. Both sides are for it. Aside from the fact that so few understand its philosophy, it is almost impossible to demonstrate a cleavage on it.

Real Issues That are Evaded

Another real issue is the opposition to legislation by constitutional amendment. The wise, who analyze the situation we have created, know that under pressure to accomplish minority ends by amendment to the Constitution we are endangering our legal and moral fabric. But there the big issue is prohibition, and whatever one holds as to this new experiment in governmental commandment as opposed to governmental law, the present moment has not produced a party courage sufficient to make a battle array. We have seen skirmishes and more or less furtive attacks with slender spears thrust out in twilight. I am not trying to decide the issue, but I am asserting that it would be a great relief to honest souls if such an issue were clearly drawn and decided.

A third real issue concerns the distribution of prosperity—the liberal versus the conservative issue. As in all times of prosperity, fairness compels any good reporter to say that the morphia of comfort has been injected into the leg of the humble, and it takes discontent to make well-defined warfare. What the world really wishes answered some day is this question:

Given any modern national unit of production, does the worker at the bottom prosper most when he accepts a period of cream and fat without questioning the division, or does he improve his status by creating dissension so destructive that it destroys the period of cream and fat?

The problem has never had a more severe test, and on the whole a more illuminating test, than that going on in England since the war. To many detached observers it must appear that Great Britain's wise policy is one of national unity. Over a year ago I wrote to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST from England:

"The British working classes are to be relieved less by division than by addition, less by distribution of what is available than by the general prosperity of Britain, which will make more available for all, less by policies which divide the British into two camps than by policies which, although liberal, none the less unify in setting the old British watch to ticking once more sixty seconds to the minute. Shilling for shilling, happy day for happy day, reality presents to the British workingman the truth that national solidarity is a much more direct escape from the pain of Great Britain than all the doctrines of divided houses in the world, whether these doctrines are the socialist evolution of George Bernard Shaw and Sidney Webb or the direct-action propaganda of the Russians and the extremists."

Conservatism's Trust

"As in the war, the key to winning in a grueling contest is not dissension within, but a program of carrying on with a solid front—national unity, not in the sense of narrow foreign policy, but in the sense of united domestic policy which made winning in wartime possible. It will make winning in peacetime possible. It will gain great advantages to industrials and bankers. What of it? Putting aside mere blithering sentiment, it will also bring to British labor something to share in and something to fight for if a fight is necessary.

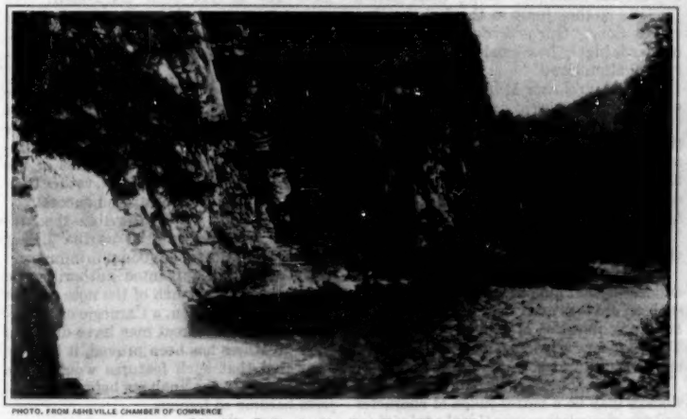
"To fight otherwise, as British labor and all British sufferers from old class distinctions and the snobbish patronage of the ruling and conscientious classes, who regard their fellows as 'my dear man,' will realize, may win a victory, but it will win a victory for which the prize is a meatless bone."

On the whole, this country accepts that philosophy of prosperity and progress. The dish with something on it is more of an advantage than a hullabaloo about an empty platter.

But the acceptance of that fact throws a tremendous responsibility, during these days of vast interest in nonpolitical activity and of anæsthetic lethargy as to political policy, upon the leaders of labor, agriculture and finance. It is a responsibility, however, particularly in the hands of the capitalists and conservatives.

It is their day. It is a day of political low tide and industrial and commercial high tide. But it is a day when, not only outside the political field but also in it, the leaders of conservatism may well watch their step. They are trustees, and to the extent that they make agriculture and labor cotrustees of our nation's future, they will have fulfilled their trust.

The political low tide is a sign of peace, but there is a warning on the wall.



PHOTO, FROM ASHEVILLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Linville Falls, in the Carolina Mountains

What a dog's life some pipes lead!



POOR OLD PIPE! Looks as though he's gone to the dogs! He was a good pipe, too. The pick of hundreds. Carefully, *ceremoniously* selected... But like many another, he's never had a chance. He's been abused... neglected... treated like a dog!

Strange, isn't it, how a man will spend days selecting a pipe and yet never give a minute's thought to his tobacco—when tobacco is really the thing that makes or ruins a pipe?

A good pipe deserves good tobacco. Deserves Granger Rough Cut! For no other tobacco is so certain to bring out the best that's in a pipe. No other tobacco so sweetens a pipe or keeps it so sweet. Always!

Being rough cut, too, its large flakes burn slowly, and so, smoke coolly. Cool... spicy ... mild... and mellow! Granger Rough Cut brings joy into the life of any pipe. It brings perfect pipe-satisfaction into the life of any pipe smoker.

GRANGER
Rough Cut

The half-pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents, the foil-pouch package is ten cents



Granger Rough Cut is made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company



This spacious modern store of the Consolidated Music Co., Salt Lake City, Utah, shows how attractive a store can be with a floor of Blabon's Linoleum.

Look for this label on the face of all Blabon's Linoleum.

Welcome! says this floor

Stores, showrooms and offices with cheerful, colorful Blabon floors of Inlaid, Plain or the new Jaspé linoleum in two-tone ruffled water effects, are especially inviting to customers. In planning new quarters, or remodeling the old, this important point should be carefully considered.

The smooth, resilient surface of Blabon floors is comfortable to walk upon. Quiet, too! The fact that these new floors are economical to maintain, and easy to keep bright and fresh-looking, is a distinct advantage.

Expensive refinishing of a linoleum floor is unnecessary. An occasional waxing and polishing preserves its original beauty and mellows its tone.

The modern method of cementing linoleum down over builders' deadening felt insures watertight seams which are practically invisible, and makes a Blabon floor permanent.

You will have a very different idea of linoleum if you visit any good home furnishing or department store and ask to see the new decorative Blabon Floors.

Our Advisory Bureau of Interior Decoration will gladly furnish you suggestions without cost.

For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Our illustrated booklet, "The Floor for the Modern Home," will be sent free, upon request.



Hazel H. Adler, author of books on interior decoration, gives valuable suggestions on harmonizing furniture and draperies with walls and floors, in our 36-page book, "Planning the Color Schemes for Your Home," handsomely illustrated in full color. Sent anywhere in the United States upon receipt of 20 cents.

The George W. Blabon Company, Philadelphia
Established 75 years

BLABON'S Linoleum

THE RIDDLE OF PROMOTION

(Continued from Page 35)

superficial. Random chance circumstances, rather than self-knowledge and occupational information, account for much of the faulty start as well as the subsequent failure.

"Is there an oversupply of engineers?" I once inquired of an authority on engineering.

"No," he replied, "there is an undersupply of good engineers, because there are a great many men in the profession who should never have gone into it."

A college dean once asked a group of seniors who wanted to study either law or medicine why Elihu Root and Dr. William J. Mayo were so distinguished as lawyer and doctor respectively. Practically none of the students could answer the question.

"I have had to do with almost ten thousand college men in the past fifteen years," says C. R. Dooley, manager of training and personnel of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, "and the college man with a purpose, with an urge, with anything like a fairly definite idea of what he wants to do is a rare individual. He is a dandy when you find him . . . but, unfortunately, we have to employ a great many others who are just as colorless as the driven snow. It is the latter kind of young man that I am at a loss to know just how to deal with."

The dean of a law school once made the statement that not more than half of his students should have gone to college. They should have been put to work, he said. Others, no doubt, that went to work at an early age should have gone to college and law school.

Edward D. Toland, master at one of the leading college preparatory schools, in a little book on choosing the right career, says that if a boy goes to college he should reach a decision regarding his career before commencing his junior year. If he has not done so by then and can furnish no real reason for staying on at college he had better leave.

"To remain usually means that he will merely spend the rest of his time there profitlessly and in idleness. It is a fact that many boys from our better schools go to college and stay there without any real purpose or aim, and do no thinking whatever about their careers until they have left, and at the age of twenty-two or three are suddenly confronted with the necessity of finding a job. Decisions under such conditions are likely to be hasty and unwise; and about 90 per cent of the boys I have known make their decisions under such conditions."

Sizing Them Up

This schoolmaster may seem unduly harsh, but President Angell, of Yale, in his last annual report, calls attention to the "extraordinary circumstance that so large a portion of our students come up to the spring of their senior year with little or no plan for the future. As time goes on, the day arrives when they simply must have a job, and so they jump at the first one that comes along. Our procedure in the whole matter is highly irrational and deserving of radical alteration."

The late Professor Münsterberg long ago pointed out that great numbers of men find their life work because of chance information and advice, haphazard impressions, the accident of a vacant place, convenience of location, family tradition and a hundred secondary features, to the neglect of primary factors. The average man, he said, is "satisfied to be pushed passively into some chance groove."

But the adoption of character analysis and vocational guidance to supply what is such an obvious need does not justify us in expecting miracles of human adjustment. These are new sciences, and they have very marked limitations.

It is true, of course, that one man or woman may be a better judge of character and can give wiser occupational advice than another. A knowledge of psychology, experience, training, human sympathy and a desire to help—all these tend to make a person valuable as an adviser in the life-work problems of others.

"If, when I first look at an applicant, I feel that I can rely upon him, I know it will be easy to get him a position," said the head of an employment bureau that handles only college graduates. "It is the way they meet you. Dress may be one item in the effect, but it is more than that. It is the whole combination; it is whether the man is clean-cut or not. Another, with more ability perhaps, gets no offers.

"I do not think anyone knows much about human nature. Certainly I don't claim to. But, nevertheless, as the result of long experience I can nearly always tell in a way, when I send a man out, whether he will get a position. My assistants have a hard time at first, but even in a few weeks they, too, gradually slip into the ability to sense the situation."

Ex Post Facto Analysts

Nor is it to be denied that a knowledge of anatomy may throw some light, more or less valuable, not only upon the physical but upon the mental and moral traits of a person. It is at least conceivable that mental tests may round out the picture in a few cases, and certainly the whole appearance, behavior, attitude and personality of the man, as indicated in the foregoing paragraph, do enter into the formation of such information and counsel as it may prove wise to give.

Yet we know that such methods of getting at character as palmistry, graphology, phrenology and physiognomy have been much abused. Surely it requires no demonstration to show that here is a field where quackery and pseudo science are in danger of running rampant, like weeds in a tropical jungle after a two months' rain.

The greater part of the experimentation, scientific and otherwise, that has been carried on in regard to the selection of workers is still comparable to the home-remedies stage of medicine and surgery, according to the most exhaustive study yet made on the subject of Public Employment Offices, recently issued by the Russell Sage Foundation.

The report minimizes not only the value of judgment of an applicant which is based on the look in his eye and similar indices but also the practice of arbitrary classification of individuals into types. The report tells how the human mind has been grouped into types that are presumably mutually exclusive, such as executive type, detail type, mechanical type, and so on.

"These adjectives do describe attributes of the mind, but that people can be so tagged and labeled fairly is doubtful. The temptation to label people is very great, but the science and art of successfully doing it have not as yet been discovered. No system or method of character analysis has yet produced results which justify its adoption or even suggest its trial in a public employment office.

"This is not to be taken as decrying research in the field, but as a warning against depending too much upon any schemes for rating individuals which appeal to the imagination because of the greatness of the need for something of the kind, rather than because of their demonstrated success."

A newspaper writer describes the professional character analyst as the "latest barnacle sticking to the good ship industry." While these self-appointed authorities on all subjects make much of the nose or chin or eyes of a Napoleon, a Carnegie or a Harriman after these great men have died and their greatness has been proved, it is to be suspected that such features would have meant little to the analysts before the subjects became so famous.

(Continued on Page 157)



Why it's your best things that you scorch

THE very care you take in ironing your best things—your table linens, embroidered pieces, silks, thin dresses, flannels—is the reason you so often scorch them.

That—and the kind of iron you use.

To bring out the sheen of your best linen your iron must be hot. Because you're being careful, you iron more slowly than on unimportant things. Because you want to smooth out every wrinkle, you rub several times.

Result: less heat is carried away from the iron than when you're ironing a cotton sheet or a pillow slip—the iron heats up more rapidly. Unless you're very watchful and disconnect the cord in time—a scorch! Yet, you thought you were never more careful in your life!



This iron watches its own temperature

Get an iron that you don't have to disconnect—an iron that watches its own temperature. Get an iron that turns itself off automatically *before* it gets too hot—that turns itself on again *before* it gets too cool. Get a Westinghouse Automatic Iron—the iron with the "million-dollar thermostat"—the iron that has overthrown ironing tradition. With it, by taking reasonable care, even an inexperienced girl can iron linens, woolens, silks. And the price is now only $7.75.

When the telephone calls

Think of the added security when the telephone rings—when you're called away from the ironing board. No wondering if you disconnected the cord before you left—no sudden fears. You could leave a Westinghouse Iron connected for days, and when you return it would be just right for ironing.



More speed; more comfort

Think of the speed gained in ironing with an Automatic! You can iron four large sheets and a bed spread and never once touch the cord. When you have finished, your iron is still "right for ironing."

All for only $7.75

So tremendous is the demand for Automatics that the price is now $7.75—within only a few cents of that of irons without the Automatic feature. Besides the Westinghouse has a larger ironing surface, beveled streamline base, cool, comfortable handle, and a heel rest. Dealers everywhere have it.

Write for "A Little Guide to Better Ironing"

Tells how best to iron each garment. Gives suggestions that speed ironing, improve the work, and preserve the fabrics. Sent, on request to Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Mansfield, Ohio.



The Westinghouse Automatic Iron

Never too hot Click! *and it's* OFF

Never too cool Click! *and it's* ON

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Now the Stabilized BALLOON!

NOW the same engineers who developed the pioneer low air pressure tire—the Dayton Thorobred Cord—have developed another equally revolutionary tire. It is the Dayton *Stabilized* Balloon—a balloon that gives you the smoothness of motion, strength, safety, comfort, ease of steering, and long mileage of stabilized construction.

See for yourself what stabilized construction means. See how the tire is built.

The tread is semi-flat and extra-wide with a quick-grip non-skid, giving complete road contact at deflections as low as five per cent. The rubber is tempered by a special Dayton process that insures unusual toughness and resistance to wear. It does not sing. It does not cause rumbling.

Whether your car is equipped with small or large style wheels, get in touch with the Dayton dealer. He will show you a tire to fit your wheels—a tire that will give you comfort with economy—a tire that will give you a new conception of tire performance. And he will show you how it is built to do it.

For the new style small diameter wheels — Dayton *Stabilized* Balloons. For the large diameter wheels—Dayton low air pressure Cords. Both are *Thorobreds!* See the Dayton dealer today.

THE DAYTON RUBBER MFG. CO.
DAYTON, OHIO



Dayton Stabilized BALLOONS

(Continued from Page 154)

"We tried out an hour's patient conversation with one of the most successful professionals today," says the newspaper writer, "and came away with the feeling of having encountered a pillow, a creepy something that had no substance, yet had remained thoroughly commercial through it all."

William James, the philosopher, once ventured the opinion that "vocational biographies will never be written in advance." There is always a residuum in the individual which systems of character reading cannot detect, a lurking moral strength or weakness. There are all kinds of contests these days for the most typical or most average or most normal American boy or girl, but there is no such thing. Each human being lives in a world of his or her own. Emerson said that each man has an aptitude born in him.

"Do your work. . . . He is to dare do what he can do best . . . as he knows his helpful power to be."

Even the greatest men cannot be absolutely sure they are in the right occupations. There is no such thing as a 100 per cent score. A psychologist with a truly admirable sense of the limitations of his science includes in a book on vocational self-guidance a quotation from one of William James' letters:

"Whatever we are not doing is pretty sure to come to us at intervals, in the midst of our toil, and fill us with pungent regrets that it is lost to us. I have felt so about zoölogy whenever I was not studying it, about anthropology when studying physiology, about practical medicine lately, now that I am cut off from it; and I conclude that that sort of nostalgia is a necessary incident to our having imaginations, and we must expect it more or less, whatever we are about."

Hackneyed by now are Henley's lines on the necessity of being captains of our souls and masters of our fate, but no possible development of character analysis and vocational guidance can erase the truth of Invictus.

Men often need outside encouragement and bolstering up, both in the choice of an occupation and in its pursuit. But somewhere there is a line beyond which the ardent desire to have taken off our shoulders the load of personal responsibility makes for weakness and failure. Men never get ahead in the world by asking for guaranties.

"Do you like your work?" I asked a young man who had been a vocational counselor for six years.

"I am going to stay in it," he replied; "but in a sense, I don't like it. I can never be quite sure. Oh, I can read a man's face by now, but I don't absolutely know. There is only one person who knows, and he won't listen. If men would only listen to the voice within them, instead of running around in search of guidance!"

Being Your Own Fortune Teller

"I feel that any college graduate ought to be able to analyze himself with some degree of accuracy," said the personnel director of a large industry at a meeting of employers. "If he can't he is going to have an awfully unhappy time as he goes on in the world."

Because the vocational counselor deals with the lives of individuals, the final decision cannot be his, "or should not be," as one psychologist expresses it, "except, perhaps, in rare cases with individuals of low mental capacity." The right sort of young man will not shift the choice. "No social machinery can be devised which will relieve him from the responsibility," says a leading authority on vocational study.

The counselor can never guarantee success or failure and deals only in probabilities. But, alas, there are far too many individuals who crave for exact instructions as to what to do with their lives, and as Professor Fryer, a psychologist, remarks in one of his books, "on their weakness fattens the quack character analyst with his assumed knowledge of all things. . . . He almost never fails to recommend a new vocation and one that will be flattering to his victim."

The subject of a character reading pays his fee so much more cheerfully if told that he has great latent executive ability. "If you had only come to me fifteen or twenty years ago," says the analyst sadly, shaking his or her head, "you might now be president of the Standard Oil Company instead of driving a truck."

"I think a few of us who are engaged in employment and personnel work for the large industries might help some of the ambitious and restless young men," writes a sympathetic and experienced personnel manager, "but there are so many that it is hopeless to try to meet the demand. If at any time you are interested in any special individual I will be glad to see him."

"The trouble with most men," said the head of a great employment agency, "is that they have no needle pointing north. The magnetic forces of environment, friends and the like change or affect such compass as they have, and the needle points to a new path or drift. There are a few of us who can guide and keep these wanderers away from the crossroads and blind alleys, but we are too busy."

Small Men With Big Ambitions

But I question the philosophy of these two kindly men, which seems to assume that if there were only more counselors available all would be well. "Your instructors can tell you what to do," Admiral Sims once said to the students of an engineering school, "but they can't make you do it."

A salesman once went to the library of the concern for which he worked and asked for a certain book on the subject of mental concentration, having been told that the book would help him. Not having it in stock, the librarian tried to interest the salesman in other books of psychology, but he would have none of them, going away disappointed, and with the feeling that if only he had found the one book his sales would be certain to improve.

Now perhaps the librarian should have fitted in more readily with his idea, promising to get the book and agreeing with the seeker after knowledge that it was the philosopher's stone that would give him the magic touch as a salesman. But I am not so sure.

As the librarian said afterward: "He wanted a book on concentration, but he couldn't concentrate for five minutes to tell me what he wanted."

It is human to blame others for our troubles, to praise our own qualifications and yet complain of the lack of opportunities.

"If only my employer were a bigger and more broad-minded man he would appreciate my good points."

When it is all over, the successful man can tell how he did it. But to what purpose? Deeds and not words were the cause, and the next young man must in the same way make a trail of his own.

"The affirmative force is in one and not in another," said Emerson, "as one horse has the spring in him, and another in the whip. Success depends on a plus condition or positive power. . . . There are twenty ways of going to a point, and one is the shortest; but set at once on one."

It is folly to deny that everyday life fairly reeks with ignorance, laziness, indifference, incapacity and inefficiency. People without end cannot copy a number correctly from the telephone book, or spell the name of a friend or write down his address without making a mistake.

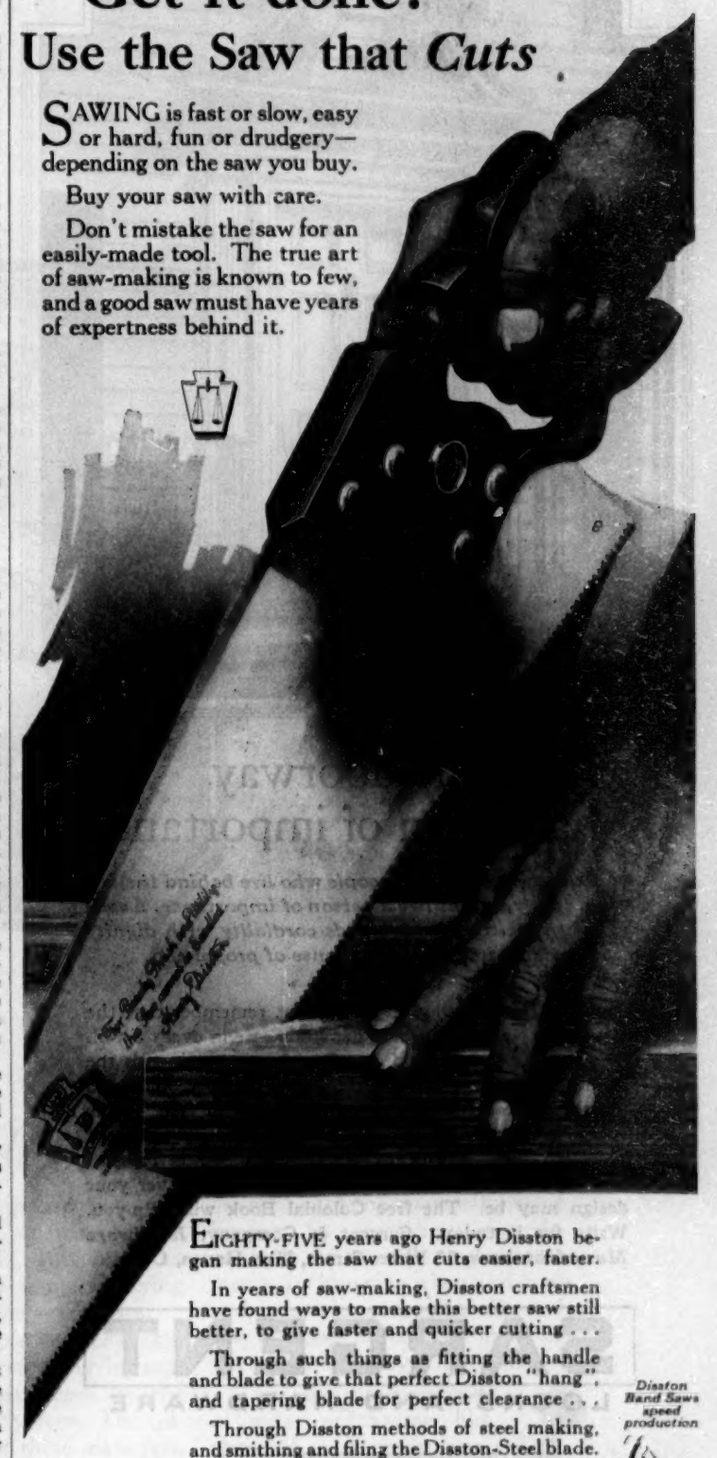
Two young men once bought a small grocery store where my family had been trading. The first time I visited the place after they had purchased it, they were making fun of a dazed little girl who had been sent there by her mother to buy paprika. They said they had never heard of it, and laughingly sent the child away. They did

Get it done!
Use the Saw that *Cuts*

SAWING is fast or slow, easy or hard, fun or drudgery—depending on the saw you buy.

Buy your saw with care.

Don't mistake the saw for an easily-made tool. The true art of saw-making is known to few, and a good saw must have years of expertness behind it.



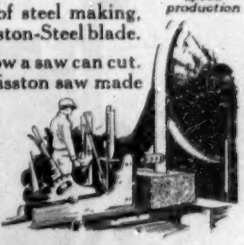
EIGHTY-FIVE years ago Henry Disston began making the saw that cuts easier, faster.

In years of saw-making, Disston craftsmen have found ways to make this better saw still better, to give faster and quicker cutting . . .

Through such things as fitting the handle and blade to give that perfect Disston "hang", and tapering blade for perfect clearance . . .

Through Disston methods of steel making, and smithing and filing the Disston-Steel blade.

Get a Disston saw and see how a saw can cut. Your hardware dealer has a Disston saw made for the job you want to do.



Disston Band Saws speed production

Ask Disston

Tell us what work you are doing, in wood, metal, stone, ivory, rubber, leather, cloth, fibre or other materials. We will tell you how to saw it better and easier. Disston issues many free books to aid saw users.

HENRY DISSTON & SONS, INC.
Philadelphia, U. S. A. Makers of "The Saw Most Carpenters Use."

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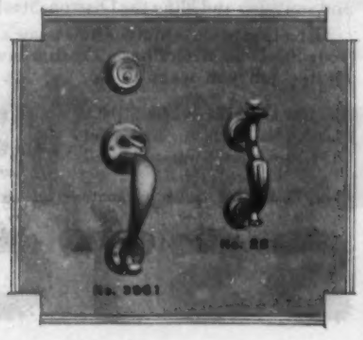
The doorway of a person of importance

If doorways express the people who live behind them—here, surely, might live a person of importance. A self-respecting citizen who blends cordiality with dignity . . . a sizable income with a sense of proportion.

If this is the doorway of your home, remember that the classical style *particularly* demands care in every detail. The Sargent handle and knocker shown agree with the Colonial design as thoroughly as the paneled door and Georgian scroll. These pieces are made in solid, time-resisting brass or bronze. To go with them is a Sargent Cylinder Lock—the utmost in security. Select Sargent locks and hardware with your architect—whatever your design may be. The free Colonial Book will help you. Write for it today. Sargent & Company, *Hardware Manufacturers*, 33 Water Street, New Haven, Conn.

SARGENT

LOCKS AND HARDWARE



the same the next day to one of my children, who had been sent to buy junket. Naturally they failed a few months later.

It is useless in this article to involve ourselves in abstruse arguments as to how responsible people are for the weaknesses which hold them back. Millions are born with physical defects, timidity or lack of courage and purpose. Perhaps it is true that they cannot avoid having these inherited weaknesses, but the practical point is that no social machinery yet devised is equal to the task of correcting the defects. Even the physical handicaps, which are certainly simpler than mental and moral weaknesses, are too numerous and too intricate for complete correction or eradication.

Thus it comes about that the world is full of people with exalted ideas of their own value, with magnificent ambitions and clownish means of attaining them, who want big salaries and positions without being big men. Often they wonder why bookish accomplishments and mental cleverness do not land them on top, lacking the emotional qualities to drive them there. Egotism, conceit or insufferable freshness often goes hand in hand with timidity or even cowardice in the essentials of character.

A young man wrote to a student of business affairs asking for the names of large corporations looking for persons with executive ability. But he wrote on the letterhead of one of the country's fastest-growing corporations, in whose employ he was at the time. Either he had not the ability he thought he had, or he lacked common sense and judgment.

"Lots of the men I meet somehow remind me of a big house with a big heating plant, but no steam up," said the head of an employment agency. "So many men have sold all they have and cleaned up, with nothing more to offer, at salaries around two thousand dollars a year, with another group at five or six thousand dollars. That seems to be about the limit of the average fine type of man here in New York, although all of them are reaching out for salaries of from seventy-five hundred dollars to ten thousand dollars."

One Step at a Time

But most people have strong qualities as well as weak, aptitudes as well as deficiencies. By building on the strong qualities they can improve and develop, even if they cannot perfect the weak. They only undermine such energies as they possess by complaining, by joining the grouchers and whiners.

Success depends so much on the volume of the turnover, as it were, of the few talents a man is endowed with, rather than upon the extent of talents. Weaknesses do not seem to matter, provided only the strong qualities are sufficiently exercised and utilized.

Professional writers are besieged by eager aspirants who persist in believing there is a touchstone, a magic formula for selling stories to magazines, if only they could lay their hands upon it. Young men are too often in despair at what seems the gap between themselves and the more successful, when in fact the difference is solely one of a stepping-up process. It is not magic; it is piecemeal.

Literary aspirants oversell to themselves the idea of writing and undersell the preparatory steps, the training, the technical progression, with stages one by one, line upon line.

An extremely ambitious insurance salesman wanted to become a branch manager. He was a good salesman and extremely insistent upon promotion. Somewhat reluctantly the company granted his request, and to his dismay he found that he was making less than he had as a salesman. He had jumped too many intermediate stages. He needed first to see if he could help a small group of three or four salesmen make money before he took over the whole office. He had not been stepped up properly.

In their eagerness and impatience so many men seem to overlook the obvious. A young chap who had carefully prepared himself for the bond business wrote to a financial specialist to inquire how he might secure a position with a great metropolitan firm. His home was in a city which ranks second only to New York as a financial center. "Have you applied at such and such firms in your own city?" was the answer. This simple course had apparently never occurred to the young man, who promptly made application, secured a position with an excellent house and made good.

A young man who went into business for himself, after years of hard work eventually sold out at a profit and bought into a new business, where he lost all he had. He was obliged to find a position working for other people and became a salesman for a great wholesale house. A few months later he wrote to an acquaintance as follows:

"I am not satisfied with the measure of my attainment. I wish to go higher. I am not afraid of hard work; and I will study for greater mental development. But I wish to make no error in the course of study to be pursued. Hence this letter."

Self-Analysis the Best

The acquaintance appealed to made inquiries, and discovered that though his correspondent's work was satisfactory, his sales experience in this particular line was as yet limited. Advice somewhat as follows was forwarded:

"Make a careful estimate of the territory which you cover. Make a complete list of all prospects. Classify them according to size and class of trade handled, as well as according to their credit rating. Figure out the percentage of stores which you sell and analyze the competition which you meet. Try to get population figures for the different towns in which you sell, figure out your per capita sales in each town and analyze the reasons for getting better sales in some towns than in others. If you do this kind of work you might be able not only to improve your own results but make some valuable suggestions to your district manager.

"Study what your prospects say to you when you first approach them, what questions they ask you, what to reply to them when they say they are not interested and what each of you says when the order is finally closed. Ask your customers why they buy of you. Listen to other salesmen and attend sales conventions of your company, if possible. It might be worth while to read a few books on practical salesmanship and on the psychology of salesmanship. Remember, you have been in this particular line a relatively short time, and it takes a long time to get anywhere in any business. You must therefore be patient and not expect immediate results."

Many good men need a hint, a suggestion or two, a touch of help, but if they have the right stuff in them, if the spark is there to be lighted at all, that is the extent of their need. From that point on they must forge their own way.

An educator who has trained thousands of salesmen and holds an important executive position as well, remarked rather impatiently, when asked about the craze for character analysis, that the best kind is a self-analysis which brings money and joy in one's work, and that that in turn means simply the understanding and mastery of the job one happens to hold at the moment.

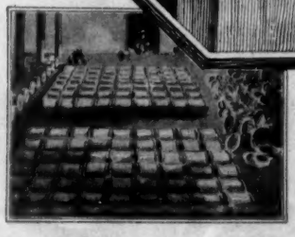
A group of employment and personnel managers for a number of large concerns were discussing the selection and placement of college graduates in business, and one of the speakers told of the intellectual hardship suffered by the college man who drops precipitately from his senior philosophy, ethics, economics and sociology into the drudgery of learning just where the filing cases are. But another member of the group arose and said:

"I am very much afraid we would simply say to him—the recent college graduate—'I am sorry, but you will have to do the

(Continued on Page 161)



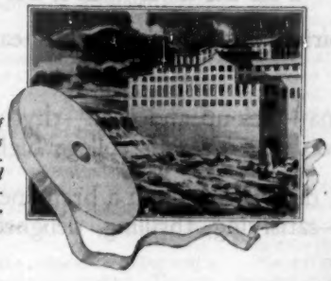




Millions of miles of wire are required every year by the Bell System.



Trainloads of conduit are required daily to put wires safely underground.



The output of many paper mills is used in insulating cable and printing telephone directories.

Any housewife can understand

-the world's biggest industrial buying job

BUYING telephone poles by the million, or wire by the millions of miles, gets down to the same simple terms as laying in a winter's supply of apples.

Western Electric buys or makes substantially everything in supplies or equipment used by the Bell Telephone System. The collective buying of these materials, largely standardized, brings about substantial economies for buyer and seller alike.

In Western Electric those charged with the responsibility of buying, by practicing scientific methods, by anticipating requirements, by knowing when and how to buy are lessening the effect of the increase in cost of most of the telephone plant materials.

Thus are the economies of mass purchasing like those of mass production, representing millions of dollars annually, passed through the Bell System to the American public.



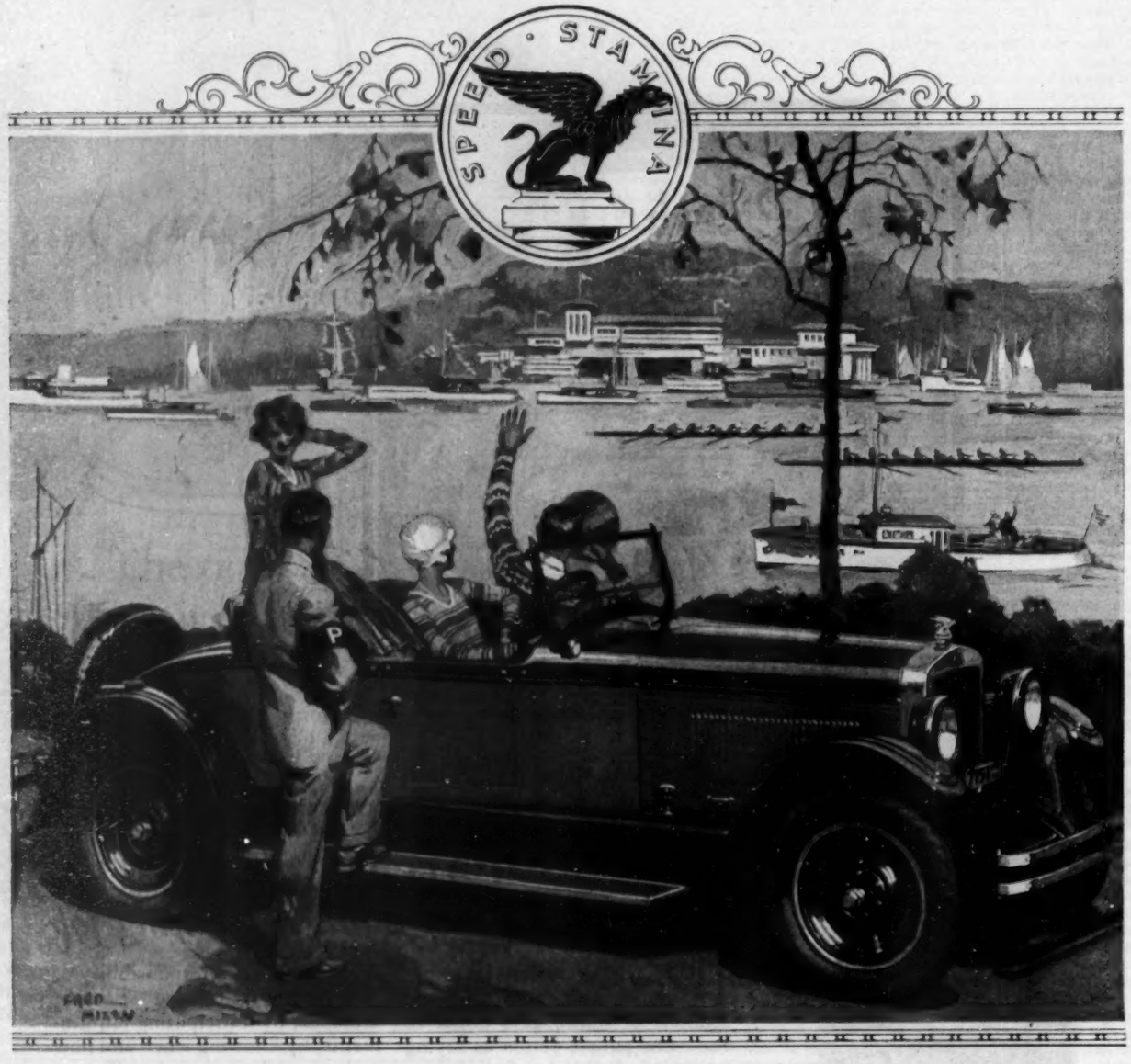
Back of your telephone

Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

GARDNER

EIGHT-IN-LINE



FOR YOUTH AND LIFE . . . AND HAPPY DAYS

Now Gardner has built an *Eight-in-line* Roadster that makes you long to close up your desk and head over the hills and far away—to youth and life and happy days.

The Gardner *Eight-in-line* Collegiate Roadster! It's *the* Eight for the man who loves the thrill of a perfect follow-thru and a long, straight drive down the fairway—or the woman who handles a teacup or a high-spirited mount with equal ease and poise.

Its speed and stamina—pick-up and dash—rhythm and grace—all tell you that it's *your* college Eight.

And every mile you drive brings you a brand-new motoring sensation—satisfying, thrilling, delightful as coasting on air.

Gardner presents ten advanced body types on the Six and Eight-in-line chassis. Prices range from $1,395, plus additional equipment, to $2,245 fully equipped—exclusive of tax, at St. Louis

OVER FIFTY YEARS OF BUILDING WELL

THE GARDNER MOTOR COMPANY, INC., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 158)

floor sweeping and card filing and errand running. You will have to stand the gaff.' Those who stand it usually get the better jobs. Promotion is still based almost entirely upon the record of a man in a particular job, not because he is especially fitted for some other job, but just because he has done that job well."

"The first stages of success in an organization consist in doing the work at hand so well that one attracts attention, even if the work itself is not the most desirable as a life job," says Walter C. Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, in an article on opportunities for college men in the oil industry published in a college newspaper.

It must be recognized that a very serious factor in the problem of the young man and his ambition is the gap which may exist, and so often does exist, between college and the life which follows. This is not the place to discuss in all its details the relation between a college degree and success in life. No one denies that college men as a whole do well as compared with the bulk of the population.

But we have no means of knowing how much of this success is due to the education received and how much is in spite of it, or merely because the college men were a picked group to begin with, or the sons of fathers who can set them up in business.

These, however, are not the questions I am raising. Formerly most college graduates entered a few selected professions, such as law and the ministry, the conditions and requirements of which were not only well known but closely connected with the curriculum. The lawyer and the minister began at the bottom, but the work of their apprentice years did not, and does not today, differ essentially either from their college studies or the later and higher stages of their professional work.

Besides, college graduates were few in the early days, and were a class apart. Their very education was supposed to make them gentlemen, and, indeed, a century ago the word "gentleman" appeared after the graduate's name on his diploma in at least one institution. The idea that a college graduate should do any manual work or, indeed, perform at any stage routine drudgery was abhorrent.

But now most college graduates go into a thousand different lines of business, in which the beginner, whatever his education, must, from the very nature of the occupation, start at the bottom in dusty, routine and uninteresting jobs. Many of these branches of industry and commerce are relatively obscure, do not seem very important at first and, however essential to the life of the nation, are certainly drab as compared with the intellectual luster and distinction of the learned professions.

Unsold College Products

The relation between the college curriculum, even with its concessions to the vocational, and these myriads of dull, lowly and unclassified office-boy, apprentice-like jobs is vague and indistinct in the extreme.

The colleges and universities have been very slow, as indicated by President Angell, of Yale, to adjust themselves to this change, and evince very little interest in the placement problem. Percy S. Straus, head of a department store which employs two hundred college men and women, recently said that the colleges and universities are very much like a factory that turns out a product and puts it on the siding, hoping that someone will want it and come along and pick it up.

"That is all the colleges do. They make no attempt to sell their product. The one great lack that you find there is that the boys are allowed to go through four years without being put to it to give a single thought to what is going to happen after they graduate.

"It seems to me that if a boy is allowed to vegetate without being urged to give any thought to what life means after he gets out, we have lost a great deal of mental energy and the possibilities of development. . . . The boy who knows he is to go to college gives very little thought to anything else in his high-school years except passing the college entrance examinations, but after he gets to college it seems the time has come when his attention should definitely be directed to his major work."

A report of the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education, in commenting on the high percentage of turnover among recent graduates, says that this "could certainly have been reduced by more effective vocational guidance in the colleges. It is one of the enccuraging signs of the times that some of our institutions have realized this need and are meeting it. . . . It must be admitted, however, that only a fair start has been made."

Among suggestions given by graduates as to possible improvements in engineering courses, the report places first: "The greatest work a college of engineering can do, in my estimation, is to study the man, his inclinations and native abilities and then start him right, whether his field of real usefulness is engineering, saleswork or scenario writing. A right start is a fortune in itself."

A representative of one of the great Eastern universities, at a meeting of the American Management Association, said that though more time should be given in college than in business to recreation and social intercourse, "the typical conditions at the present time permit an overdevelopment of such activities. The development of a simpler and more wholesome undergraduate life is the joint task of the faculties, student bodies and alumni."

A Get-the-Money Complex

The speaker then went on to say that development of the habit of faithful performance of daily tasks is handicapped by the idea that a good excuse is the equivalent of work done, by the cut system, which officially approves and even encourages a failure to perform daily tasks, and by the relative importance which is attached to final examinations.

"I don't know of any places in industry that offer a continuation of the type of life that most academic courses provide," added a manufacturer who was present at the meeting. "The colleges must work out some sort of project that will make life there less artificial, less different from the life a man must lead afterward. There is no sense of better or worse in it. They must close that gap and make the difference between the working life and the college life less."

Now it may be, as some suggest, that the colleges are not at fault. The fundamental difficulty may rest with lenient and over-indulgent parents. Or in turn the parents themselves may make life too soft and easy for their offspring, merely because both parent and child live in an age of comfort and luxury, in which machinery does the work.

But whatever the underlying causes of the graduate's attitude may be—and we have no time to study them here—the fact remains that industry is going to be full of tragedy for the college man just so long as he sets out with the idea of big rewards immediately ahead of him.

"The most important cause of restlessness," says a representative of a famous university, "is the fact that the typical college graduate places too great an emphasis upon the attainment of wealth as a measure of, and prerequisite to, success and happiness in life."

The writer hates to preach, and is not engaged in writing sermons. But the fact is that vocational unfitness and consequent unhappiness are often due these days to a misplaced emphasis upon "get the money." Many a young man drifts from college into bond selling or life insurance or real estate merely because he thinks quick money lies that way. It is not because he is really



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interested in bonds or insurance or real estate. In many a case he should be an artist, a musician or should enter the civil service.

Pitiable indeed are the numerous cases which illustrate the same trait in the parent, rather than the son, where young men are forced through famous universities, or through severe, grueling courses in law, medicine and engineering merely to satisfy the parent's pride, rather than the young man's inherent desires.

Often such boys flunk out, or are broken in health, and as Prof. Charles H. Griffitts, a psychologist, says, "The family felt disgraced, and the work of the counselor in such cases is to save what he can of the self-respect of the young man and help him find some kind of work which he will like and in which he has a fair chance of success."

Arizona and other Southwestern states contain many a youthful physical wreck who would not be such if his parents' pride had permitted his earlier removal from the too rigorous climate of some Northern college.

A statistician might earn ten thousand dollars a year after twenty-five years or so and a salesman as much within a few years, but the question at stake is whether the real bent was toward statistics or selling.

Patently more young men should go into school-teaching than at present, for their own happiness' sake, because they are fitted for it. But they want bigger money. Many a young man who should be an architect or a doctor of philosophy in chemistry, takes a business job where money is supposed to come quickly, unwilling to wait and sacrifice, although real usefulness, happiness, service and success in the only full sense of the word will come from doing the work he was destined by mentality and temperament to do.

Aiming for the Dollar Mark

"Self-trust is the first secret of success," said Emerson, "the belief that if you are here, the authorities of the universe put you here, and for cause, or with some task strictly appointed to your constitution, and so long as you work at that you are well and successful."

Why do we kid ourselves into thinking that it is chiefly a lack of vocational information and character analysis which steers young men into tasks other than those strictly appointed to their constitutions? The blunt, hard truth is that they deliberately make unsuitable choices, not so much from ignorance, but in search of quick, easy money, and because they want a short cut from poverty to wealth.

Unless prevailing ideals in this respect can be improved, it would help matters very little if a whole army division of applied psychologists, character analysts and vocational counselors should descend for an entire month each year upon every college and high school in the country.

A young man called upon a railroad president to inquire concerning the opportunities for college men in railroading. He asked what promotion might be expected, and the pay at each step. The official replied that the young man did not tumble to the idea at all, as he was evidently not thinking in terms of railroading but of pay getting.

Professor Münsterberg once said that most people know only the exterior conditions of the various occupations, particularly the great monetary rewards that come to some of them, and hardly anything of the "inner labor and values." What is called ambition is so often nothing at all but a desire to make more money, and not what Münsterberg so accurately described as the "inner values."

It is indeed hard doctrine, but there is truth in the statement of the personnel manager of a great oil company that a man who is following his real purpose in life should give no thought to money rewards until he is at least thirty-five, "but only to an intensive drive for experience and responsibility."

A man who is now fifty-two years old wanted as a youth to study the science of teaching or pedagogy. Friends tried to discourage him, saying there was "no money in it." But he persisted, and the other day he sold a school textbook the royalties of which in one section of the country alone will shortly amount to thirty thousand dollars. There is often profound economic as well as ethical and religious truth in the basic doctrine that one must lose his life to find it.

After all, the most precious thing in work is the respect, the rating we get from our associates. One reason for so many cynical disillusioned old men in the world is because they have tried for other rewards than the rating of their associates, for other values than that which comes from performing the one task, which, as Emerson says, the authorities of the universe appointed to your constitution.

In conclusion I must refer briefly to that inspiring but at the same time troublesome American phenomenon, the rise, or supposed rise, in the occupational scale of children above their parents. Men in manual labor in this country seem determined that their sons shall not follow in their footsteps. Wave after wave of immigrants have slaved so that their sons and daughters might work in offices rather than in the woods and fields, and our educational system has made this possible.

Once the lad has graduated from high school—and of course it is even more true if he has been to college—he must have a white-collar job, regardless of whether his father was a ditch digger or a surgeon.

The problem which these conditions give rise to is not solved by merely saying that machinery will do the work. The rush for white-collar, office positions results in such intense competition that many young men are prevented from realizing their ambition of promotion.

A writer on vocational subjects says that in a dishwashers' union of seven hundred members, one hundred were found to be college graduates. Allowing for an unusual, extreme or exaggerated illustration, it is obvious all the same that education does not always take.

But there is an entirely different and far more hopeful way of looking at the problem. It is more than possible that the solution lies in such a diffusion of education, college and otherwise, that the social distinction between white-collar jobs and manual work will gradually disappear. In other words, so many men and women are going to college that large numbers of them will be forced, willy-nilly, into manual work, at least as a beginning.



A Camp in the Cliffs

Just as an increasing quantity of money is believed by many economists to reduce its purchasing power, so as college education becomes very common its purchasing power in exclusive terms of office positions may likewise become diluted.

Already the larger universities give courses in almost every imaginable subject. It is proposed that a course be offered in janitor engineering. This is merely a sample of hundreds of suggested or actual college courses, which almost reduce the old-fashioned educator to nervous prostration. True enough, the older type of classical training seems to have a way of producing more leaders proportionately than the newer vocational type. But that is beside the point.

Gradually a larger number of students are taking the strictly vocational subjects, and perhaps it is just as well, from the broader viewpoint of what to do with the enormous volume of college graduates.

Certainly if there could gradually evolve a new type of apprenticeship and promotion in the world of industry and commerce involving work with both hands and head, it would be well for the country. The most concrete example of what we may be working toward in this respect is the gasoline service station, where college graduates must serve an apprenticeship in what is not only manual work, but what might by a wrong construction be considered almost servile employment.

From Hand to Head Work

The Standard Oil Company of California was the pioneer in this field and now has the largest number of service stations of any oil company. At the writer's request this concern has furnished most interesting data regarding the promotions made from its service-station force. Before giving these figures, however, it should be stated that by drumming into these and all other employes the pride of service any latent danger of a feeling of servility, either on the part of patrons or employes, has been completely obviated.

The company has about seven hundred and fifty stations, and as many of them employ several men it will be realized that the force so engaged and employed is very large. The latest available figures show that of this entire force 95 per cent have a high-school education or its equivalent, and 38 per cent have had one or more years in college.

Service-station employes are engaged, as anyone who has ridden in an automobile knows, in a manual occupation, although, of course, the contact with the outside world is greater than in many other lines of manual work. The policy of the company, when it has a place to fill, is to seek among the service-station employes for a man to fill it. That this is more than a mere pious pretension is proved by the figures furnished the writer.

These figures show in detail, for each year from 1916 to 1923 inclusive, the number of men promoted from service-station work to fifteen other and higher classes, ranging all the way up to the home office itself. All together, in the years enumerated, nearly nine hundred such promotions were made.

Information for the year 1924 was prepared in a different manner. It shows that there were one hundred and eighteen promotions to positions for which service-station men were immediately eligible. Of this number ninety-four men, or 80 per cent, were actually promoted direct from the service stations. Figures for 1925 are not yet available.

The company hopes that the obviously sound ideas and practices being worked out in this way may help other companies, or even other industries, to solve some of their own problems.



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OO-HOOSK-AH

(Continued from Page 41)

pleasure-loving chaperon, eager to snatch excitement from each passing hour, floating safely on the surface in unruffled American waters, ignorant of the deeper currents and darker whirlpools of European cities—what might not happen to such an irresponsible pair? Useless to tell her mother; warnings would be forgotten in one day. Impossible to choose the only effective way; Paul Neale ought to know everything, but could not be told. Stella decided to go to Paris.

On that, Mrs. Benson came dancing gayly in. "Is my complexion on straight?" she cried as she rang for the late breakfast. "Where's Bloxham? Why didn't she come? Where's my dear little charge? Not up yet? You wouldn't believe how wearing it is to be a chaperon, Stella."

"A new thing, Jane," was the dry answer.

"Why kick? You're a pretty decent sort, Stella, and I'm entitled to some credit for that. Such a wonderful time last night. I wonder how often I can tuck my little countess safe in bed. Do you think she'd stand it twice a week and leave me free? Where is Bloxham?"

"Gone home. Your little ingénue flung waiters and slippers at her, and she wouldn't put up with it."

"I was warned of that temper," Mrs. Benson commented, highly amused. She drew a fancy picture of the staid Bloxham dodging missiles. "What was it all about?"

"A slipper forgotten—and other grave faults."

"I was put to a lot of inconvenience," Mrs. Benson rattled on. "I can't have my maids upset by that airy little lady."

"Throw it up, Jane. You have a decent income. Why go about like a lady tutor, with a scholar in tow? People will think you are old."

Mrs. Benson frowned. "Old? You are very personal this morning, Stella. That girl is a distinct asset and you know it. When we go back to New York I'll tell the world she is no ordinary countess. I shall be welcome in houses that people fight to get into."

Stella concealed her distaste at the speech and jumped at the suggestion of the States.

"Why not now?" she cried. "Let's go back, quick."

"And not see Paris? And refuse our country-house invitations? Oh, where is that girl? Here's breakfast ready."

"Katinka," Stella explained, "has gone to lunch with Paul."

"Stella," Mrs. Benson cried impressively, "to deny that that youth will get that girl is to belittle ourselves. He's made us his slaves. Is she cleverer than you or I? I trow not."

Stella promptly changed the subject. "When are you going to Paris?" she asked.

"Day after tomorrow."

"I want some clothes. I'll go too."

Mrs. Benson patted the back hair which was not there, showed the customary surprise at its absence and eyed her daughter speculatively. If this meant that Stella was going to fight Katinka for Paul Neale, it disclosed love so fatuous as to be ridiculous. "Carrie Winters' marriage," Mrs. Benson remarked with apparent irrelevance, "has turned out very badly. The Dorringtons told me."

"I hardly knew her," Stella said indifferently.

"Serves her right. She did sentry go for six months, marching up and down with a drawn bayonet. Wherever Winters was, there she was; and Winters was always where Margie Taggart was; and when Margie finally refused him he rushed out into the night. The sentry ran her bayonet through his bleeding heart and carried him unconscious to the altar."

"You should publish a modern version of Æsop's Fables, Jane," was the tart retort.

"Good idea. This shall be the first. The moral is: A heart caught on the rebound is no score to anybody. Mixed, but intelligible."

Stella gave no sign.

"The Dorringtons are going over. I shall be with them a lot. They are not your sort."

"Thanks for this cordial invitation, *petite maman*."

"Better not, Stella. Find some of your English friends and go later with them. I am much too frivolous for you, and Paul will never leave that girl till he gets her or gets the shock of his conquering life. Where are you in *cette galère?*"

Stella nodded, admitting to herself that she might have foreseen this rebuff. It was tacitly understood that she gave up Paris; she went to Adolph Kirchner instead.

The appointment, arranged by telephone, gave her a little thrill of mysterious expectancy, due to the vivid descriptions of fiction writers, from Dickens down, of the great gaunt offices of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Expecting to enter a private office of parchments and pigskin, bestraggled with pale rays filtering through cobwebbed lozenge panes, she was led by a smartly dressed youth into a drawing-room almost effeminate with its spindly Chippendales and rose-filled bowls. Its well-dressed occupant put a document in a drawer as she came in; no other was in sight.

He placed a chair—splat-backed, bow-legged, ball-and-clawed—in front of the open fire. On a brass hob rested hot buttered muffins, and a brass kettle steamed cheerfully. He touched a bell. A manservant promptly appeared with a laden tea table.

Stella, intensely amused and interested by the contrast between expectation and realization, enjoyed a delicious tea, perfectly served. As she looked about the delightful room she was conscious that her host looked at her; not offensively, not furtively, but with that subtle appreciation which is welcome tribute to a girl used to admiration.

"I could not imagine any unpleasant thing done in this room," she said.

"It never is, Miss Burnleigh."

"But I have heard that people tremble when they get a lawyer's letter or a long blue paper ——"

"Certainly," he answered; "these papers are not love letters, but they are not sent from here. A bankrupt client coming to arrange a composition with his creditors—this room would jar on him. A burglar—but he would want to come again at night. A lady fighting a divorce and intent on deceiving her lawyer—this room would drive her to distraction. One of the good old sort, the old family client—well, Miss Burnleigh, believe me, he'd just look around him, turn on his heel and transfer his business." He crossed the room and flung open a door. "Look," he said.

There it was, the room of her imagination, grimy, gloomy, musty beyond belief. "It took me two years to get that effect," Kirchner said with a chuckle. "The sand box, the brass candlesticks and the quill pens are little decorative touches, but the rest is a going concern." He pulled up a shutter in an old black-oak press. Stella laughed as she saw, underneath, the drawers of a bright new American vertical filing cabinet. "Another cup of tea—come."

"Am I specially honored," Stella asked as she resumed her seat, "that I see both rooms?"

Kirchner nodded. "When I moved in here," he said, "I became a collector of grimy old office stuff. It took a lot more trouble to furnish that room than this. Everything in there is old outside, modern inside. Thus I got the stability of tradition and the efficiency of today. Now what can I do for you?"

Stella told the tale of a countess stuffed with bank notes.

"What! That exquisite little princess!" Kirchner's surprise was unbounded. He touched a bell and ordered the evening papers. "Two generations of mad gamblers behind her; inherited—in the blood. And yet—at her age—with her appearance, it seems impossible. She must have been at it for some time to be so well-known at the place—to have been so greatly trusted. And yet it can't be often. She looks too healthy for that and her eyes are too serene."

"The important thing is her point of view," Stella said. "She feels herself above criticism or censure. When she wants to do anything—anything—well, she'll do it."

"A princess, who has lost her throne and everything else but her pride; and she runs among the common herd, dazed."

"My mother and I," Stella said a little sharply, "are part of the herd and may be exposed to notoriety for her freaks."

Kirchner glanced, surprised. "You don't mean that she patronizes you?"

"Of course. Her isolation is appalling. I wanted to be fond of her, to help her. I wanted to be her friend. I did not wound her with pity. I just—well, there's something very attractive about her."

"There is—that's right." The lawyer caressed his firm, pointed chin. "Do you suppose her griefs have led her protectively to sheathe her heart in plaster?"

"In marble, say, rather. She hardly bothers to repulse me. She ignores me—ignores everybody."

"Including the young gentleman?"

"When she is not using him."

"But he's hard hit; he wants to marry her; wants her to use him."

"As an accomplice, without his knowing it? To deliver gamblers' money? Wasn't she sending him to possible arrest?"

"Quite possibly. Will he marry her now?"

"He does not know."

"But surely he ought to know?" Kirchner's eyes were fixed on her, but Stella met their questioning unflinchingly.

"I lost my temper this morning," she admitted, "and gave him broad hints; but I have decided not to go further."

"But surely your mother ——"

"She will not know from me." Her faint smile excited curiosity.

"Why?" Kirchner asked.

"One must not criticize a chaperon to the holder of the purse strings."

He laughed. "Mrs. Benson would go with her next time. Perhaps that's the best solution."

"There's a better."

"Oh, you've worked it out? Do let me hear."

Stella looked at the ceiling and expressed the opinion that the United States was a playground crowded with innocent toys.

The lawyer laughed. "I suppose I could," he said after an instant's reflection. He bent forward and lowered his voice. "I will—if *you* ask it."

She looked cold reproof. He met the rebuff with a hardy smile.

"Your eyes," he said, "snap like the aurora borealis. I am glad I tried to flirt to get that look. I won't any more."

"Don't. It bores me." The slight note of contempt in the voice was meant to sting, but the culprit did not wince. Stella rose. "Thank you," she said aloofly. "I must go."

He stepped between her and the door. "Your eyes," he said, "would drive any man mad."

A fortunate knock; the messenger entered with the newspapers. "One minute, Miss Burnleigh. The report of the arrest of the gaming-house keeper will be here." But Stella went out without a word.

In the hall of the hotel she ran across Maj. Gen. Sir Fitchett Mills, retired, an elderly clubman who knew everybody worth knowing and everything about each one not worth knowing.

"We have some family business with a solicitor, a Mr. Adolph Kirchner," she said. "Do you know anything about him?"

"Kirchner? Very clever, not quite shady, you understand, but the feller one has to have when one's son is in a scrape or the daughter has to get her letters back, you understand. Never go to him alone; he'd fall on his knees on the mat and worship your eyes. Never offend him. He's vain and vindictive and would throw over clients to get even. Those are the two rules for him, you understand."

"Thanks, general, I understand. I never thought one must follow rules when consulting a lawyer."

"Not all of 'em, you understand; but these lawyers that are just a bit cleverer than blackmailers and swindlers, and are always playin' about the edge of crime, nearly always have a screw loose. Kirchner has the finest ear for music in London and the quickest eye in England for a pretty woman. You'll meet him everywhere. You have to ask a man who knows all your family secrets, you understand."

"I don't quite, but that's all right. Thank you, general."

The old boy toddled off, squaring his gallant shoulders and feeling younger for having looked into the brilliant eyes of youth.

Stella took it for granted that her errand had failed. Kirchner would not now make any move; and yet her mother must take this explosive countess to the safe side of the Atlantic. Stella resolved on going to Paul. She could approach him without criticizing Katinka. She wondered that it had not before occurred to her to point out how much greater his chance of winning Katinka would be if she were detached from all familiar European associations. She saw that she might have spared herself this unpleasant Kirchner incident, and regretted that she had approached a stranger behind her mother's back. She was uncomfortable as she reflected on the alleged vindictiveness of this detestable lawyer. Should her mother learn that she had secretly intervened to cut out Paris and force a return to the United States, she would not be soon forgiven. The more she thought, the stronger grew the conviction that Kirchner would tell her mother. Stella genuinely regretted her impulsive action and deeply lamented the impending breach. She felt a sense of responsibility for a flighty and irresponsible mother as she never had before.

As she entered the gilded sitting room of the suite she received from Katinka, sitting there writing letters, precisely the greeting which she realized that she had expected—cheerful, friendly, as though nothing had happened.

"Such a charming luncheon with Mr. Neale. We went to the Berkeley." Katinka said this as she wrote, making conversation. "Writing to my friends," she explained after a pause. "Think of it, Stella; all those places I have seen as a child; and now I shall see them again, and in them are many of my country people, friends of my childhood."

"Oh, are you going beyond Paris?" Stella asked.

"A round of German cities. Jane has promised."

Stella soon realized that if she succeeded in preventing that journey she would disappoint Katinka as bitterly as she would her mother. And yet it must be prevented. Katinka finished at last and began to question about American life, always a subject of interest to her. Oh, yes, Stella said, all Americans had pedigrees.

"They used to talk, those Americans I met," Katinka said, "of the emigrating ancestor. Who was he?"

"The top of the family tree, or the root—I don't know which to call it," Stella answered. "The first one to go to the New World across the Atlantic."

(Continued on Page 169)



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A—
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A—
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A—

Sharp!

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Can The Noise

If a squeak annoys,
Destroys your poise,
A Handy Can
Can can that noise.

Since I polished my car with 3-in-One, I am afraid to go to town. Every time I get out to go into a store, I come out and find a bunch of flappers using it for a mirror.

W. E. B.,
San Quentin, Calif.

Foolish Man

He bought his wife the finest kind of electric sewing machine. Nothing was too good for the little woman. And, for its high speed motor, he bought a bargain can of cheap mineral oil.

The oil—and the saving—went up in smoke.

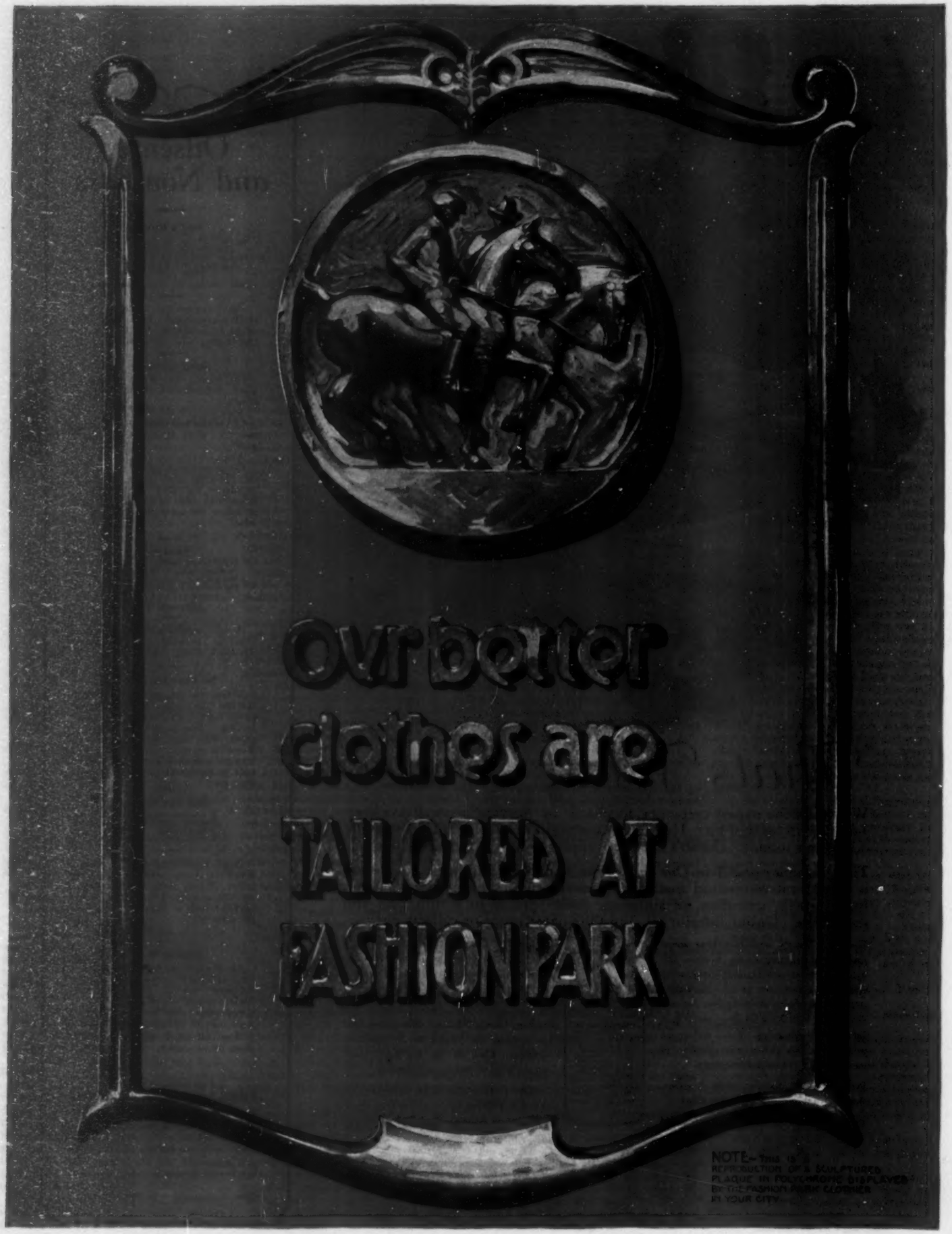
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SUPER-SAFETY
BANK CHECK

Why leading bankers everywhere are supplying their depositors with these safer, more beautiful checks



Why most banks supply colored checks

The sensitive colors of safety checks resist alteration as the plain white surfaces of old-fashioned checks never could! In the skilfully laid-on Super-Safety colors there is unquestioned protection for your bank account. And they serve another important purpose—their beauty lends distinction to your signature.

ARE you aware of the dangerous route every check must travel between your desk and the security of the teller's window at your bank! Do you know that over $100,000,000 is lost annually through check fraud!

Leading bankers everywhere are alert to these startling facts. They know that massive doors—steel vaults—barred windows—special policemen are useless in the "service of protection" they give the funds of their customers if the checks which *represent* real money are unprotected in circulation.

Checks that resist alteration

As a result, these progressive bankers provide their customers with checks which are known to defeat the check tamperer's skill—"Super-Safety Checks." These remarkable checks are the safest and the most beautiful provided by any bank today. Any attempt at alteration by knife, acid or rubber erasure causes a glaring white spot on the intricately tinted stock. And because Super-Safety Checks are issued only on the order of a bank—never sold in blank—there is no chance for a criminal to get hold of the paper. To prevent counterfeiting, every sheet of the famous Super-Safety Paper is guarded as the Government protects bank-note paper.

Look at your checks and see if the words *Super-Safety* and the symbol of safety, *the eagle*—appear on every one as illustrated in the picture below. If they are there you can rest assured that every check you send out will resist the skill of the check-fraud artist. Moreover, you will then know that the confidence you have in your banker is well placed, because you will see that he is taking every precaution to safeguard your funds—outside his bank as well as inside.

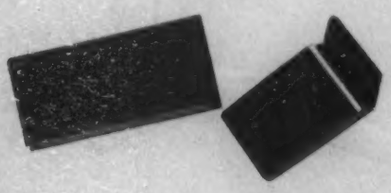
Their beauty does you credit

Super-Safety Checks have an authoritative "look" and "feel" which do credit to your signature. Their colors are pleasing—their designs beautifully executed. They are easy to write on. It is a real pleasure, a business and social distinction to send them out.

Send for sample test-check and booklet

Test for yourself the power of Super-Safety Checks to prevent alterations. Send for sample check with instructions for testing it; also our new booklet, written by a national authority on family finance, "How to Get More for your Money." Bankers Supply Company, Division of The Todd Company, *sole manufacturers of Super-Safety Checks, Todd Greenbac Checks and the Protectograph.* Chicago, Rochester, New York, Denver.

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Super-Safety Checks come in several beautiful colors. They are often bound in rich, handsome Antique Mourish covers of several styles and sizes—designs convenient for personal and business use.



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DIVISION OF THE TODD COMPANY
3950 South State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a free sample test-check and your new booklet, "How to Get More for your Money."

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

(Continued from Page 164)

"Ah! Some patrician, exiled for political reasons?"

Stella smiled, though she was weary of this continuous ancestor worship. "No, some simple worker who went for religious reasons, or to get a better chance in life."

"But his descendants became great lords?"

"Oh, no, we don't have those."

"If then these descendants were not aristocrats, why should they bother about a family tree?"

"Everyone likes to know the name of his great-grandfather."

"But that is absurd. What could his name matter if he was not of knightly blood?" Katinka pealed a little laugh. "What impudence to talk of ancestors if they were in commerce or professions."

"Worse, Katinka. Most of our ancestors were farmers, some were sailors, some perhaps shoemakers or carpenters."

"Forgive me," was the contrite apology. "I did not mean to give pain."

Stella let out a jolly laugh. "It is not painful, Katinka. There is no caste with us, remember."

"What nonsense! You will not be offended?"

"Certainly not. Go on."

"Well, if your shoemaker came and he measured your foot very nicely—it is a very pretty foot, Stella—would you ask him to dinner?"

"He might be very successful and have a large factory, and we would say he had made good and might meet him at dinner."

"Made good—good what? Shoes?"

"That means money, success, Katinka."

"Ah, ah! There you have it. I have heard it often. Money, success—you have a caste, Stella, and these are its foundations. And you ask me to give up my ideas for that. You are naïve, Stella."

"Fresh blood, clean blood," Stella cried. "It is then this fresh clean blood that is in the veins of Mr. Neale?"

"Surely," was the prompt reply. Stella hid her acute vexation that she had been thus slyly led into demolishing the castles in the air in which Paul Neale's knightly ancestors had resided. She could see exactly what had happened. This mad, infatuated young man had tried to impress Katinka by inventing a family tree. Stella knew, for Neale had told her, that his great-grandfather, master of a British sailing vessel, had settled in Massachusetts, and that nothing was known of British connections. Stella went to her room with the conviction that she had bungled everything that day. She had got past the stage of surprise at anything Paul Neale might do or say. She went with some of her friends to dinner and a play that night and was back at the hotel by midnight. Getting a handful of letters from the desk she turned, to find herself face to face with Paul Neale.

"Lucky meeting," he said. "There are some railroad tickets on the sitting-room mantel. Your mother wants them."

"Sounds like an elopement. Whose?"

Neale laughed. "They belong to the Dorringtons. We're all at the Rhododendron Club, and they are off in the morning."

"I'll get them."

"Spare me five minutes first." He led her to a chair. "A funny letter from that lawyer, Kirchner, Stella—delivered by hand at my hotel. Read it."

"So soon."

"What so soon?"

"Vengeance. I was warned." The letter read thus: "As you are interested in the countess, I think you ought to know that I have suggested to Mrs. Benson that she should immediately take the young lady to the United States. I am following the advice of Miss Burnleigh, who reports grave indiscretions on the part of the countess. My last wish is to prejudice you, but my invariable policy is utter frankness."

"The blackguard!" was Stella's indignant comment. She told the surprised listener the whole story. "I was bound to do something," she said. "Mother is not responsible enough to be running around Europe with a girl like that. The United States was the solution. Mind you, Paul, I don't censure Katinka. I'm sure she's gentlewoman through and through, but she's so farcically out of touch with life as it's lived outside of courts that she is capable of involving mother in most offensive notoriety. Mother can't afford publicity. You know why—lots of reasons."

"You did just the right thing, Stella," Paul Neale approved.

"You are very fair, Paul," she said, relieved. "Incidentally the plan furthered your wishes. Your chances of winning her would be better over there. I did not wish to aid you, for I'm sure you cannot succeed and will be sorry if you do, but I couldn't help helping you. I am sorry I flared out this morning. Now you know why. This little snake of a lawyer was expected, of course, if he took my suggestion, to act as if it was his own. But I broke two rules. Hear Gen. Sir Fitchett Mills' regulations for doing business with the worm." She quoted them.

"Do you mean," Neale cried indignantly, "that the fellow was offensive?"

"Judge by results." She went through the pile of letters in her lap and held up two of them. "The same handwriting," she said. "Pretty scheme, isn't it? Might have made you, and will make mother and Katinka my enemies for life."

"Oh, no." He took the letters and put them in his pocket.

"Paul, you daren't."

"Oh, yes, I dare. And just to make things safe, we'll do just what we're ordered to do. So it's New York day after tomorrow." He jumped to his feet, echoing Stella's laugh of relief. "I mustn't keep your mother waiting. I'll go up to your floor with you, and would you mind bringing me the tickets?

"I'll engage the staterooms tomorrow," Neale told her as they entered the elevator.

"Three, Paul; I am not going."

She caught once more that unguarded glance of the steamer; that sudden revelation, unaccountable in one in headlong pursuit of another woman. As the elevator stopped, Stella, frowning, was humming a tune: "How happy could I be with either ——"

"Here comes Katinka," Neale said, surprised, looking down the hall.

"I thought she was with mother and you."

"No. Where is she going?"

"Ask her."

Stella noted the absolute unconsciousness of the cloaked and hatted girl who was approaching. It ought to be vexatious to be detected slipping out alone at midnight; in morning dress, too, changed since dinner, and by one who would know from last night's experience where she was going, but Katinka passed with a smiling good night. Neale stopped dead; Stella went on.

"Where are you going, countess?" Stella heard him say. She could not but smile. He was curt; his question was not a casual inquiry, but rather a demand for information. She did not turn as she unlocked the door to the suite. She got the tickets and went out, fully expecting to see Paul Neale's back. He must, of course, be defeated in this contest of wills, and he would probably offer to put Katinka in a taxi. They were standing face to face. "Yes, I will use force," she heard Paul say. Stella backed into the sitting room and switched off the light. She heard them enter the little hall. "Will you promise not to go out?" No answer. "I will lock you in your room if you won't, and take the key to Mrs. Benson. She is your guardian and if she says you may go, all right." No answer. Stella heard the turning of a key, heard Paul Neale go out.

She went softly into the hall—yes, the key of Katinka's room had gone.

Stella went to bed. An hour later she heard her mother come in, heard the click of a lock, and then after an instant a burst of laughter from Katinka—loud, melodious, clear. On this entirely unexpected sound she turned over and went to sleep.

XI

MRS. BENSON, alarmed beyond discretion by Paul Neale's violent measures, chagrined beyond control by orders to return immediately to the United States, rushed in to the prisoner, to find Katinka in bed fast asleep. The chiseled face, cushioned on dark hair, was so peaceful that it might have quieted her had she paused to look; but she waked the sleeper as though the house was on fire. "Katinka!" she cried; "Katinka!" And she shook the girl by the shoulder. She switched on the light and shut the door, then she wheeled round to find Katinka sitting up, wide awake, staring at her.

"Mad, Katinka," she poured out. "He's raving mad. He pushed a key in my hand, said he'd locked you up, yelled 'Off to the States' as though he meant off with her head, and he wants to marry you, Katinka; yes, he is going to marry you. That's why he locks you up, I suppose."

It was on this that the girl in the bed broke into peal after peal of laughter. Mrs. Benson frowned, stared, smiled, laughed; a load had been cut from her shoulders by that astounding reception of her budget of news.

"To marry me—your courier?" Katinka repeated, laughing again. "That is droll; and you have dismissed him?"

The excited lady was instantly sobered. Her unbridled words had, she perceived, involved her in almost insurmountable troubles. She chose the one road of escape; she must make a confidante of this girl. She went to the bedside, but Katinka did not move; so she brought a chair and proceeded to explain the customs of the United States. Her affairs had got involved; financiers had been willing to help her, but they must have full control; Mr. Neale with her consent was their agent and representative.

Katinka nodded. "We have money lenders in Austria," was her comment, "but we do not have to dine with their agents."

Mrs. Benson gravely explained that the financiers were her friends, that Mr. Neale was her social equal and that he would be regarded as eligible by any American mother.

"By you. Could he marry Stella?"

Mrs. Benson by accident spoke truth. She said that she would be glad if he married her daughter, but that unhappily for him, he had become the victim of a hopeless passion for Katinka. She knew it was absurd, of course, but she could not convince him of that. He had asked her help; she could not refuse it; to be quite frank, he had the power of the purse. He had asked silence about his intentions, as he wished a fair field; Katinka must not be told until he had had his chance, but it seemed fairer that Katinka should know now.

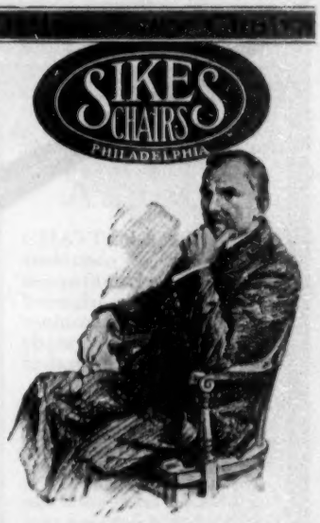
"Thank you, my dear Jane. It is quickly to be settled." Katinka laughed again at the impudence of this person who presumed to aspire to the hand of a Winneburg.

Mrs. Benson, alarmed, explained that it could not be settled now; that he would not take no for an answer until, in the American way, he had his chance to make good. She implored silence from Katinka; she even suggested special kindness for a few days that he might say his say and be told to go. They would be rid of him then and could carry out their plans.

"But I have a tongue," Katinka protested. "If you will permit me, Jane, I will tell him such things tomorrow that he will creep away."

Mrs. Benson explained again that they were tied by a financial rope, that Neale could not and would not be dismissed, and that Mr. Kirchner supported his suit. She set out in detail Kirchner's control over Katinka's affairs and made it clear that her way was the only way.

"You and I are in chains, Jane," Katinka admitted with a smile. "I will bring this young man to my feet that I may roll him away." (Continued on Page 171)



A Penny Saved May Be A Dollar Lost

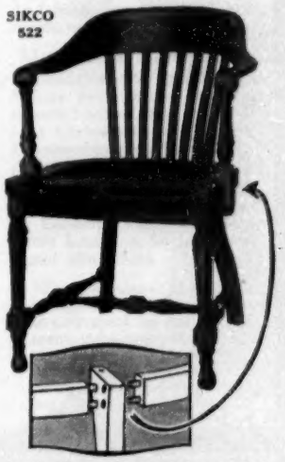
Extravagance is a poor foundation for a successful business. But so is parsimony. Pennies saved, by making old-fashioned, shabby, out-of-date office furnishings "do," may result in as many dollars of business lost to an up and coming competitor.

When you go to call on a prospect, would you consider the money spent on a shave and shine and haircut money wasted? Then, why invite that prospect to call on you in an office that wears a stoop-shouldered, unshaven and unshorn air? Appearances *do* count. Better offices *do* build better business.

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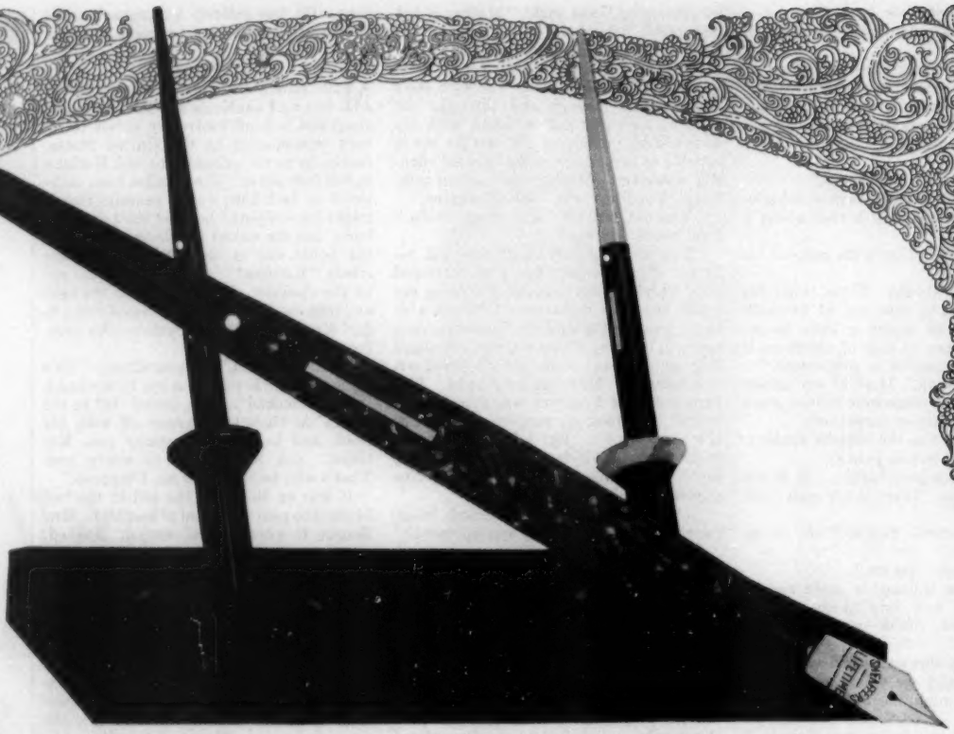
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Prices $10 to $30, complete with Lifetime pens
Regular Lifetime pen, $8.75. Others lower.

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PENS · PENCILS · SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY
FORT MADISON, IOWA

(Continued from Page 169)

Elated, Mrs. Benson, rarely observant of another's needs, got a frilly wrap and pressed it round Katinka's pretty shoulders. These she slightly pressed, to be reminded by an almost imperceptible stiffening of the slight body that she was taking a liberty.

"We must be good children," she said. "We must go to the States day after tomorrow. Neale insists; Kirchner will support him. We are helpless. You can refuse Neale in the shadow of the Statue of Liberty. Then we can turn round and come back and take our little tour."

"The Statue of Liberty," Katinka cried; "and what is that?"

Surprised by such ignorance, Mrs. Benson explained that it was a bronze figure which could hold you inside its thumb, and that behind its back one was free from tyrants like Paul Neale.

"Let us sail," Katinka cried with a laugh. "Such a jolly voyage. Stella hates me, and I think—I think that she loves Mr. Neale. Mr. Neale loves me and I must smile on him. It will be a gay little trip. I do not think I mind, Jane, but we might escape it if you would like to." She proceeded to ask the possible effect of an appeal to Mr. Kirchner.

"I could not make it," was the eager response. "I dare not cross Paul Neale. But you, Katinka, you have the right to visit your trustee."

"If you like." Katinka prettily emphasized a yawn by pretending to conceal it.

"Do, Katinka, do," Mrs. Benson cried. "Good night."

In the morning Mrs. Benson got up at what was for her a preposterous hour; but it was to be her busy day. She was very cross, very angry. "What a night!" she muttered as she emerged from her room at ten o'clock. A smiling and unruffled Katinka informed her that Mr. Kirchner could not see her until four o'clock.

"Too late!" Mrs. Benson flung up despairing hands.

"It does not much matter," was the answer. "I have never had a sea voyage. Let us suppose that we have to go and let us do everything that we have to do. Then we can cancel it if this Mr. Kirchner is on our side. He took a great liberty; he asked me to have tea with him. I said, 'Delighted.'"

"Let us breakfast downstairs and get your passport fixed up. That will take all the morning." She turned as they left the room. "Katinka," she said solemnly, "what I told you last night is between ourselves—always."

"On my faith, Jane. If we are to see that Statue of Liberty, it shall give us its blessing."

Mrs. Benson chuckled and would have patted Katinka on the arm, but this inheritress of knightly blood stooped at the instant to fleck a spot of dust from her stocking.

Stella left her bedroom with the exclamation which her mother had uttered; she was burning with curiosity. Exhilarated, keyed up, she went to a meeting with a girl who must know that she was aware of ignominious imprisonment; but Katinka's attitude toward her did not much matter. She wished with ardent longing that she might see the meeting between prisoner and jailer. She found herself alone in the suite. She rang for her breakfast and went to packing her trunks. She made no plans; there was time for that after she had waved good-by to her mother at Southampton—to her mother and to Paul Neale. He would sail out of her life forever, after that strange intimacy of a few months, begun by firelight in an old Vermont quarry and ended in the glitter of a London hotel.

She knew that she was to have a weary time of lassitude and depression, and she was resolved to face it alone in some quiet place in the country. The wound was too deep and too painful to be ignored or crushed beneath a pretense of gayety and pleasure. As she was musing thus a messenger from an international express company came with a scrawl from Paul Neale, evidently dashed off in mad haste. "Called to Paris on business," it read. "Following by next steamer. Bearer will attend to everything and go to the steamer with your mother. Good-by. Paul."

Stella eyed the uniformed messenger. "Did you see this written?" she asked.

"No, miss. They said the gentleman was in a hurry to catch a train. I was to do everything for your party."

Stella immediately arranged a passage to New York for herself through this man. She welcomed the chance to return immediately, and the way was clear, now that Paul Neale was not going. She made all arrangements for the party with the courier and advanced her mother's packing with the aid of the hotel maid, but all the while she was guessing at the meaning of the curt scrawl. Vaguely troubled, she imagined grave happenings.

Mrs. Benson came toward teatime. "It's not Paris," she cried, "it's New York." Stella heard that Paul Neale had gone insane—a sudden violent attack—and that he ought to be in a strait-jacket. Foaming at the mouth, with bloodshot eyes, in a paroxysm of jealous rage, he had violently flung the countess into her room, locked her up and then ordered her deportation to the United States.

Stella laughed. "I was there," she said.

"Oh, of course—well, I haven't exaggerated a lot, have I? He's mad over her, simply mad. If he doesn't get her eventually he'll shoot up New York, or"—she laughed at her highly colored words, angry as she was—"or tear down the Equitable Building. Stella, pray heaven that you may never be the victim of a man with a great passion. Paul Neale would see me barefoot, begging my bread in the streets, if that was the way to get that girl. Stop my allowance, indeed? He would stop the President's salary. Not an hour's delay—not a day in Paris—I'm fed up. I'm sick of living under a tyranny."

"Give up the guardianship, Jane. Cut loose from that."

"Stella! You've talked that rot before. This climate has affected your head. Twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Oh, no. After all, he was rather decent about it, and there's lots of fun to be had for money on the other side."

"And what does Katinka think about going to the United States?"

"A docile lamb about that; but she is used to having her life arranged for her in larger matters, remember. How Paul can face her, I can't think."

"He does not dare." Stella produced his letter. "I am going—that is, if you will admit your daughter to the same ship." Mrs. Benson, considering the letter, did not hear.

She was triumphant. "Napoleon is conquered," she exclaimed. "He dares not face Katinka."

Stella tried to believe that he had really had business in Paris. Katinka came, shaking her head. Kirchner was not there, she said, and would be away for some days. She turned and greeted Stella with a cordial nod.

"The forlorn hope," Mrs. Benson exclaimed in a voice of despair. "It's the Statue of Liberty for us, Katinka. We must get busy."

They rushed to packing and Stella was left alone in the sitting room. A caller came, seeking Paul Neale, furtive, suspicious, with a blue paper projecting from his pocket. Told that the object of his search had gone across the Channel, he raised doubting eyebrows and left.

Stella saw him again in the morning at the railway station and again on the steamship. "All ashore"—this man came rushing by. Stopped by the ten-shilling note in Stella's hand, he barked huskily in her ear, "For passing a stumer, miss." Stella went inquiring, but everybody was busy except the doctor.

To the spruce and debonair occupant of the doctor's office, engaged in lighting a cigarette, she put a question. "I beg your pardon, doctor," she said, "but can you tell me what passing a stumer is?"

He glanced up nonchalantly and obviously was electrified by Stella's eyes, for he sprang up eagerly. "Please take a seat," he cried. "I don't know but I'll find out in one minute. 'Passing a stumer,' I think you said? A new one on me." He rushed away, but was back in an instant.

"I must apologize," Stella said, slightly vexed. "I took it for granted that you were the doctor."

"And how do you know that I am not?" he asked with a jolly smile.

"You are too young, and an American could not be surgeon on a British ship."

"And how," the young man asked, "do you know that I am an American?"

"If you were English," she said with a smile, "you would know an ordinary bit of English slang."

"It is not ordinary," he denied.

"You asked the first steward you met and he knew. I saw you. Now please don't call me Miss Sherlock Holmes."

"Do you think I'd inflict a worn-out tag on you like that? That's as bad as giving a bad check." The young man laughed.

"And what did the steward tell you?"

"That."

"What?"

"Passing a bad check—a check that the bank won't pay."

"Oh," Stella exclaimed, suddenly sober. Then she laughed. "Thank you so much."

"Not at all."

She went to the upper deck, but had no eyes for the lovely receding shores of Southampton Water. She was wondering what mistake Paul had made about his bank account that had to be corrected in so rough a way. Arrested, dragged in the eyes of hundreds, from the ship; how fortunate that his plans had changed. Had he known? Had he foreseen this? Was this the explanation of his sudden flight from England? Not for an instant did she suspect him of any wrongdoing, but she was anxious. It seemed to her almost certain that he had got himself into some scrape from which he had run away.

At lunch she found herself seated next to the young man of the surgery. She was amused at his enterprise and had no occasion to snub him. He was not presuming and his manner commended him. He introduced himself as Harry Anstruther, a newspaperman, London correspondent of an American syndicate. Stella cooled. He was not dismayed. Without undue egotism he conveyed reassuring bulletins about himself. He was Columbia; he had been through the school of journalism; standards were higher now; personalities were eschewed; modern daughters confessed their escapades to journalists; modern mothers knew newspapermen to be tombs of silence. His cheerful nonsense amused Stella and its stratum of seriousness made her feel safe. As Katinka and her mother took their meals in their suite, and as she dropped across no one whom she knew, she walked the deck in the afternoon with this new acquaintance. At Cherbourg this young gentleman stood by her side as they bent over the rail high above and watched the new passengers climb the gangway. Rather, Stella watched while he watched her; for her face in profile gave him high pleasure and the curve of the lip enchanted him. He saw her sudden stare, saw the lips part, saw her bend over, standing tense; then she stepped back and stood thinking hard.

"You didn't expect to see him here," Anstruther lightly bantered.

"I beg your pardon, I didn't hear." She had so utterly forgotten his presence by her side that her blue eyes for one flashing instant glanced at him vaguely. He repeated his words. Slightly vexed, as all people are whose unconscious movements have expressed unspoken thought, she asked lamely, "Him? Who?"

"The man who passed the stumer," he joked gayly.

Her eyes betrayed her. She laughed and parried blithely, but she could not undo the effect of that one fraction of a second.

The half hour that followed was delightful to Anstruther. A slight vague mystery

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made his nose wrinkle, this nose for news which had won him rapid advancement. As she talked and walked, he saw that she scanned the decks, and he found her slightly distrait. A less observant man would not have guessed that she wished to be found in his company by this new arrival; but Anstruther was exercising acute faculties which ultimately brought him high reputation as a playwright. He was amused. Was he being used to make somebody jealous? He had an immediate answer.

"Paul!"

The journalist noted the jump, so marked as to suggest the frayed nerves of a detected criminal, caught the expression as the young man turned.

"Stella! I didn't know—I didn't expect ——"

"Yes, I decided to come at the last minute."

They shook hands tamely.

"And I found," he said, "that I could get this steamer after all."

"Katinka knows? No? What a delightful surprise for her." She glanced, smiled, but got no response. "Come; they travel like queen and princess in their own apartments. I will show you."

She popped her head into the *cabine de luxe*. Her mother was playing solitaire, Katinka was reading. "Here's Paul," she said, and stood aside, watching. Incredibly she saw Katinka rise, saw glad welcome in dark eyes, on crimson smiling lips, in the cordial handclasp. She turned abruptly away. "Now you know," she said savagely to herself, "how jailer and prisoner meet. What business was it of yours?"

Mr. Anstruther, on watch without, enjoyed another half hour promenading with a very pretty girl keyed to a brilliant mood.

"That odd name, Katinka?" he asked. "Who, or what, answers to it? May I know?"

He received a pungent but not unkind description of a girl, drawn out in part by the extraordinary intuition of his eager questions.

"You ought to be effeminate," Stella said, "with your insight, but you're not."

"Professional," he candidly confessed. "I keep a card index of types, and if you say anything clever I put it down afterward. There is no such thing as intuition. It's just seeing little things and thinking out what they mean. An astronomer cannot become great unless he loves stars. A writer cannot excel ——"

"Unless he loves women?"

"Unless he is immensely, genuinely interested in them," he corrected.

"And men?"

"We men provide the comedy; but I wish to write a tragedy."

Stella laughed. "Nobody does that now."

"Oh, yes. The language is that of comedy, but the facts are tragedy. Woman makes the tragedy—we men suffer."

"Poor helpless victims."

"True. We are saved from despair because most of us do not understand how helpless we are."

"But you do; you will be safe."

"Oh, no. One day I shall be hopelessly in love and then all my defenses will be swept away."

"But you will guard against love."

"On the contrary, I shall welcome it. I must experience everything, suffer everything, make others suffer perhaps, before I can understand life."

"This sounds like the egotism of genius."

"I hope it is. I don't know yet. It may be the conceit of a fool. When I learn that, if I do learn it, I am down and out for good."

When they parted, Mr. Anstruther made some inquiries at the purser's office; then in his stateroom he summed up his inferences. Neale was in love with the girl. An interrogation mark was set against this conclusion, but the man's unguarded manner in the first instant of surprise seemed to show it. His love was not returned and he had been promptly transferred against his will to Katinka. He had engaged passage from Southampton, but at the last moment had come round by France. He had done this to keep out of reach of the law. He had probably not done anything seriously criminal. He had not expected to find the girl on board and she had not expected to see him. He himself, Anstruther, was to be used as a fender to keep this young man at a distance. Anstruther grinned. This was what he would have planned for. A fruitful intimacy with a highly intelligent girl without possibility of entanglement; he a fender, she a subject of scientific study; each understanding the situation—this was luck—and she more than pretty.

In the *cabine de luxe* sat the most astonished man on board that ship. Neale, hiding trepidation, had approached Katinka, expecting at the worst a dead cut, at the best a frigid word of conventional greeting. Instead, he met cordiality. That maddening impersonal courtesy which affronted in the end all observing people had gone. Instead he was treated as an individual, and a welcome one. Mrs. Benson, too; no smoldering rage there, as might have been expected from one abruptly ordered across the ocean; a joyous greeting and flattering glances of admiration. As they talked Neale became suspicious. All this was too good to be true. He glanced from one to the other, questioning. It was then that Katinka discovered that the vessel was rolling. At sea it is easy to slip away.

"Paul," Mrs. Benson said in a low, guarded voice. "I found her behind that locked door simply cataleptic. You took a great risk. I was just going to ring for the doctor when she came to. Something broke in her, Paul. She put her head on my shoulder and cried and sobbed. In the end she confessed that gambling had ruined her family, that her broken-down friends had introduced her to it when she had gone to see their womenfolk, that she had developed the family weakness, that they had out of her all she could procure from anywhere." Mrs. Benson paused to light a cigarette, and fixed admiring eyes on her eager listener. "It was easy, Paul, after that. By dawn I won her to gratitude to you for saving her. It was a climax." Mrs. Benson leaned forward. "She was broke, Paul. She had stumbled on my purse ——"

"No!" Neale breathed.

Mrs. Benson nodded. "We came close in those hours. She is so happy in getting away from London, so relieved that she was checked in that mad hour. You know, Paul, in Europe in the upper classes, men are supposed to control their women. They boss them, all right. Do you know, would you believe, that locking her up is accepted as the action of an aristocrat?" At Neale's chuckle she lifted a finger. "Don't laugh. You're the luckiest man in the world. I don't suppose she will speak of it to you. She might though. She can face any situation, any man. She consults me, Paul. Think of that! She wished to show some indignation at first, but quickly agreed when I told her just to act as she felt."

"Then I've got a real chance at last, you think, Jane?"

"You've made a wonderful beginning, Paul. As to the end ——" Mrs. Benson shrugged her shoulders. "Have lunch and dinner with us here. I'll make every chance for you. You must do the rest."



PHOTO. BY ALFRED C. S. HERMAN

The Lower Falls of the Yellowstone River, in Yellowstone National Park

Neale went away from that amazing talk, accepting every ingenious and unscrupulous word of Mrs. Benson as true, and giddy with the immense result of imprisoning a girl.

By the third day out it became "Paul" and "Katinka." Unsmiling, she agreed to the suggestion with what might be described as a stately bow. It was soon apparent to Neale that the marked step toward his end was in truth a step backward. They were self-conscious that evening as they paced the almost deserted boat deck. The talk fell on deeds of valor. Katinka calmly announced the doctrine that no man of low birth had ever done a courageous act involving personal danger. To cited instances she shook her head. "There was a drop of good blood in their veins," she maintained. "You could not trace it, perhaps, but it was surely there."

"What logic!" Neale cried hotly. "If the man never did anything, he was common clay. If he did something, he had a drop of blue blood."

"It is true," was the smiling, assured response. "There are many tales—romances—in my family history; and always we knew the truth. They seem to prove what you say, but to us who knew they prove my words."

"Well, tell me one," Neale challenged.

The girl reflected. "There are so many," she mused. "Yes—this one. My father was seven years old. He was riding on his little pony down a wide green glade between the tall fir trees. He was dressed in forester's green and he wore a green hat with gold braid. The soft brim was curled on one side and the feather stuck proudly up—we had a portrait of that time—and his hair as he galloped spread out behind. A little boy, a common little peasant boy, rushes out from the trees and captures the bridle. The gallant little knight brings down his little whip across the boy's face and gets so angry that he loses his stirrups as he lashes the boy. He leans forward to strike again, he falls off; the little boy seizes my father's hat, puts it on, jumps in the saddle and urges the excited pony on. The tutor and the groom, too far behind, are yelling and shouting like madmen and come galloping down. The tutor goes to my father, the groom follows the pony. The groom hears a shot, sees the feathered hat drop to the ground, races the pony to a standstill and lifts the boy to his saddle. The groom is a fool. He has lost his head. He understands nothing except that he will be discharged and punished. He does not go to see who fired the shot. He returns. The little boy is like a sack, face downward, in front of the saddle. The boy sees the hat. He gives a wriggle and is on the ground. He picks up the hat. 'Go on,' he says to the groom, 'or you may be shot too. I will come.' The groom in livery obeys the peasant in corduroys. Why?"

"The drop of blood, Katinka," Paul said, smiling. "You tell this story very well."

"But wait. The tutor has heard the shot and hurries my father to the castle. They come running. My grandfather sees the hat in the peasant boy's hand. He seizes it. It has a round hole through the top and the feather is broken off. 'Who?' he roars, pointing to the round hole. The little boy is much frightened. He has never spoken to his gracious lord before, but he looks straight at my grandfather and shakes his head. Soldiers are out, the police, the countryside is roused; they are too late; all they find is the body of the assassin in the mill race. My grandfather nearly hanged the groom instead. That boy knew and would not tell. The old count nearly hanged the boy when he understood that."

"That drop again!"

"You laugh," said the girl, "but you do not understand that a peasant boy does not look his lord in the eye and refuse to tell anything."

"Why shield one who would murder a child?"

"Of course because his little drop made him loyal to his class, but also he was loyal

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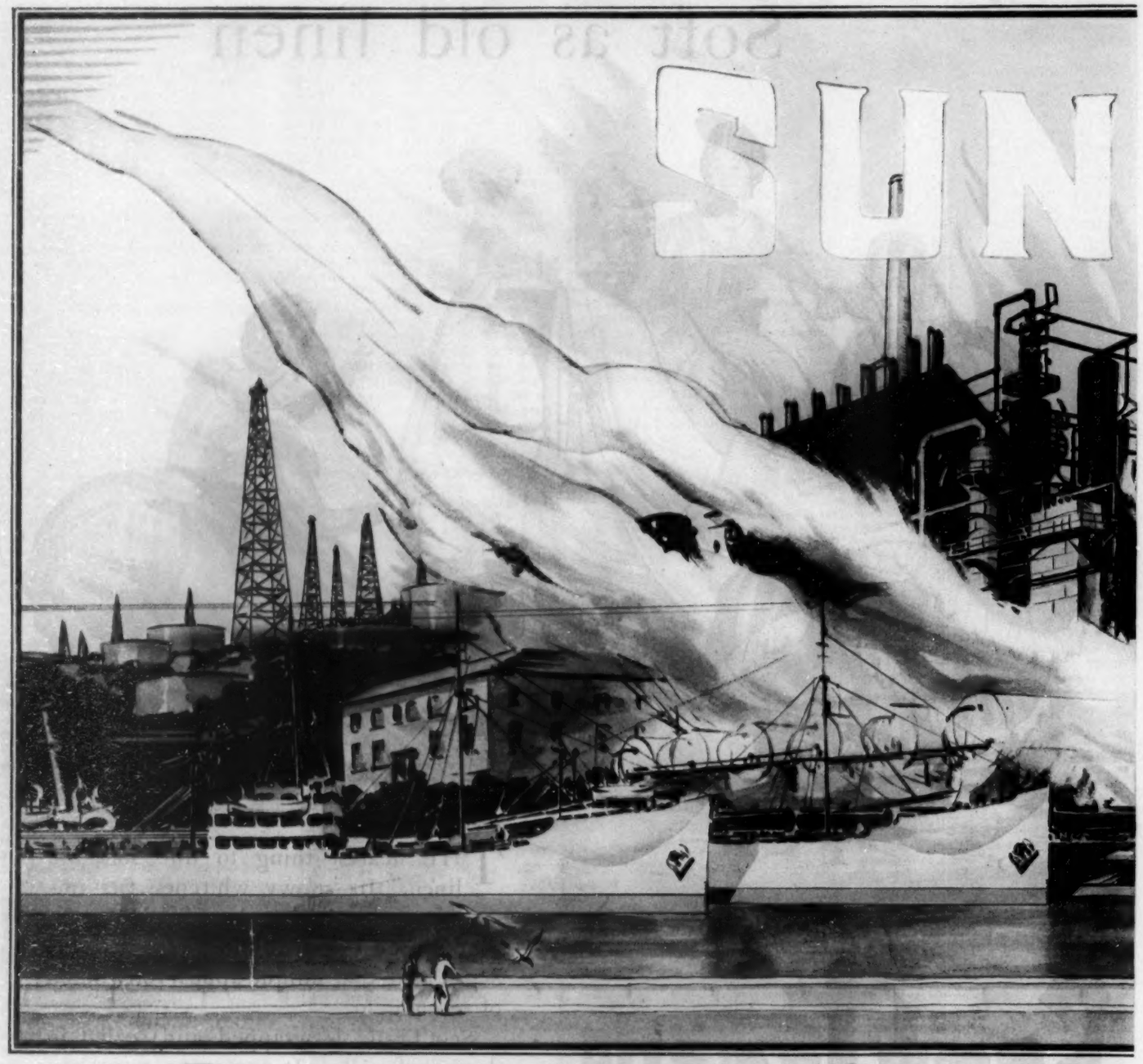
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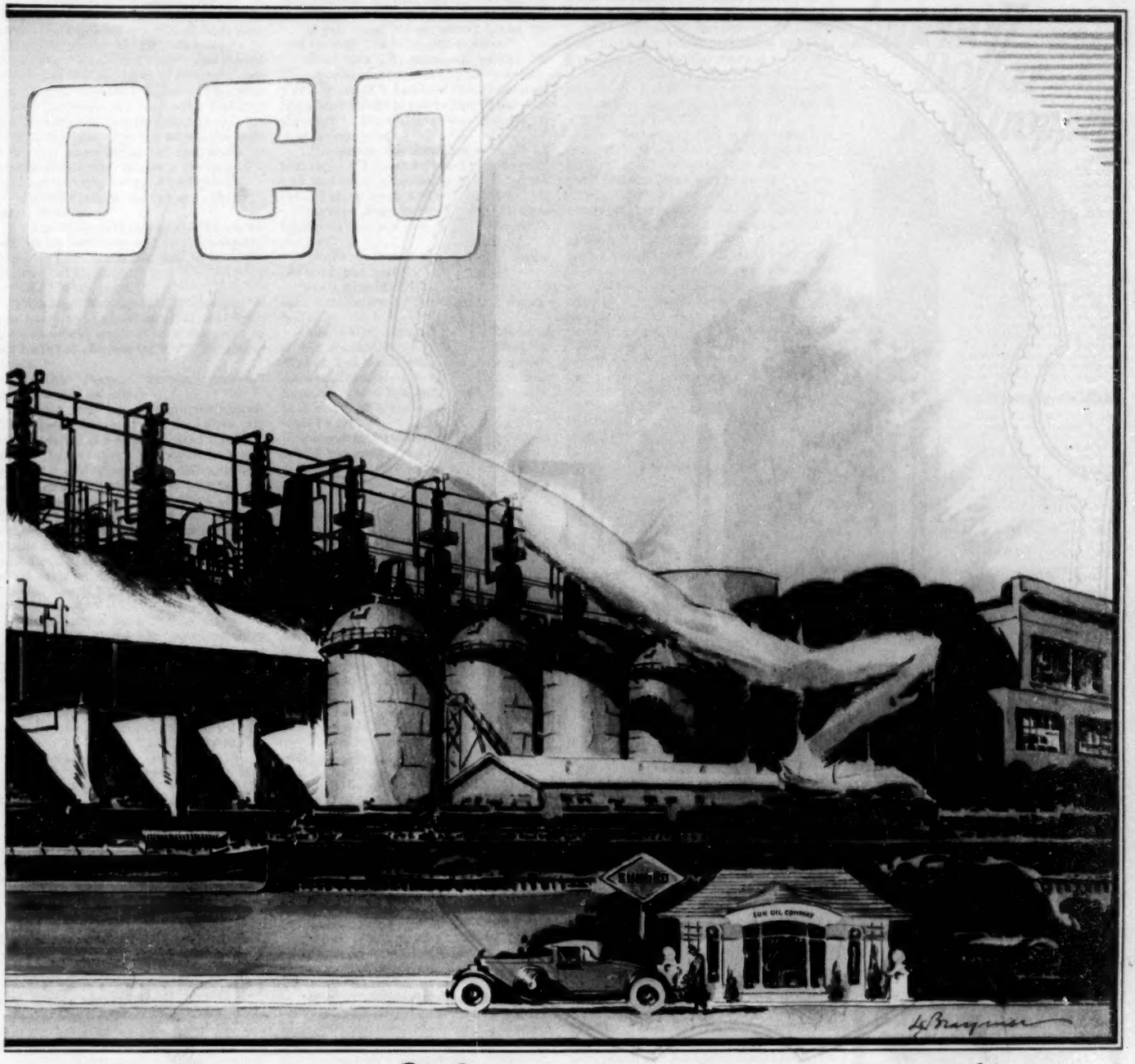
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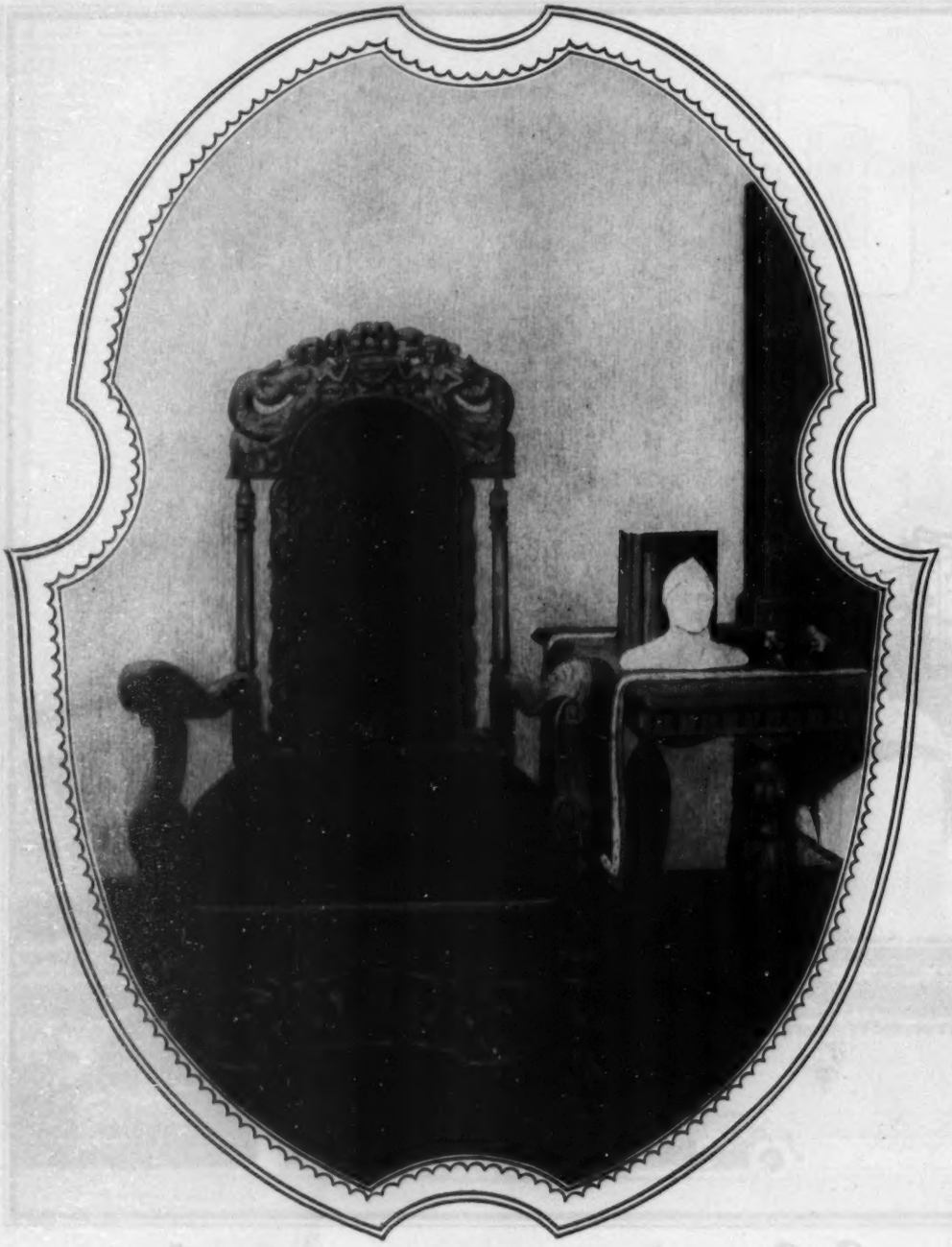
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(Continued from Page 172)

to his lord. He had been rocking a cradle in a hut when a peasant comes back from your country to marry his girl. She points to the cradle. 'The count's son'; she is very proud that she has been so honored; 'we will have a thousand thaler.' The man knocks her down and runs out. The next day the little boy sees the man hiding in the trees with a gun. The boy knows the little count will come riding by, and steals up toward the castle; but he is too late. He runs out to warn, he is not understood."

"But why put on the hat and ride on?" asked Neale.

"He is frightened, confused. He has assaulted his lord's son and men are chasing him. He fears death less than he fears the count; that is natural."

"Oh!" Neale cried.

"You see," Katinka said in triumph, "if you heard the gallant story of that little lad you would credit it to a peasant. In truth the boy also was the son of my grandfather."

"Another peasant woman honored," said Paul sarcastically.

"Indeed, yes," was the grave response. "My grandfather made a serious error. He acknowledged the boy, educated him brilliantly, treated him in the castle as a son, and saw him develop into a distinguished-looking young man of great talents. He must needs then presume to think of marriage with a foolish lady of rank, and, of course, he was thrust out by the family. It is part of the legend," Katinka continued with a twinkle in her eye, "that the money of the rich pie baker whose daughter he married brought him high position in the United States."

"What was his name?" Paul asked.

"His mother," Katinka answered, after an instant's reflection, "was Gretchen Bitte. After the birth of her son she married Johann Bintzen. The boy was called Johann Bitte Bintzen."

The next morning Neale found Mrs. Benson alone. He told her the story of the little boy in a looped and feathered hat riding down a glade.

"You see why you were asked to take charge of Katinka," he ended. "Her friends must have known."

"But you didn't tell her, Paul?"

"Everything. Why not? She would soon learn of it. I was mad, anyway. She spoke of Mr. Benson with a contempt that cut—cut deep. He was a big man. I told her, told her why. She turned up her nose. I could have boxed her ears."

Mrs. Benson's eyes shone with triumph. She bent forward, forgetting her drawl. "You knew him well," she cried; "so of course you could defend him."

Neale bit his lips and looked down. Mrs. Benson almost crowed.

She genuinely liked Paul Neale. His hardihood, his unshakable nerve had appealed to her. Underneath lay the true foundation of her good will, the unrecognized camaraderie with a bold adventurer; a lawless scamp who plundered an estate with calm deliberation, handed hush money over to her and never by look or word said, "We are accomplices." She had been eager to talk it over with him, to find out how he had done it, to triumph with him, above all to find out exactly what he had kept for himself.

Her chance had come. "You were with him for years." The words tumbled out. "I found that out. How much did you keep for yourself? How much—how much, Paul?"

He looked her straight in the eye. "You had what he owed to you," he said with slow deliberation. He turned the subject with finality. "I'm a step ahead with Katinka, but we halt there. Too darned friendly ——"

"If you want her an enemy," was the tart answer, "have her put in irons."

"Good idea," he answered coldly; "if I'm an aristocrat for shutting her in a room, I'm a prince if I handcuff her. She must know that I want to marry her. What does she say?" His question was abrupt, his manner suspicious.

"The things she doesn't say would fill this ship. I'll speak to her if you want it, but you must promise to accept her refusal if she gives it, and let her alone."

"No man promises that. I'll wait a little longer. I can see you think I haven't a chance."

"I have never seen one thing that makes me think you have."

"She's gone back to the impersonal," he said reflectively. "The same to everybody."

"Yes," Mrs. Benson agreed, "the same to the stewardess as to you and me. If Bintzen had been legitimate, and my marriage to him legal—two big ifs—I should be her aunt." Mrs. Benson laughed nervously, then said with a vicious emphasis, "I only wish I were. I'd show her something."

She was in a temper after Paul Neale's rebuff, but more afraid of him than ever.

"I say ——" Neale hesitated. He repeated the words. He looked down. He shuffled his feet.

"Paul," gurgled the suddenly delighted observer, "you are embarrassed. Oh, happy day, that I never expected to see. Out with it."

He scowled at her. "It's about Stella," he said, frowning. "She's with that fellow Anstruther a lot. She doesn't know anything about him." He reddened under Mrs. Benson's mocking grimace and nervously fingered his cap.

"Go on the bridge and tell the captain you've come to take over the ship," she exclaimed.

"It's not a joke." He scowled like an angry schoolboy.

"You broke me in," said the malicious lady blandly. "I fetch and carry for you and cross oceans at your commands. You broke the countess in by locking her up. Go ahead. Take on Stella now, but do it yourself. There's one human being you can't boss; and you expect me to. You're crazy. What does it matter to you what Stella does?"

"She's my friend."

"Then act like one and stop her allowance."

"Can't you be serious even about your daughter? Will you speak to her?"

"Speak to her? If I begin to play the heavy mother at this late day she'll get the captain to marry her to the boy."

"Marry?" Neale repeated blankly.

"Yes, m-a-r-r-y," she spelled out for him. "Do you think Stella's going to stay a maiden aunt to nurse the children Katinka gives you?" Exasperated, she ran on. "If you are in love with Stella, for heaven's sake go and tell her. Then you can make a record, Paul. If you try hard enough you can get two refusals in one voyage."

Neale muttered an angry word and strode out, leaving a perplexed and angry woman to ponder over a young man who had lost his head over two girls.

Mrs. Benson went strolling and so managed that Stella presented Mr. Anstruther to her. He amused her greatly, and when she learned of his newspaper connections she instantly determined that he should be her unconscious press agent on arrival in New York; so her talk was of Katinka. She was delighted to hear that he had traveled through Upper Austria and that his powerful memory retained some fragments about the estate of the illustrious family of which Katinka was the last representative.

"The reaction of the last of the Mohicans to Upper Austria might be interesting," he said; "but the reaction of the last of the patricians to New York would be absorbing. I wish I could know her better. I seldom see her on deck. When I do she is with Mr. Neale."

Mrs. Benson chuckled as she asked him to dine that night. "I have all my meals in my suite," she said. She was in high good humor. The situation was diverting. "Paul," she said, as she met him in the course of her deck stroll, "I could not speak to Stella, but I have got Mr. Anstruther away from her for one night. I have captured him for dinner." He looked at her doubtfully, for there was mischief in her manner. "Shall I ask Stella?" She ran on sweetly. She could have laughed in his face as she saw his frown. "It is up to you," she continued, with a sly humility. "Stella will be alone in the saloon. Under which queen, Bezonian; speak and dine." She tripped a little curtsy as she uttered the mangled quotation; and she did not smile as she thus neatly impaled him on the horns of this dilemma. "I can ask Stella if you say so; only if I do that"—she looked solemnly up at him—"Mr. Anstruther will have no eyes for poor Katinka."

"Stella and I," Neale said curtly, "will have dinner in the saloon."

"Good—that's settled." She let anxiety cloud her eyes as a new trouble seemed to occur to her. "He's very attractive, Paul," she warned, "and very clever; and he's been in Katinka's home country. She will love to hear him talk. Is it wise, do you think?"

"I'll have dinner as usual with you," said Paul.

"Good. That's settled."

Stella was with her later, when a note came from Neale. In it he announced that he had again changed his mind and would dine with Stella. In triumph at seeing her despotic master floundering in indecision, Mrs. Benson could not withhold the story.

That is why Neale sat alone, with empty chairs on either hand. Not far away he saw Stella dining with voyage acquaintances and apparently much enjoying the attentions of Major Goulding, a striking-looking young air officer with a war record gained in his teens. After dinner he saw Anstruther and Katinka dancing on the deck. He sought a hidden corner and sat morosely alone, not even smoking. An hour later a murmuring couple stood near for some time and earnestly talked in a foreign language; then the indifferent idler heard good nights exchanged and caught Katinka's name. He turned his head; the man disappeared with noiseless footsteps; Katinka seated herself close by. Neale went and stood over her, looking down in the dim light on the reclining girl. Her eyes were closed and her lashes hung invitingly. Her crimson lips were parted in a smile. He bent over impetuously. "Katinka," he said in a low voice, and then he pressed his lips on hers.

The girl sprang up. With the momentary strength of unreason she picked up the chair and flung it overboard; then she sped away. Astounded, Neale, glancing over, saw a cushion billowing in white water, and then he heard a cry, taken up and repeated, "Man overboard!" He heard the clang of the engine-room bell. He leaped to the top deck and called to the bridge.

"No," he bellowed; "no man over! I dropped a chair."

"Come up here," came the curt command.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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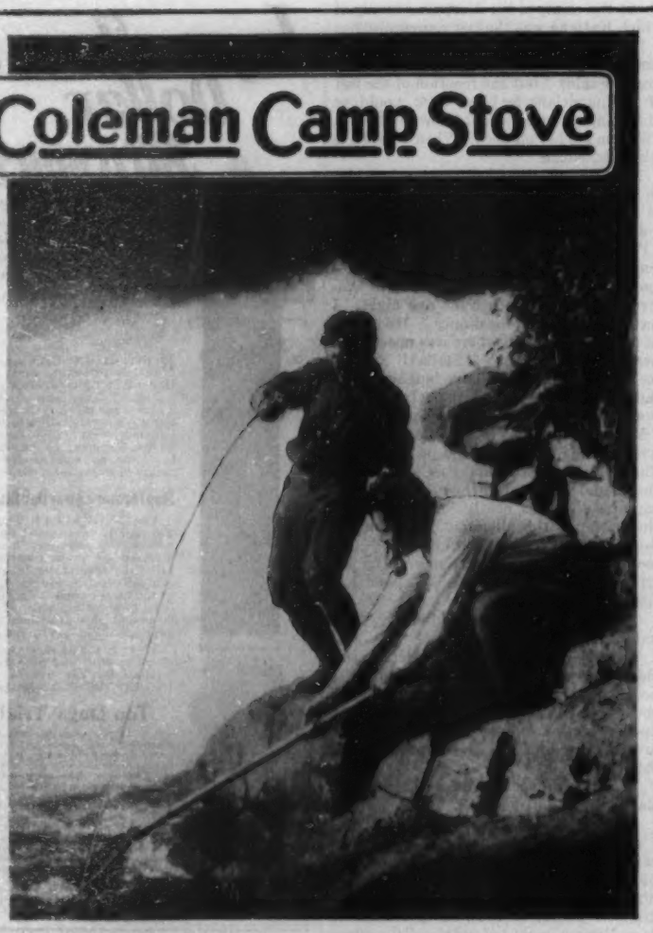
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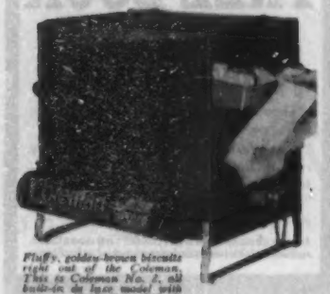
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JOB-SHY

(Continued from Page 13)

"Yes, or diamonds, for that matter," conceded Karma Vine.

In his mind, Hubert Foss groped desperately for some way to bring the talk from this high philosophic plane to a more personal level. He cleared his throat.

"We've been friends a long time," he said.

"Yes; so you were saying. . . . Have you read Emerson on friendship?"

"Not lately," said Hubert Foss, and made a mental note to find out who Emerson was.

"I dote on Emerson," said Karma Vine, and ever so slightly yawned. She wasn't giving him much encouragement, thought Hubert Foss.

"Of course," he began again, "friendship is all right—as far as it goes."

"It can go too far," said Karma Vine.

She was mocking him. This fear set off a row of other fears in his mind like firecrackers. Suppose he did pull himself together and propose. Suppose she accepted. What of the future? Was he good enough for her? Could he take care of her? Where would they be at sixty? His fears, and the thick air, made him a bit dizzy.

"Better be going," he blurted.

"Good night, my friend." Karma Vine held out a good-sized hand.

"Good night." He gave the hand a pump. "Could I—could I see you sometime?"

"I'm at home to my friends in the evening," she said, with her best duchess smile.

Out in the night air, Hubert Foss was making his slow way home when he suddenly stopped and brought his right heel forcibly down on his left toe.

"Worm!" ejaculated Hubert Foss.

At the next lamp-post he stopped again, and this time brought his left heel down on his right toe.

"Boob!" he cried. "Cowardly boob!"

As he entered his furnished room he tripped over a chair. He barked his shins. Striking a light, he found that the dismal sound that accompanied his fall had been made by the ripping of his best trousers. There was nothing to do then but flop down on the bed and laugh. He wished that men cried. That is what he wanted to do.

Hubert Foss, with dull eyes, surveyed his surroundings—everywhere shabbiness and futility. And ahead of him—what? He made a decision.

On the way home a thought had begun to form in his brain. Now it took a definite shape. There was only one way to escape the worry that constantly tortured him. There was only one way to fool the future. He wondered he had not thought of it before. He could get rid of fear by getting rid of himself. One little action, one little pressure of a finger, and he was free! His mind was made up. Tomorrow night! He went to bed.

Hubert Foss rose next morning at his leisure. It was the first time he had risen so late on a week day in years. He looked out at what was to be his last day. It was just a day. He touched his radiator. It was cold. He shrugged his shoulders. What did it matter? He said good morning quite cheerfully to Mrs. Salvo in the hall; her dour grunt in response did not distress him. He headed for his accustomed cafeteria, but at its door stopped. He had read in the papers how the state, in a rush of generosity, indulges the last-minute appetite of a man whose appetite it is about to take permanently away. Was he not a condemned man? The idea gave him a certain morose amusement. Why, he could order anything in the world for breakfast and not worry about the extravagance of the check! No point in saving for the morrow when there isn't going to be any morrow.

He proceeded, without hurrying, to the glittering façade of the Hotel Venise and entered its gilded portals with an air that was almost jaunty. It occurred to him, as he took a seat in the Titian Dining Room, that yesterday he would have felt flustered and ill at ease in the presence of so much magnificence in the way of paint and waiters. Nonchalantly he ordered his final breakfast—broiled lobster, mushrooms, pistachio ice cream. Munificently he waved aside the tray of change and sauntered out through the gantlet of waiters.

He took a taxi downtown, and, as it ticked along, he ruminated on the droll circumstance that some men do not begin to live until they are about to die. When the taxi halted, and the Caliban at the wheel growled "Dollar-forty," Hubert Foss surveyed him coolly and said, "The meter read one-ten. Here it is; and just for trying to gyp me, you get no tip."

"Yesterday," Hubert Foss was musing as he walked away, "he'd have got the dollar-forty—and a tip."

Entering a selling agency where he was known, Hubert Foss said, "What have you in the way of cheap revolvers?"

"Thirty-two caliber, short barrel, popular in the South American trade," he was told. "Ninety dollars a dozen."

"Give me one." Foss tried to seem casual.

"One dozen?"

"One gun. That will be enough," he said, and added, "for a sample."

He paid for it, put it in his pocket and strolled into Battery Park. He had expected that his last day would be one of blurred and indecisive misery. It was turning out to be nothing of the kind. He felt, for the first time in his life, a delicious sense of freedom. He was like a man who has dreamed that he is being smothered under an avalanche of mud and wakes to find it was only the pillow. Now fear of his fate was gone from him. He knew what his fate was. No matter what he did now, nothing worse could happen to him than what was going to happen to him in his room that night. He could obey every impulse, follow every urge and laugh at the consequences.

So he marched to the office of the Brindorf Company. He walked in calmly. Piles of work had accumulated on his desk. He looked at the work and laughed loudly. The office force looked up, stared at him in shocked silence. Then it was that Messrs. Brindle and Dorf simultaneously spied him and in chorus roared for him to come into their office.

"Well?" roared Mr. Brindle.

"Well?" roared Mr. Dorf.

"I'm very well, thank you," said Hubert Foss pleasantly.

"What the devil?" sputtered Mr. Brindle.

"Yeah, what the devil?" sputtered Mr. Dorf.

Hubert Foss flicked a tiny bit of lint from his sleeve.

"You are a fine pair of Edam cheeses," said Hubert Foss succinctly.

"What?"

"Huh?"

"You are," said Hubert Foss, enunciating each word with the precision of an elocution teacher, "the meanest, cheapest, crookedest pair of dirty bullies in America—in fact I'll go so far as to say in the world."

"You've been drinking!" gasped Mr. Brindle.

"You're drunk!" gasped Mr. Dorf.

"I'm cold sober," said Hubert Foss. "I've been drunk for eleven years—but today I am sober. I came to tell you that I am retiring from the export business—also a few other things."

He took a step toward their two desks. His eyes made Messrs. Brindle and Dorf hastily push back their chairs and seem to make ready to dive under their desks.

"You are pikers," said Hubert Foss. "You'll always be pikers, because you are mean and stupid. You bully your employes. You cheat your customers. You cheat each other."

(Continued on Page 181)

Easy on your disposition





THE comfort and convenience of these hotels is proverbial among travelers. Your private bathroom, the circulating ice-water, the well-lighted, well-furnished, well-kept bedroom, with all the little features that are part of Statler equipment—they add a lot to your contentment, don't they?

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And a special type for Ford engines





Four Splitdorf HALF-DOLLAR Spark Plugs (special type for Fords only) packed in special carton are sold everywhere for $1.75
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Town.....*State*.....

My dealer's name is:.....

His address is?.....

(SEP 4-24)

(Continued from Page 178)

"Hey?"

"What's that?"

"You both know what I mean," said Hubert Foss evenly. "Well, I'm wasting my time talking to two such hyenas. Good day."

He walked briskly out of the private office. No work was being done in the outer room. The clerks and stenographers were sitting there, petrified in silent glee, for Hubert Foss had spoken clearly. As he neared the door, old Snyder, bent and gray, came from behind his desk and shook Hubert Foss' hand.

"Boy," he said, and his voice trembled, "that was grand! Lord, if I'd only had the nerve to do that sixteen years ago! You've got them eating out of your hand now. They'll crawl. That's what bullies do when someone stands up to them. They'll offer you anything to stay now."

With his hand on the outer door, Hubert Foss stopped. Of course it didn't matter now. Still, he'd enjoy the spectacle of Messrs. Brindle and Dorf crawling.

"Hey, Foss! Wait!" It was Mr. Brindle's voice. He and Mr. Dorf were approaching, very red in the face. Hubert Foss waited. They halted three paces from him.

"You're fired!" bellowed Mr. Brindle.

"Get out and stay out!" bellowed Mr. Dorf.

Hubert Foss crowded years of contempt into a two-second stare.

"You tell jokes, don't you?" he said, and closed the door after him.

He was whistling as he made the street and hailed a taxi. It bore him to Ye Olde Art Shoppe where Karma Vine exercised her art. He found her in her room, inflicting purple nymphs on pink parchment.

"Well, my friend?" she greeted him, in the manner of a queen addressing a most unimportant courtier.

"Karma," said Hubert Foss, "you know what I wanted to say to you last night."

"About friendship?"

"About love."

"Indeed, my friend? Is this the time to talk of love?"

"Karma, stop acting and listen to me. Last night I wanted to say that I love you and want to marry you."

"Really? How amusing!"

"I'm in earnest. You've kidded me along for two years. Either you love me and will marry me, or you don't and won't, and I'm going to find out now."

"I can't say I care for your tone, my friend."

"No," said Hubert Foss, "I guess you expect me to spend my life balancing a lump of sugar on my nose like a good dog, to entertain you and your friends. Well, I'm through doing that. I'm worth any six of those frowzy fakers. And in my way, I'm as good as you are. I work hard at my job and I guess it's just as important to sell punk lamp shades as it is to make them."

"Mr. Foss! You forget yourself!"

"I'm sorry, Karma, to have to talk this way. But I can't expect you to love me unless you have some respect for me. I've got to know how you really feel about me. I want you to tell me straight out now. I won't ask again. If you say no, that will end it, and you won't be bothered by me again. . . . Well?"

She seemed to be seeking words to answer him. Through Hubert Foss' mind flashed the thought that he had done the one thing necessary to win her. Women are funny that way, he had read. You worship them, and they are amused; you dominate them a bit, and they love you for it. And then there came another thought—what did it matter?

"Hubert Foss"—Karma Vine was speaking—"you can march right out of here and you needn't come back until you are ready to behave yourself."

"Very well," said Hubert Foss. "Good-by."

He was out in the street before Miss Vine even had time to let her surprise show on her face.

"Your friend was in a hurry," said Daisy, a fellow craftsman, coming in. "What's up?"

"I think he actually meant it," said Karma Vine.

"Meant what?"

"Oh, never mind."

"Have a battle?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry, Karma."

"Oh," said Miss Vine lightly, "he'll come back for more. I know the type."

In his taxi, Hubert Foss did not look like a young man who has just received the two blows he most dreaded. He was thinking, "I've lost Karma and I've lost my job. Now that it's happened, it doesn't seem so very bad."

He felt a curious buoyancy of spirits. Today was his day. He could do anything he pleased.

Tomorrow could bring no remorse, for tomorrow could bring nothing.

He went into a near-by telephone booth and called up Nora Quinlan, of George Oakley & Co.

"Hello, Miss Quinlan. This is your friend Hubert Foss. Could you have lunch with me today? . . . That's great. One o'clock at the Bavarian Grill. . . . Yes, that's right—Bavarian Grill. . . . No, I don't need to hurry back at 1:30. I'm retiring from business. . . . No kidding, I am. . . . No, I haven't made a new connection. . . . Well, I was thinking of taking a long trip. . . . Oh, that's a secret. Well, I'll see you at one. Good-by, Miss Quinlan."

He walked in the direction of the Bavarian Grill, noontime resort of vice presidents and other high dignitaries. He walked with an almost satisfied air. In asking Miss Quinlan to lunch he had done one more thing he had always wanted to do.

She was pretty, he thought, as she came toward him in her trim tailored suit and her smart gigolo hat.

"It's funny," he said, as they ordered lunch, "how well we've known each other for a long time, and yet haven't really known each other at all."

Nora Quinlan smiled.

"A girl can hardly ask a man to lunch," she said, and became interested in her tomato bisque.

"I guess you think I'm pretty slow," said Hubert Foss.

"Some girls don't like fast men," said Nora Quinlan.

They were silent for a time.

"So you are leaving the Brindorf Company?" she asked.

"Left it. Fired myself today. Fed up."

"I thought you had a fine position there. Mr. Oakley always spoke of you as their right-hand man."

"I was their left-hand man," laughed Hubert Foss.

"What are you going to do now?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Mr. Oakley said he'd like to see you."

"Me? What for?"

"Well, I can't say exactly; but I know he thinks highly of your work, and I hope—that is, I think he has some sort of proposition for you."

"I'm really not interested in propositions, Miss Quinlan."

"Mr. Oakley particularly asked me to bring you back to the office after lunch."

"I'm afraid I can't come."

"Have you an engagement?"

"Not till tonight."

Miss Quinlan looked at her plate.

"I know," she said—"with a girl."

"I haven't a girl," said Hubert Foss.

She looked up and smiled.

"Mr. Foss?"

"Yes?"

"I hope you won't think I'm bold, but I want to ask you something."

"Go ahead."

"Just why did you ask me to lunch today?"

"Well"—he hesitated, then remembered that today was his one day without fear, and said—"because I like you and wanted to get to know you better, and because

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you've been nice to me, and because I wanted to thank you and to say good-by."

"Good-by? Then you're really going away?"

"Yes."

"Far?"

"Yes."

"For long?"

"Practically forever." He looked at her. "Why, Miss Quinlan, what's the matter?"

"It's the smoke. It gets in my eyes."

Hubert Foss crunched out his cigarette. "Well, I mustn't keep you late for your work," he said.

"Aren't you coming back to the office with me—to see Mr. Oakley?"

"I'd be wasting his time."

"Won't you come, anyhow—because I ask you to?"

"Oh, in that case," said Hubert Foss, "sure!"

George Oakley passed a cigar—a good one—across his broad desk.

"Well, Mr. Foss, so you've left the Brindorf Company?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm glad of it. Between us, I doubt if they appreciated you fully." Hubert Foss laughed.

"Thank you, Mr. Oakley."

"You have plans, Mr. Foss?"

"In a way, yes."

"In the export business?"

"No, sir."

"Now, Mr. Foss, it seems a mistake to me for you to leave the field. With your knowledge of the South American markets —— Say, look here ——"

Hubert Foss bent toward Mr. Oakley.

"You know we don't do much business in Latin America," said Mr. Oakley. "I'm thinking of starting a special Latin American division. I'll need a good man to run it—full swing. What do you say?"

"Please give me a minute to think," said Hubert Foss. He walked to the window, plunged hands in his pockets, felt in one of them something cool and hard. He turned.

"Sorry," he said. "I'm not interested."

"Of course," said Mr. Oakley, "I suppose the Brindorf Company must have paid you well. I'll go as high—or higher. Start around ten thousand, and of course the chances for the future here are bright for a man like you."

Hubert Foss walked to the window again. The chances for the future? A joke, that was, to a man who had no future. He thought quickly. Today was his day—the day when he dared say anything, do anything; the day he could express every wish, every dream. He faced George Oakley.

"Mr. Oakley," he said, "the truth is I don't want a job, because I don't want to work for anybody. What I want to do is to go into business on my own. I think I do know the Latin American field. If I had ten thousand cash and twenty thousand credit, I could start tomorrow. I would not put this up to you if I expected to compete directly with you. I don't. I'll leave the big centers and the big orders to you. I can make money, and a lot of it, dealing in small lots with the smaller traders. If you'll put in the capital, I'll do the rest. I'll pay you back inside of three years. What do you say?"

As Hubert Foss waited for George Oakley to speak, it occurred to him that it didn't make the slightest difference whether Mr. Oakley said yes or no, or kicked him into the street. If it had made a difference, Hubert Foss reflected, he would not have been able to say what he had said.

"Tell you what, Mr. Foss"—George Oakley was speaking—"your proposition needs thinking about. Come in tomorrow and I'll give you my answer."

"Can't tomorrow. Must know today."

George Oakley laughed.

"You are a determined young man, aren't you? Very well then, Mr. Foss, look in late this afternoon."

"Thank you, Mr. Oakley."

On a bench in Battery Park, Hubert Foss' eyes were on a liner plowing out toward the sea, but his mind was on a new thought. After tonight, he would never worry again. Tonight he would kill fear. But when he killed fear—he would also kill hope.

At a quarter to five he went to the office of George Oakley & Co. He told himself he was led there solely by curiosity. They showed him into the president's office. George Oakley was not visible, but Nora Quinlan was. She held out her hand to Hubert Foss.

"It's just great!" she said.

"What is?"

"About you?"

"What about me?"

"Mr. Oakley couldn't wait. He said to say he was sorry, but he had a golfing date, and of course that was sacred. He said to tell you that it will be all right. I'm so glad!"

Hubert Foss stared at her.

"You know about it then?"

"Of course. Mr. Oakley calls me his right-hand man. He asked me what I thought of you."

"What did you tell him?"

"I said you were a brave young man with a future."

Hubert Foss sat down and groaned.

"Why, Mr. Foss, what's the matter?"

"I can't tell you, Nora; I can't tell you."

"Hubert Foss?"

"Yes?"

"You'll think I've an awful nerve ——"

"I like nerve."

"I was thinking"—she flushed, but went on—"that now you are in business for yourself, you'll need—well, a right-hand man."

He looked at her.

"Nora, you don't mean that you'd ——"

"Of course—if you have no other plans ——"

"Nora, of course I haven't. Oh, I've known it for so long, and I've been so scared and so slow ——"

And since today he feared nothing, Hubert Foss kissed her, right then and there, in the president's office. She drew away.

"But," she faltered, "I didn't mean that—I meant—I wanted to work for you."

Hubert Foss laughed.

"Well," he said, "what's to stop you? I guess it would be a sort of good idea at first to keep the salary in the family."

Nora Quinlan was smiling.

"Funny," she said. "I thought of that too."

"Put on your hat," said Hubert Foss. "We're going for a carriage ride in Central Park and then to dinner."

"Wait, Hubert! Mr. Oakley said to tell you that an order came in today from Copan, in West Honduras. He wants to turn it over to you to fill—so it will be the first order of the new firm."

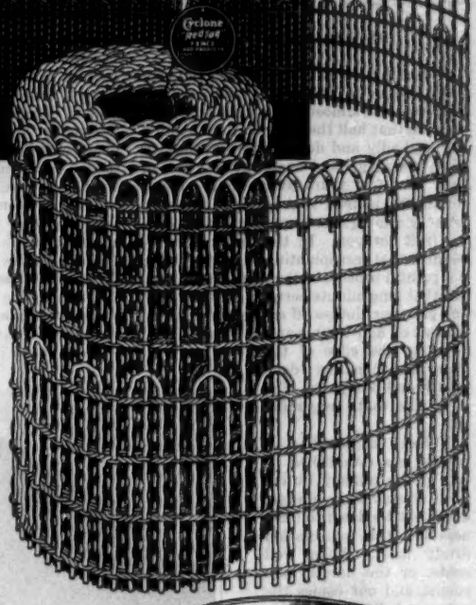
"What's it for, dearest?"

"Don't get excited. It isn't a big one. A man down there wants a pistol—that's all."

"The first order of Foss & Company," said Hubert Foss, "shall be filled at once." He reached into his pocket. "Got a box, darling?"

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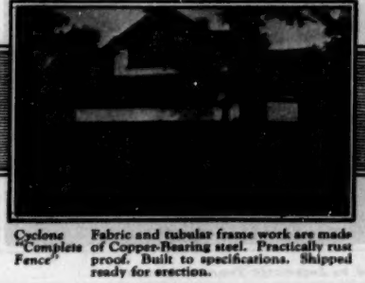
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BURBANK IN YOUR ORCHARD

(Continued from Page 29)

cherry sixth, and then you get along into the fruits that are very choosy and exclusive, and know what they want and won't be enticed away from their chosen environments, no matter how persuasive you are. Of course, largely, the most limited fruits are the ones that have been transplanted from tropic or semitropic zones and have behind them an incredibly long heredity that is hard to change and adapt to new environments.

"It would be a good idea to consult the family, and especially the boss of the house, your wife, about the kinds of fruit you are going to set out. There are eating fruits and cooking fruits, there are early fruits and late ones, there are acid fruits and sweet ones, there are mellow fruits and juicy, tart fruits. You may be surprised at the length of the list; you will be surprised, too, to find that there are many fruits you have heard of and are curious about or interested in that you can grow in your own orchard, though you might never have believed it. One or two of your trees might well be the kinds that aren't generally known in your locality; I don't know any pride that is more excusable than that which comes from saying to a visitor:

"'Did you ever taste a nectarine, or a persimmon, or a papaw? No? Well, try one—right off our own place.'

"We are warned against pride and a haughty spirit, but I think we can be forgiven for gloating a little over offering a treat to a friend and feeling all warm inside over his surprise and delight. Don't make your orchard entirely the expected or conventional thing."

Handle With Care

"Planting a tree is so simple a job that most people do it wrong. That's a fact! It is easy and almost anyone can do it; the result is that half the trees that are planted are set badly and don't have a chance, or have to struggle and waste the best part of their first few years overcoming adverse conditions, instead of going right on to the job of becoming sturdy and big and of bearing fruit for you. In the first place, remember that transplanting any living thing is a painful process to the plant itself; it is like that long minute between the time that you get your clothes off and get your bathing suit on and hobble and skip and shiver down to the edge of the water, and then take a deep breath and plunge in. Exactly like that, only more so.

"When the seedling or cutting has established itself in the nursery, it expects to stay there always, and it settles down to business with that expectation firmly fixed. Along you come, or the nurseryman comes, and out comes the surprised little tree, its roots exposed to the air, its tiny rootlets stripped off, its leaves beginning to droop, and the sap, that has just begun to start up toward the leaves in the spring, sent hurrying down again in a panic. The life force in everything is amazingly tenacious, and your tree will survive pretty harsh treatment without actually dying, but you must give it every chance and help you can. Cover the tender roots with moss, or ball them in some dirt, or at least wrap them in a damp sack and keep them in the shade until you can replant, and do that as soon as you can.

"Your nurseryman will probably trim the root growth and the tree itself for you; he will cut off the bruised and broken tips or parts of the roots, and he will prune the treelet back so that it will have a chance to balance and adjust itself to its new soil home satisfactorily before it has to worry about keeping its top supplied with necessary food for life and growth. Notice that he will use a very sharp knife or shears, so as to make a clean cut, just as a surgeon will do, because a clean cut will heal more rapidly and neatly than a ragged one. He will avoid injuring the bark; he may cut two-thirds of the young tree away and horrify you by his recklessness, but he will be right, because he knows that a transplanted tree has a big job just living and starting life over again, without having also the burden of climbing and spreading its branches and feeding its leaves until it is strong and well rooted once more."

The Way to Plant a Tree

"Once in your orchard plot, you must keep in mind two things: The need the transplanted tree has for every assistance and convenience in taking over its new job for you, as I have indicated above, and, secondly, that trees will spread out, both root and branch, and that they must have plenty of room for that growth. Many people have difficulty imagining a little slender wisp of a sapling grown up into a widespreading tree, so they plant too closely together, and when they find out their mistake it is too late to do anything about it except take out every other tree, which leaves too large a space and wastes room that is probably precious. If you are going to lay out a formal orchard, sixteen to twenty feet each way is generally safe; but if it were mine I would scatter the trees around the garden space or the back yard informally, to add to the beauty of the place; for there is nothing more beautiful than a blossoming fruit tree in spring or one heavy with fruit in the summer or fall.

"Now we come to that simple operation that is so easy to do wrongly—the planting of the tree. The reason, perhaps, why it is often done badly is that professionals do like to throw a lot of mystery around their jobs. The lawyer will tell you that a judge issued a *nolle prosequi*, when he only means that your case has been thrown out of court; a doctor likes to awe you by saying that to cure you the use of sodium chloride in weak solution is indicated. What he means is that you ought to gargle with warm salt water, but you wouldn't pay him three dollars to tell you that because it wouldn't be worth it! Well, now, gardeners and nurserymen and experts may involve the planting of a tree in a cloud of mystery, but just let it go in one ear and out the other.

"Because the way to plant a tree is to dig a hole, put in the tree, tamp or stamp the earth down—pack it tight—around the roots, and then go away and give Nature a chance. That is all there is to that. Set it the same depth that it stood in the nursery. You will hear that you should drill and set off a charge of powder to loosen up the earth deeply. Mainly, pure nonsense! There is an accidental and incidental benefit from setting off a powder blast in the hole made for a tree, but the men who recommend powder don't know this. The fact is that exploded powder does blow a small amount of nitrogen into the crevices and the tree may benefit from the presence of that element for the first few months. But it is rather expensive to pay a dollar or two a hole to put in ten cents' worth of nitrogen, and as for the tree needing to have loose soil for its roots, the contrary is true; the tree is not used to loose soil, but to tight, firm soil. Another fallacy is to tell you to put various kinds of compost and fertilizer, and so on, around the planted tree. No! It would be like feeding your newborn baby beefsteak and onions!"

Putting Your Trees on a Diet

"For your small home orchard it won't greatly matter about cultivation as it is done in commercial orchards—to give the whole surface of the ground a mulch. Cultivation, even in big commercial orchards, is discussed and debated in all sorts of fashions, and few people know much about it. The fact is that circumstances must govern the practice. I remember very well being asked to look at a pear orchard near Santa Rosa, where the trees were magnificent, great, healthy fellows that didn't bear enough on an acre to furnish a table. I said: 'The pear is a deep rooter and you have a wonderful soil here. Your pears are big, greedy prodigals living on the fat of the land and forgetting all about their job. You just starve them a little—get them back on corn husks and skimmed milk for a while—and they'll come to their senses.' So they quit cultivating the land and sowed a crop of grain on it, and in the second year those pear trees simply broke all records.

"On the other hand, shallow rooters, like the peach, must have thorough cultivation in the commercial orchard. Then there is another differentiation: As to climate. In localities where the rains are heavy all the cultivation that is needed is to keep down the weeds, but in hot, dry climates you have to keep cultivating steadily all summer to keep the moisture coming up clear through the season. You see, it is a matter of thinking all around a question and not jumping at any general conclusions.

"In your home garden, though, after the tree has a good start, you will probably only cultivate a little ring around it, and maybe not that, because you will have a diversity of plants drawing different things from the soil and you will also be giving each individual tree more attention than any single one will receive in the great population of an extensive orchard. Watch the tree, and determine for yourself what to do to get the best results from it."

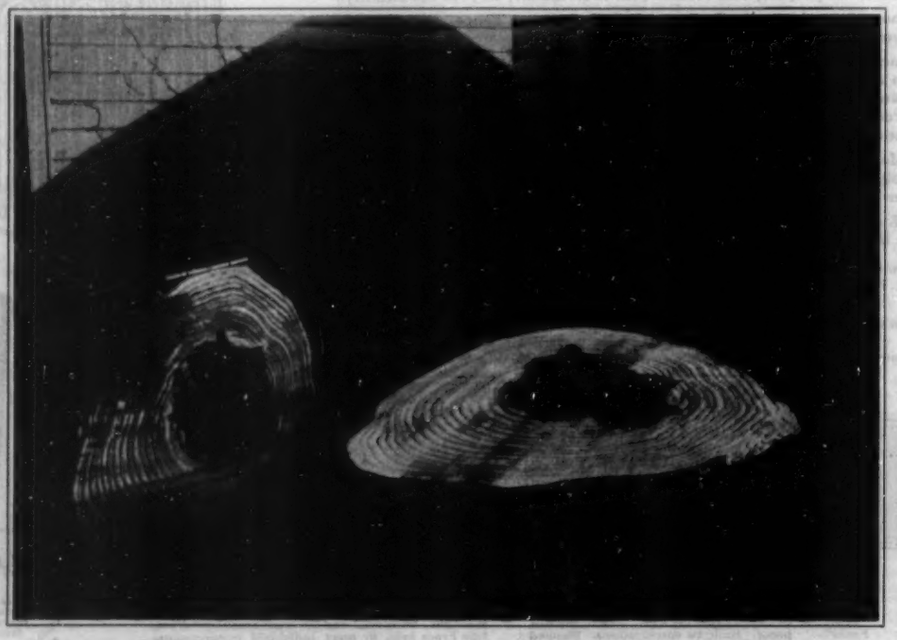
Discipline in the Orchard

"Never forget that we have made trees dependent on us by taking them away from the original, natural environments and giving them new environments and new duties. Leave a fruit tree strictly alone, once it has a good rooting, and it will surely grow and spread and bear fruit abundantly; but it will do it by natural instincts leading more and more toward earlier functions; and if you want it to keep at its new job, which is to bear large, juicy, fine fruit in quantity, you will have to keep it at its highly specialized job; you must prune out dead wood and crooked branches to keep it symmetrical and easy to get at; you must thin out a part of the green fruit, or else it will bear too big a load of inferior quality; you may have to prop up the limbs if the burden seems to grow too heavy, though there is seldom any need of this if the tree has been properly trained and pruned, and if you thin the crop thoroughly. You know, there is a job that takes a lot of moral courage—to climb into a tree or attack it with a long stick and pick out or shake off a large part of the crop. You have to do it, though, and you will be rewarded for doing it.

"Perhaps you wonder, right here, why a tree with too heavy a load of fruit will bear a lot of it, and yet that, though the pulp—the body of the fruit—is small and inferior in quality, the seeds will all be large and healthy. Well, this goes back to the old hereditary urge to reproduce itself—the necessity the tree is under to bear many seeds. Because of this ancient and universal law of life those seeds will grow to good size even in a small fruit. But here is where the mystery is dissolved.

"It takes just about ten times as much—I'd better say it takes pretty nearly fifty times as much—nourishment and life force of the tree to make seed and skin as it does to make meat—fruit pulp! To put it another way, you can make pretty nearly forty-nine fine peaches with the strength that is taken from the soil and the air by the

(Continued on Page 189)



A Felled Tree and Stump Showing the Rings Formed by Successive Years of Growth



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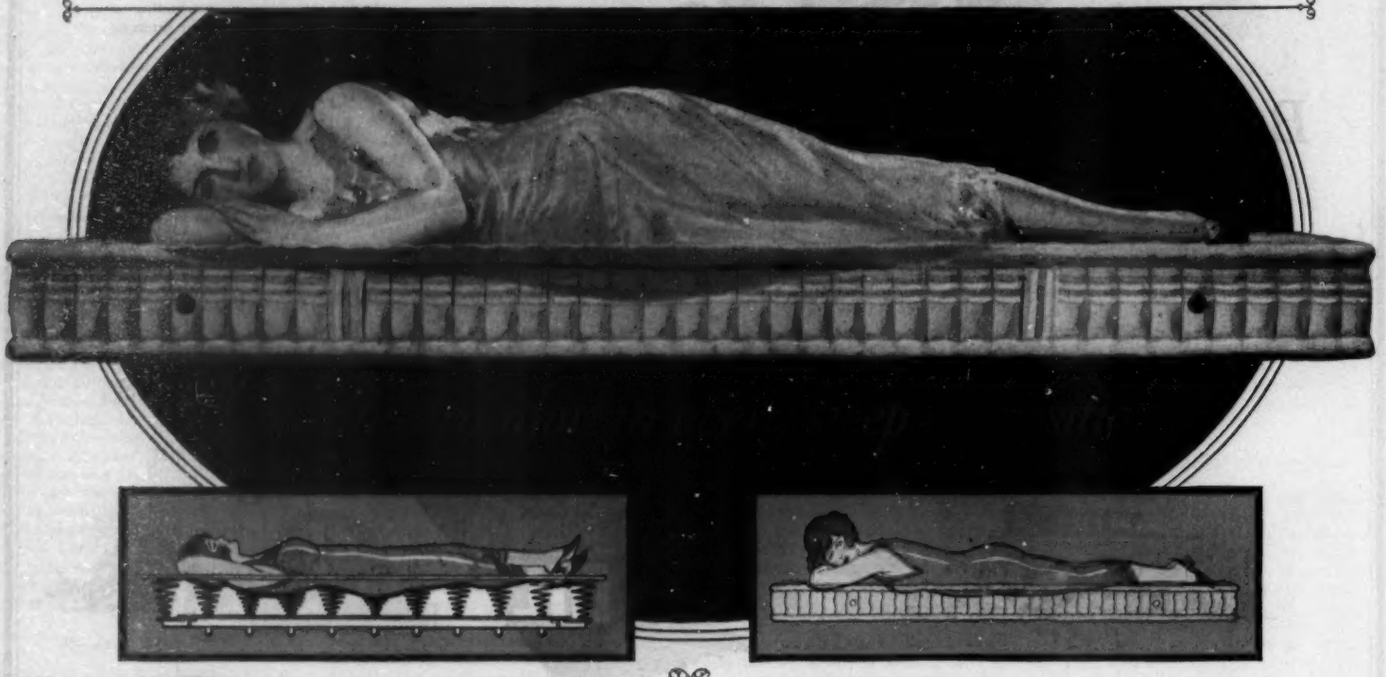
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* * *

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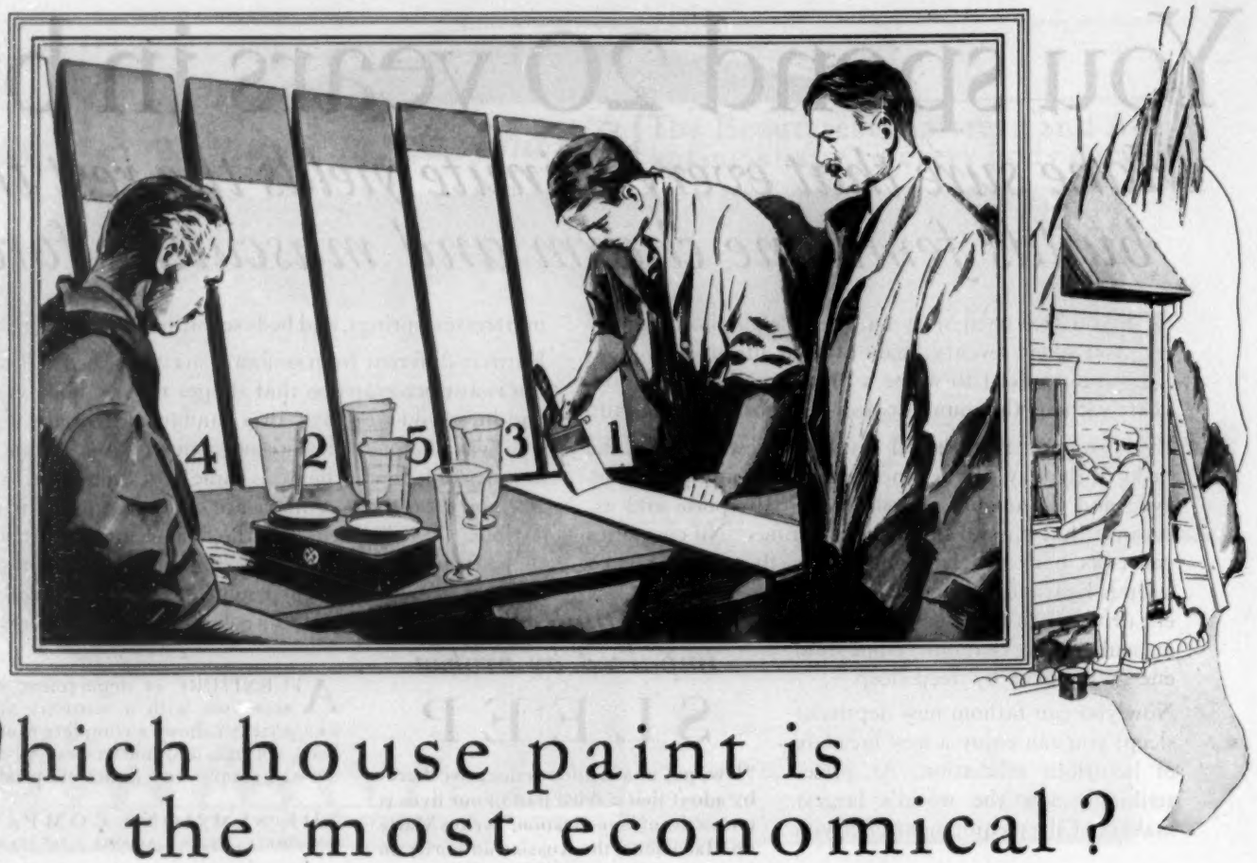
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(Continued from Page 184)

tree to make one pit and seed and the skin that surrounds the pulp. There you are! The fruit itself is mostly sugar and water, with flavor added that is just a touch of genius on the part of the tree. But the skin and bones of the fruit—the peeling and the pit—are what consume the energies. So don't be afraid to thin out!"

No one could give even casual attention to Mr. Burbank's work and achievements without being impressed by their magnitude and their importance to the world, and yet new lights are constantly being thrown on the subject. A railroad chief in California said recently in this connection:

"I doubt seriously that there has been a man in history who has made so rich a gift to the world at large as Luther Burbank. Examine the facts and you will observe that there is hardly a human being alive who has not been directly and materially benefited by the wizard's experiments and developments of plant life. Not only has he improved the quality of foodstuffs and added to their variety, but he has taught men how to make all sorts of useful plants and trees grow in climates and soils where they were considered impracticable before. He has added to science, changed economic conditions, largely increased wealth, and his discoveries have certainly heightened the beauty that every man can have in his own plot of ground.

"Practically speaking, I can cite one phase of life that he has affected probably more than any other one man of our day—the phase of transportation.

"From California alone, there is today being shipped on the transcontinental railroads enough fruit grown on trees Mr. Burbank evolved to more than equal the entire tonnage of eastbound freight shipments of a quarter of a century ago. He has revolutionized the fruit business in California, most particularly in developing varieties of fruits that can be shipped 'green' as we call it; that is, fresh, as opposed to dried or canned. Did you ever hear the story of Plumtown?" This is not the town's real name.

Plumtown is a prosperous and rapidly growing California town, located north of Sacramento, in one of the two great inland valleys that are making the state famous for diversified produce of field, orchard and garden, but a town generally unsung for any particular story or history. The railroad man supplied the lack.

Putting Plums on the Map

"Plumtown was a crossroads—a pin point on a map," he said. "Not four decades ago you could have bought everything around it at ten dollars an acre, and then you would probably have regretted your bargain.

"Along came Luther Burbank with his new plums, developed for table use and to withstand shipping ordeals. A small landowner near Plumtown bought some of the new trees and started an orchard. When his trees came to bearing he began to realize unheard-of profits, and his neighbors bought Burbank plums and other orchard trees, and the railroads began to have to hustle to keep enough cars there to take in the shipments, eastbound, of fresh fruits. Plumtown lands were suddenly coveted and a boom hit the region. The town kept pace with the growth of the country around it, as Western towns do, and today it is a thriving, rich, happy, thickly populated district with a handsome, flourishing town in the center—all built on the productions of Luther Burbank. He made the town."

Mr. Burbank was very modest about this story when it was repeated to him.

"Well," he said, in that forthright fashion of his, "it's a fact that they raise a lot of my trees up there. Yes, I've heard that story. It makes me think of the story of the plum—a good one to tell you in connection with this article on orchards, because it gives an interest to fruit-tree growing that I would like to add to the mere routine and business of making an orchard grow. That's the important thing with me in these articles: I want folks to see something of the romance and history and science there is back of growing things, so that they can learn and so that they will want to go deeper into plant life to find out how and why.

"When I started on the plum I did it, first because I liked plums myself, and secondly because I thought it was a valuable gift from Nature that man had not paid enough attention to or developed as he might have done. At that time there were a few standard varieties of plums raised in America and a few in England and the Continent, but they were small, tart, thin-skinned, and not particularly attractive. Over in Japan they had some fine trees, but in Japan they had developed their plums more for beauty of tree and blossoms than for quality of fruit.

"In my very first experiments I proved that the plum was a valuable fruit and also, which was important, that it was one that was very amenable to development and training. There were a lot of things I wanted to bring out in the plum; I wanted size, color, flavor, shipping qualities, plenty of sugar and juice—a number of qualities. One by one they came forth. It wasn't possible at first to fix all these fine characteristics in any single plum, though in time I pretty nearly succeeded in doing that in the plum that is called the Santa Rosa."

First the Tree

"But what did become fixed was a large number of very valuable plums, fitting nicely into different sorts of requirements. It is hard to group them accurately or closely, because their lists of characteristics overlap a good deal. For instance, you can make a group of plums for size, a group for exquisite quality, then you can make a group of shipping plums, another of plums for home use, a group of hardy plums and then one that flourishes in a hot, dry climate. Then there is a frost-resisting plum, to go farther, and the important work that has been done with the drying plums that are called prunes.

"But when you get to grouping plum characteristics or qualities this way, you find most of them go onto at least two, and maybe three or four lists. The best quality is often combined with the best size; the best frost-resisting quality with the best shipping quality, and so on. Go on, and you find some that combine flavor, texture, size, form, color and hardiness. You get what you are after and half a dozen other things thrown in to boot.

"In developing the plum, as in working with all the fruits, it was important to begin with the tree. First it had to have abundance of root, and not be deficient in that respect, as is the French prune. An abundance of root depends on an abundance of foliage, so you have a good combination there. Then you want a strong-growing tree—not necessarily very rapid—and of pleasing form, so that the tree looks well and so that the fruit can be easily and economically harvested. Another thing, it must have neither too much nor too little growth of wood. This is because if it runs to wood there is constant severe pruning to do, and that keeps the tree making fiber and bark and gets its mind off the job of making fruit. It must have a good spread of sturdy branches to enable the sun to get through to the fruit and to enable the tree to support its load in the ripening season. All these qualities to develop in the tree alone, before you ever get to the blossoms and the fruit!

"With the blossoms you have to get certain definite things in regard to the season of putting out its flowers. It was highly desirable that they should come out rapidly with their blossoms to escape damage from spring frosts or heavy storms, or make them—as some of the plums are—better able to resist frost. After that you wanted a tree that would not produce so much fruit that it had to be radically thinned, which is an expensive job; still you had to have enough fruit to make the tree pay its way and a little more; finally, and above all, you had to have one that would bear infallibly and always the same quality and, as nearly as possible, the same quantity of fruit year after year.

"With this accomplished, you had to begin with the characteristics of the fruit itself, which I have already spoken of. You see, an exacting job, with a lot of people to please, and altogether with characteristics not native to the plum, but only suggested in it. Crossbreeding was the first step in order to get variations and combinations, and after that selection: Patient repeating—repeating—repeating—of the selective method; so that in a few generations there were new varieties of plum trees, each with a few of the wanted characteristics, and some with many of them. Naturally the first new varieties created a sensation; for the plum is a delicious fruit and a wanted fruit. And now that we have plums that will grow almost anywhere in the United States or any other temperate climate, the new plums I have developed that will grow in a semitropical climate, and plums that will ship without deterioration or loss of quality, you can see that in plums alone the work has been very satisfactory and encouraging.

"Nowhere in Nature is there a more interesting story told than in the seeds of the fruits that grow pits. Let us talk about that a little. Examine the pit of a plum or peach or apricot. Notice how rigidly and beautifully it is built to protect the life germ that lies in the meaty nut inside. There is work in a peach stone that any engineer might be proud of. Every stress and strain is figured out mathematically. Lay the stone on its side and try to break it. Takes a good, sharp, smart blow, doesn't it? Hold it up on end or on the edge and it breaks more easily. Why? Because it is natural for the stone to lie flatwise; then along comes some big heavy animal and steps on it. If it breaks, the life force is crushed and dies; therefore the stone was built up to withstand the most usual and likely pressure from without."

One of Nature's Paradoxes

"Cut a green peach or plum in two and you will find the little pit inside is perfectly formed and already hard, and apparently sealed up tight. But not at all. If you look carefully enough you will see little nerve holes that permit small channels or veins to go into the seed; through these flow the nourishment needed for the development of the life cell and the meat around it—the meat which is designed to feed the plant when it comes time to germinate. We know now that all the life stream of the tree flows up through the cambium layer which I mentioned earlier. That life stream—protoplasm, sugar and starch—makes wood and bark. But how does it also make life germ and pit meat and the flesh and juice of the fruit, not to mention the waxlike beauty of the blossom?

"Well, there is a hereditary selective ability in each part and phase of the tree, as in the pit, to take out from the life stream just what it needs and to reject the rest. In the case of the tree trunk it is like silver plating, exactly; a thin coating put on that becomes part of the trunk, then another thin coating acquired and fixed, and another, and another; until at the end of the growing season there is one of those rings we were speaking of, and the sap goes down for the winter and next year starts silver plating again. Inside the pit the meat takes what it needs, the heart of the pit what it needs, the life germ the same, the shell the same. And all this time blossom and fruit are taking what they need and passing along to the next fellow the part they don't need, each using what is required and adapting what it takes to its own peculiar necessities and purposes.

"Now let us suppose that the fruit has ripened and fallen to the ground. It lies there and the meat, or pulp, decays. Some animal steps on it and buries it or the rains



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come and wash earth over it, and winter comes. Immediately a slow, gradual, sure process begins that changes the whole quality of the shell—a softening or disintegrating process that is allied to decay. At the same time a chemical change is going on inside; the seed is absorbing moisture and thus begins to swell until it bursts the receptacle. It stretches out a tender rootlet, the cotyledons unfold, the delicate stem lifts, and the life germ has begun to do its work.

"Here is what I consider the most interesting part of this process: All its life the seed resists decay and fights against it in every way, but when the proper time comes it suddenly reverses itself and uses that very disintegration as a force helping it to attain its object; that is, to burst free and start growing. Nature is full of paradoxes. Life doesn't hesitate to be consistently inconsistent. Every force and process and phenomenon we know in the universe is utilized. It is a marvelous interplay of forces—the whole system bound together by the one rule that life must go on and must continue to grow stronger and better."

Berries' Place in the Sun

"But how does the seed know when it is time; how does it adjust itself to make this reversal which causes it to quit fighting decay at the right moment? Well, there is the subconscious germ of mind in the seed—a part of the great intellect of the universe expressing itself. That mind grew in the peach pit through generations and generations of environment that made all these processes and protections necessary and vital to it; generation after generation the same necessity and the same striving to meet conditions; repetition—repetition—repetition of the same environment, until the habits were slowly but surely fixed in the pit and became hereditary and permanent and established. How can anyone who grows plants or flowers or vegetables or trees live with them even part of the time and not become curious to know about such marvels as these? I do not know. That is what I would like to help teach people—curiosity, inquisitiveness. Not about their neighbors, or how much the Joneses paid for their new car, or what the pretty Blaine girl could see in that fellow Robinson anyway. Inquisitiveness about Nature and her processes that go on right under our noses and that repay study so well, and that are so fascinating and strange, and of such practical use to us in our daily lives."

Mr. Burbank was reminded that we were coming to berries, and he laughed abruptly.

"Bless me, yes!" he exclaimed. "Pretty nearly got to lecturing again, didn't I? Berries?

"Well, sir, berries have been developed from their old tangled wild state, with their back-breaking loads of small, sour fruits, and with their thorns that made berrying in the old days pretty nearly as dangerous as big-game hunting—they've been developed and broken into the service of man to such an extent that they will really almost take care of themselves.

"Berries require a nice, rich soil, cultivation of the surface, a place in the sun and plenty of supports to climb on, and if you give them that and plenty of moisture they will work for you, year in and year out, with less care than almost any fruit I can think of; and they pay big dividends too. A man with a tiny little back yard that you could hardly swing a cat in can have enough berries to keep the whole neighborhood supplied, provided the yard gets the sun. They will grow right up the side of the house, or on a fence, or anywhere too, so that they are a wonderful boon to the city man with a small lot.

"Here, more than anywhere, almost, good nursery stock is important. There are as many kinds of berries as there are men who grow them, you might say, and unless the variety is good, healthy, heavy producing, they are not worth having. Choose varieties that will give you berries over a long growing season, and that make lots of sugar and tartness and flavor, but very few thorns. I worked a long time to get rid of thorns on some of my berries, and I hope the time will come when no one will have to wear gloves to pick berries, because there is no use in having a thorny berry bush.

"Keep your vines well trained, and remember that when your first year is passed and spring comes again the new wood of the berry vine or bush is the wood that will grow the berries, so cut out the old brush. Plenty of water. Berries thrive best in damp soil—not wet, but moist and healthy. They have to have sun; and another thing, remember that berries lose a lot of their flavor and spice and freshness if you have to scrub them with a finger-nail brush to get them clean enough for the table; so plant your vines where they will be fairly free of dust and you will save yourself vexation and get a better table fruit."

The Poetry of Planting

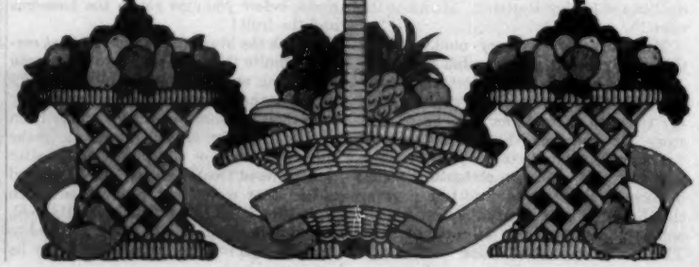
He stopped, considering a moment.

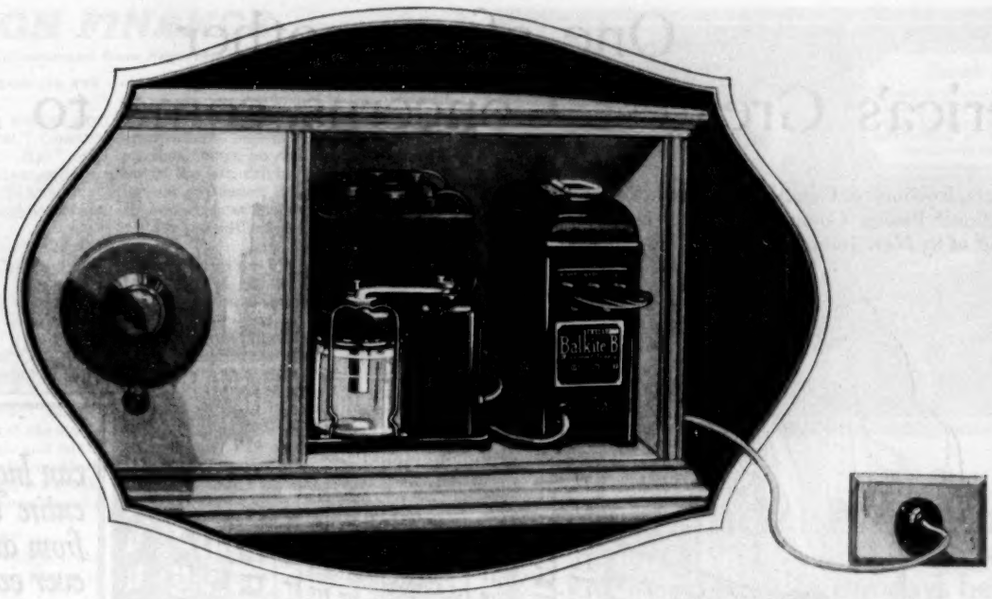
Then he said, "Put the emphasis on the interest there is in growing things. Get people to studying and observing and experimenting. Make them see what fun it is. Interest the children if you can.

"I wouldn't give ten minutes' work to a book or an article that would only lay down the rules for gardening—how and when to plant and all that—but I would give a good deal of time to help make the growing of plants and flowers and vegetables and trees and vines interesting to people, to make them want such things—gardens and back gardens and little orchards and berry racks and patches of lawn—not only for their beauty or convenience or economy but for their interest. It is an adventure, a voyage of discovery, a search for the Holy Grail of interest, to plant a seed and nurture it, and watch it, and study it, and find out about its history, and see it come to blossom or fruit, and to know why it does all these things, and what is behind it all.

"If I can do that, now that I am getting a little older every day and the big part of my work is behind me, I shall be happy. To introduce to everyone the amazing romance of growing things—that is the sort of friend I would like to prove to man. Because, after all, commercially or selfishly or blindly making garden is as prosy as washing dishes or keeping books or being the president of a bank; it is the story and the beauty and the mind and the marvel in it all that makes it worth while and worth doing."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Hall. The fourth will appear in an early issue.





Operate your present radio set from the light socket

with Balkite "B" and a Balkite Trickle Charger

The radio set you now own will operate from the light socket. No changes are necessary. You need only add Balkite "B" and a Balkite Trickle Charger.

Balkite "B"—the noiseless "B" power supply—replaces your "B" batteries entirely and supplies plate current from the light socket. The Balkite Trickle Charger keeps your "A" battery always at full charge, also from the light socket. If you like you may also purchase from your dealer an automatic switch that cuts out the charger and turns on Balkite "B" when you turn on the set.

This type of installation is the last word in radio convenience and ease of operation. You need never again operate your set with weak power or worry about replacing or recharging batteries. One turn of the switch and you have full, even power, exactly as required by the set. *And because you always have full power you secure a quality of reception possible in no other way.*

Both Balkite "B" and the Balkite Trickle Charger are entirely noiseless. Both are permanent pieces of equipment with no bulbs, nothing to replace, break or get out of order. Other than a negligible amount of household current, their first cost is the last.

Thousands of radio owners have already made this simple addition to their sets. You can make it too, and convert your set into a light socket receiver. Ask your dealer.



Balkite *Trickle Charger*

Converts any 6-volt "A" battery of 30 ampere hours or more into an automatic "A" power unit that furnishes "A" current from the light socket. With 4-volt and smaller 6-volt batteries may be used as an intermittent charger. Or as a trickle charger if a resistance is added to cut down the charging rate. $10. West of Rockies, $10.50. In Canada, $15.



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The popular rapid charger for 6-volt "A" batteries. Noiseless. Can be used while the set is in operation. Special model for 25-40 cycles. $19.50. West of Rockies, $20. In Canada, $27.50.



Balkite "B"

Eliminates "B" batteries and supplies plate current from the light socket. Keeps the "B" circuit always at full power. For sets of 6 tubes and less. $35. In Canada, $49.50.

Balkite "B" II

Will serve any standard set. Capacity 20 milliamperes at 135 volts. Especially adapted to sets of 6 tubes or more. $55. In Canada, $75.

FAN STEEL

Balkite

Radio Power Units

Manufactured by FANSTEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, Inc., *North Chicago, Illinois*

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One after another
America's Greatest Concerns come to ATLANTA

Sears, Roebuck & Company announce $3,000,000 plant, National Biscuit Company to erect large Bakery—a total of 83 New Industries during the last year



No longer can Industry serve the entire United States from any one point however centrally located.

CLEARLY and definitely, Industrial America has selected Atlanta as the most logical manufacturing and distributing point for the South—a section whose rapid growth is outstripping all attempts to record it.

Over five hundred of the greatest names in business today are represented here with branch plants, warehouses and selling organizations. One after another, each seeking the ideal location for its own particular needs, after detailed surveys and comparisons, with all the facts before them, they have come to Atlanta—and here from first cost of plant to sale of finished product they have been a source of pride to the home office. 83 *new industries were attracted to Atlanta during the past year.*

Accessibility to Rich Markets Plus Production Economies

Obviously, the huge investments made here by America's largest corporations are not the result of chance. The country's leading business executives attest the outstanding advantages offered by the Atlanta Industrial Area:

Easy accessibility to a rich and growing market of over 12,000,000 people reached over night by 15 main lines of eight great railroad systems. A circle of ports close by.

25 of the 26 industrial minerals, lumber, cotton, and many other raw materials are close at hand.

Hydro-electric power costs less, with one exception, than in any other industrial center.

Intelligent and highly efficient Anglo-Saxon labor is plentiful. The mild and invigorating climate allows full production every day in the year. A city of diversified industry, manufacturing and distributing over 1500 different commodities.

The financial capital of the South, ranking fifteenth city in the United States with annual bank clearings of $3,604,290,297.

Living costs 7.5% below the national average.

Industry has been quick to take advantage of these outstanding facilities for economy in production and distribution and every month sees new additions to the Atlanta Industrial Area.

To every manufacturer, to every executive in charge of production or sales, the facts about Atlanta will prove highly illuminating. Men who have been successful in other sections will find greater opportunities in Atlanta.

"We decided to build in Atlanta because of the fine transportation facilities and the very good reason that Atlanta is the heart of the great Southeast.

"We made a thorough investigation of the entire section, desiring to serve our patrons with better and quicker service, and finally decided that Atlanta should fill the bill.

"One of the chief considerations in our selection of Atlanta is the phenomenal growth of the Southeast, and my belief in the growth of Atlanta."

President
SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO.

Let Our Industrial Engineers Serve You

To survey the Atlanta Industrial Area in relation to your business might cost several thousand dollars. We are prepared to offer you this service at no expense. Our report will cover your market, distribution channels and existing competition, labor conditions, source and cost of raw materials, data on available sites, together with construction costs and any other information you may desire.

Sound, unbiased and wholly dependable, this survey may be the means of opening up new channels of profit for you. All communications held in strictest confidence.



Write to
INDUSTRIAL BUREAU
1011 Chamber of Commerce

ATLANTA

Industrial Headquarters of the South



Memo to your secretary:

Write Industrial Bureau, Atlanta, for booklet, "Why We Chose Atlanta," which gives the experiences of nationally known concerns that serve the South from Atlanta

HIGH FINANCE

(Continued from Page 15)

"I ask you once more, where are you going?"

"I don't know. I heard a woman say there was market for such plates." Chester concluded with a loud "Ha! Ha!" His senseless laughter tried Mary excessively, but she was too polite to reprove him.

"A market! Ten cents apiece would be a good price."

"More than ten cents apiece." Chester could scarcely keep silent. "I'm going first to York."

"To York!" York was less than thirty miles away, but Mary spoke as though it were five hundred.

"And perhaps to Lancaster."

Mary stepped down to the porch.

"I'm done," she declared.

"Have faith till tomorrow," begged Chester. He drove his car out of the stable where it spent its idle moments and left it at the gate. Returning from milking, Mary set out his breakfast, but she did not speak. When he approached to embrace her she submitted unwillingly.

"When will you come back?"

"I have an early start and it oughtn't to take long. If I'm back in time, I'll try to get some business."

"This afternoon and tomorrow are two of the best days of the year, you know that."

When Chester uttered only another "Ha! Ha!" Mary left the land of hope behind. If Chester added lunacy to inefficiency she might well despair.

Chester drove along between fields and bits of woodland. It was only six o'clock and he could not expect to do business in York before nine, but he started early in order to allow time for a change of tire or other repairs. The car went well for a car which he had bought three years ago for thirty dollars.

It was market morning and Gettysburg was wide-awake; if it had not been, Chester's car would have served the purpose of a reveille. He saw coming toward him a little man carrying a basket, and recognized the antique dealer at whose house he had left the four women. He slowed down and hailed him.

"I'd like to ask a question. I took four women to your house yesterday—were they as crazy as they seemed? They wouldn't look at the field; all they talked about was antiques. They said that James D. Green offered one hundred dollars for a glass plate with six sides and a man and a woman making faces at each other. Is that true?"

"It is," said the antique dealer. "He was here."

"Would you give a hundred dollars for such a plate?"

"I'd give seventy-five. But there is no such thing." The little man shifted his basket and walked on.

"No?" said Chester, his tone sarcastic, his heart jumping.

"No," said the dealer.

"Is that so?" said Chester amid the cacophony which accompanied his starting. "Ha! Ha!"

Avoiding the square, he turned toward the east. There was a smooth though noisy music in the engine which quickened his heartbeats still further; there was an air of secrecy and adventure about the expedition which appealed to a latent romance gratified only a few times in his life, once when he proposed to Mary and was accepted, and a few times in lesser degree when he stood on Little Round Top and showed Devil's Den to awed and appreciative tourists. One advantage about a flivver was that one could utter one's thoughts in loud tones without even being heard by oneself.

"Go to it!" he chuckled. "No seventy-five for me! Nine plates! Ninety dollars per plate! Eight hundred and ten dollars for little Chester."

In the first village out of Gettysburg there was the familiar sign and under it an old gentleman sweeping his pavement. Chester had no confidence in the judgment of anyone so near home, but he wished to assure himself once more of the value of the precious things he carried. He swung his car to the left, driving at such speed that the old gentleman skipped behind a tree. He looked up with no friendly face.

"Do you sell antiques?"

"I do."

"And buy them?"

"If they're genuine." The old gentleman moved out from behind the tree, but he held his broom between him and the nose of the car. Chester looked at him with no more distrust than he looked at Chester.

"I'm a guide on the battlefield," explained Chester. "Yesterday I took round four crazy women, poor thin creatures with short hair." In reality two of the four women were stout and only one had short hair, but Chester spoke from honest conviction. It would have been easy to believe that his passengers had horns on their foreheads. "They said James D. Green was offering a hundred dollars for a little six-sided glass plate with a picture on it of a man and a woman making faces at each other. I take it they lied."

"They spoke the truth. But there is no such plate."

"Would you give a hundred dollars for such a plate?"

"I'd give seventy-five."

"What would you give for half a dozen?"

"About twenty-five apiece."

"What!"

"Twenty-five apiece. If there were half a dozen they wouldn't be rare."

"Is that so!" cried Chester. In the shock of disappointment he let his engine die and he had to get out and turn the crank.

The old gentleman looked at him curiously.

"I don't suppose you have any antiques to sell."

Without answering, Chester stepped back into his car and started away. He was so grieved that he shed tears.

"It's like guiding on the battlefield," he said aloud. "More guides, less money. Nine times twenty-five is two twenty-five. But if I could sell 'em separate, I could—could"—Chester's mind was not adapted to abstruse computations—"for three I could get as much as for nine. Three times ninety is two hundred and seventy. I could ——" Chester stopped his car, he took paper and pencil from his pocket, he wrote down a few figures, he scratched his head. "I could ——" Suddenly he laid his hand across his lips as though he commanded secrecy even from himself. Again his engine died, again he leaped out. He cranked it with flourishes, he stepped back into his car and bent as low as a short man could over a high steering wheel.

"Go to it!" said he. "If it's to be done, it's to be done quick."

His conversations and his meditation by the roadside consumed some time, but he arrived in York at 7:30. There was an antique shop on the main street and before it a man was sweeping the pavement. Apparently all proprietors of antique shops did this for themselves.

"Good morning," said Chester.

The man grunted an answer. Chester's pleasant face was irritating to one whose vitality was low and who hated to sweep.

"I'm a guide on the Battlefield of Gettysburg." Chester recited his story about the four women, and now he went further. "I have a six-sided plate of this kind. It belonged to my wife's grandmother. My children used it to play dolls. I thought if it was so valuable, I'd dispose of it."

The sweeper attempted to prop his broom against the car, but it dropped from his hand, and falling to the gutter lay there unheeded.

"Let me see your plate."

From his breast pocket Chester drew a parcel wrapped in newspaper and tied with



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Second Vice-President and Manager of Agencies of The Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Company, finds The Dictaphone indispensable in keeping close daily contact with 100 branch offices.

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"I'm nothing but a bell hop."

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That's enough! I'll show him this trial offer right now.

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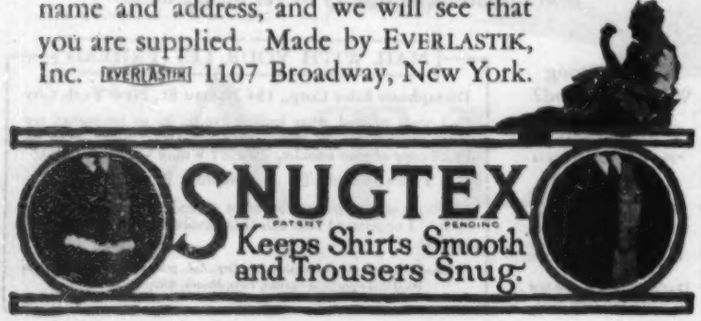


He'll find it costly some day—this annoying habit of hitching up his trousers and tucking in his shirt, every time he gets on his feet.

You, too, have a bulging shirt. Although it may not be as noticeable as this, it is annoying to you and distracting to others.

SNUGTEX does away with this difficulty. It is the new trousers curtain (the strip of fabric that goes around the top of the trousers, inside). It grips and clings to the shirt, keeping it smooth and in place. It makes the trousers snug and comfortable.

SNUGTEX insures neatness and comfort for all men in all walks of life. Ask for it in your next suit, and have your tailor or clothier put it in the clothes you are wearing. If he doesn't have SNUGTEX, send us his name and address, and we will see that you are supplied. Made by EVERLASTIK, Inc. EVERLASTIK 1107 Broadway, New York.



soiled string. As he sat, the protuberances in his side pockets were not visible. He untied the string, trying to keep his own hands steady.

"Is that the article?"

The dealer took it into his hand, the caress of his fingers that of a father on the cheek of his child.

"I'll give twenty-five dollars for this plate."

"You'll give ninety," said Chester. "James D. Green will give a hundred, and 10 per cent is enough profit in any honest business. You can raise the price on James D."

"I'll give fifty."

Chester's "Ha! Ha!" stood him in good stead.

"I'll give seventy-five."

"You'll give ninety, ninety in cash."

Chester deftly took back the plate. "Rather than have less than ninety, I'll keep it."

The dealer bit his lip. It was true, he could raise the price on James D. Green. It was a truly remarkable find. His eyes sparkled like the facets of the glass. He put his hand into his pocket and pulled out his wallet.

"Give it to me." The plate in his hand, the broom in the gutter, he stood watching Chester. Chester drove straight ahead, but this did not rouse suspicion, since turning was forbidden on the main street.

A few miles beyond York stood an old tavern, once the resort of the drivers of Conestoga wagons, now a wayside inn for tourists. Besides feeding them, it offered them old bureaus and desks, quaint and gaudy prints, pictures worked in crewel, candle molds, lanterns and many other ancient commodities. Chester was pale as he swung up to the door; he had been successful once, but would he be successful twice?

"But I have ninety dollars," said he exultantly. "That will buy a uniform and a bedroom suit. I have ninety dollars." He had put the roll of money in the pocket of his shirt, he could feel it near his heart.

The proprietor of the wayside inn came out somewhat unwillingly, and not until Chester had blown his horn three times. He was very large and he clearly found hot weather trying. Listening, he mopped his brow.

"Where is your plate?"

Chester had moved a wrapped plate from a side coat pocket to his breast pocket. He untied the soiled cord.

"There it is."

The man's eyes glittered.

"Give you fifty dollars."

"You'll give ninety. I can get ninety anywhere. I know the value of this plate. All the collectors are looking for it. You can raise the price on James D. Green."

"I'll give you a check."

"You'll give cash. I don't trust banks."

Reaching Wrightsville at 8:30, Chester sat gazing at the broad and placid river. The air was almost intolerable, but Chester was above feeling heat or cold.

"Some day I'll bring Mary and the children to see this great sight," he said. "I got a hundred and eighty dollars in my pocket." There was now a roll of bills warm and pleasant on each side beneath breastplates of glass. He had taken a parcel from each side pocket and thus diminished the bulk on his hips.

In a little town between Columbia and Lancaster he saw another sign. Half in doubt, he slowed down—there were no articles displayed for sale. He rang the bell and once more an old gentleman appeared. His house, Chester saw at a glance, was sparsely furnished.

"I came," said he, "to see about antiques."

"Yes?" The old gentleman showed little interest. "That table is eight hundred dollars, that mirror is one hundred, that ——"

"I sell," said Chester, his color brightening. "I don't buy. I'm a guide on the Battlefield of Gettysburg. Yesterday ——" He took from his pocket a wrapped plate and untied the cord. "I don't know James D. Green and he didn't make the offer to me, but you can surely get more than a hundred dollars. I'll let you have it for ninety."

The old gentleman held the plate up to the light and gazed now from one side, now from the other. James D. Green had been here at the same time that the four women had been here; it was entirely possible that they had heard his offer.

"I'll give you ninety."

In Lancaster the purchaser was a woman. A customer was paying thirty-five dollars for a dusty green bottle and seemed overjoyed to be allowed to have it. Chester listened in amazement, his inexpressive countenance showing no evidence of tumult.

"I'm a guide on the Battlefield of Gettysburg," he explained. "Yesterday four women"—he made his conclusion specific—"said James D. Green had offered you a hundred dollars for a plate, six-sided, with a man and a woman on it making faces at each other."

The lady tapped her lips, her color brightening, her brows drawing together. The four women had gone out before James D. Green came in, but evidently they lingered in the hall to eavesdrop.

"There is no such plate," she said.

Chester took a little parcel from his breast pocket.

"Yes, there is." Here again his "Ha! Ha!" was not inappropriate. "This plate belonged to my wife's grandmother. My children played dolls with it."

The lady took the plate in her hands, her eyes glittering.

"How much will you take for it?"

"Ninety dollars."

"What will you do if I don't take it?"

Chester was struck by genius as if by lightning.

"I'll take it to James D. Green."

"Do you know him?"

"I can find him."

"Have you other antiques at home?"

"No." Chester spoke truly; all his antiques were here.

"Will you have a check or cash?"

"Cash." The lump on his right breast was thicker than on the left, but now the two would be even.

"Young man," said the lady impressively, "this plate will never get to James D. Green. This is a museum piece. As long as I live this plate is mine."

Chester cranked his car with rapture.

"I don't care whose it is." Again his "Ha! Ha!" was apropos. "I have three hundred and sixty dollars."

In the square he saw a sign indicating the way to Ephrata.

"He was there, and it's only fifteen miles, and only half-past nine o'clock. Beat it, Henry!"

A few miles out of Lancaster he stopped. The road was empty, and he took from his purse two safety pins and fastened his shirt pockets. But surely, even though he had left the much-traveled Lincoln Highway, nothing could happen to him on a bright summer day in this peaceful place!

At Ephrata he was directed to a pleasant house near two curious, steep-roofed and very ancient buildings at which he glanced only long enough to be sure that he had come to the right place. For the fifth time he explained that he was a guide on the Battlefield of Gettysburg and that he had taken four women round the field.

"I remember those creatures," said the dealer. "How much do you want for this plate?"

"I must have"—Chester had learned from the pleasant lady the proper phrase—"I must have ninety dollars."

Back on the Lincoln Highway, Chester put on speed. It was now eleven o'clock, and at a wayside stand where no assailant could attack him unseen, he ate a sandwich and drank a cup of coffee. The coffee was strong and the cup huge; unaccustomed to stimulants, he felt keenly exhilarated. He had now four hundred and fifty dollars, and at the Sparrow Hawk he collected another ninety and at the Blue Moon still another.

(Continued on Page 197)

FOR
MOTHERS DAY
MAY 9TH



NORRIS
Variety Box
OF EXQUISITE GIFT CANDIES

Mothers are always remembering other people. But every mother loves to *be* remembered, too. Don't forget your mother on May ninth.

Think of a gift that will please her. Think of something that will carry a compliment with it. Think of something that she will really enjoy.

Fine candy has always been considered a graceful gift for a lovely lady. And the candy of the Norris Variety Box is fine enough to please the loveliest of all ladies—Mother.

In the Variety Box are delicious Almond Truffles, Almond Butter Brittle, Coup de Fraise, Apricot Souffle, and other tempting candies characteristic of NORRIS. And for Mothers' Day there is a special box band with a verse for mothers.

$1.50 for each pound. 1, 2, 3, and 5-pound packages. Sent direct, postage prepaid, if your dealer does not have it.

NORRIS, INCORPORATED · · ATLANTA, GEORGIA

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Here's Floor Varnish That Wears!

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Luxeberry Wood Finish, the original Hard Oil.
Luxeberry Enamel in pure white and rich colors.
Lionel Floor Enamel, for floors, porches and decks.
Berrycraft stains and varnishes in one operation.
Berrystaid, the highest development in motor car finishes.



Good for Millions of Steps

When buying varnish or engaging a painter to finish floors, few men realize that many women walk about 2500 miles a year in doing their housework.

The varnished floors of every home encounter millions upon millions of steps. The wear is not evenly distributed by any means. When varnish of ordinary quality is used, pathways indicate the trend of household traffic in a few weeks or months.

Continual varnishing is not the secret of beautiful floors. The unmarred floors in thousands of America's fine homes have not been varnished in years because of the exceptional durability of Berry Brothers' Liquid Granite Floor Varnish.

Here is varnish that endures millions of steps. It gives you beautiful floors at less cost than unsightly ones. Buy it from a Berry dealer near you.

BERRY BROTHERS INC.

Varnishes Enamels Stains

Detroit, Mich.

London, 367 Strand, W. C.; Paris, 54 Rue de Paris Charenton; Berlin, Potsdamerstrasse 29; Turin, 10 Via Arcivescovado

Walkerville, Ont.

(Continued from Page 194)

"I have six hundred and thirty dollars and two plates," said he. "I've been at all the places where James D. Green made his offer." About to transfer the last two plates to his breast he paused, grinning. "My money makes me look like a pouter pigeon. I must flatten it out." He saw, at the same instant, a large clock and a large sign. The hands of the clock pointed to one, the sign said, Short Cut to Roosevelt Boulevard, Trenton, Newark, New York City. "I'm going home now, and day after tomorrow I'm going to New York."

Turning his car deftly, he saw another sign: Post Office.

"But they will write from York and Lancaster and Ephrata and from the Blue Moon and the Sparrow Hawk!" he cried. "They will write quickly. I'm going to New York now."

III

IT WAS nearly two o'clock when Chester turned into the Roosevelt Boulevard, and after six when at the Forty-second Street Ferry he waited for the outgoing automobiles to pass. He was no longer calm; excited, gloating over what he had accomplished, yet fearful for the strain upon his mind, he talked continually, following each sentence with a laugh.

"I can't meet anything worse than I have met. Ha! Ha!"

There had been one bad moment; having spent all his loose cash, he had had to reach into his breast pocket for money. He drew out a ten-dollar bill, and a ten-dollar bill was a good deal to exhibit. The ticket seller took it without winking an eye, but that was pretense.

He had missed a ferry, but what had seemed to be a disaster proved to be a blessing. The boats ran every few minutes, and he was now first in line. A wharf hand crossed to speak to him.

"Start your engine or you'll hold everybody up."

Climbing out, Chester had a brilliant thought.

"How can I find where James D. Green lives in New York?"

The wharf hand was good-natured; opening the door of a telephone booth, he brought out the directory.

"Fifth Avenue, 15— Been in New York?"

"No."

"Gee! Well, follow the cars till you get to Fifth Avenue and turn to your left and go up about forty blocks."

The exclamation of the wharf hand was alarming.

"I can drive round Culp's Hill with my eyes shut," said Chester. "There won't be any worse curves or hills. As for traffic, I'll bet it won't be worse than Gettysburg. Ha! Ha!"

The last of the cars passed, an officer beckoned, and Chester pressed the throttle. He sat like a king at the prow of the boat.

"My!" said he, as he felt the boat move. "If other people weren't round here, I certainly couldn't stand this."

"Turn off your power!" ordered a voice roughly.

"I will," said Chester. "Ha! Ha!"

He looked ahead at the green water. A little motion of his car and he might have been through the flimsy gate. He laid his hand across his breast—six hundred and thirty dollars. He felt his pockets—two plates, a hundred and eighty dollars more.

"No, two hundred more," said he. "Ha! Ha!"

Never having been farther than York until this morning, he looked at the approaching city with amazement.

"Crank up!" shouted the deck hand.

There were no cars for him to follow, but he drove parallel to the waiting queue and soon found himself in a procession from which he could not have escaped if he would. Eleventh Avenue—Tenth Avenue—Eighth—Sixth—Fifth—what millions of people! Fortunately, the car in front of him swung to the left and he followed as a pup follows a larger dog, not dreaming how easily he achieved a difficult feat.

"That's nothing to Culp's Hill," said he. "Ha! Ha!"

He saw numbers on the stores—five hundred, he could settle down for a stretch of straight driving. What magnificent stores, what an enormous church, what palatial houses! A bus stopped at the corner and a pretty girl stepped briskly down the steep stairway.

"Nothing to riding on the running board round Culp's Hill," scoffed Chester.

It was after seven o'clock and the air had cooled. The traffic grew less congested and Chester drove more slowly. He did not wish to arrive before James D. Green had had his supper. Suddenly he was startled and dismayed—many of the enormous houses had board covers over their windows. Suppose he had come all this way for nothing! He saw at the corner Number 15— and brought his car to a halt. The windows of the house were covered.

Grievously disappointed, he went up the broad stone steps and rang the bell. On the huge knocker there was a grim lion. Chester almost expected him to put out his tongue in derision. He rang again and again, he seemed to himself a pathetic figure, carrying two little plates to New York to sell to this rich man and then not finding him at home. He looked round. If he had had compunctions as to the morality of his coup he had none now.

He had already muttered "Unjailed rich!" with an unmistakable sob, when the door opened and a little old man stood before him.

"Why this clamor at my door?"

"I want to see James D. Green," stammered Chester. Was this the little gnome who came out of the cave in the children's picture book?

"What do you want with him?" The old gentleman stepped outside and shut the door. He looked at Chester and past him at his dilapidated conveyance.

"I'm a guide on the Battlefield of Gettysburg," began Chester for the eighth time. "Yesterday"— or was it last week or last month?—"yesterday four women ——"

"I remember those women."

Chester's mouth opened wide—was this James D. Green?

"I have two six-sided plates." He thrust his hand into his pocket, drew out a parcel and began to untie the string. On Fifth Avenue the parcel and Chester and his errand all seemed very insignificant. But the old man did not seem to consider them insignificant; his eyes followed every motion of Chester's fingers and a little moisture appeared in the corner of his mouth.

"They said you'd give a hundred dollars for one. I thought"—Chester's mind was after all not so stupid—"I thought you might give two hundred for two if you had them both."

"You have no more?"

"No," answered Chester honestly.

The old man took the plate and held it to his heart. "You see that building over there? That's the Metropolitan Museum. I'll buy your plates and I'll give them one and keep one."

Chester was frightened when he was invited in, and relieved when he was taken no farther than the vestibule. The old man put the plate into his pocket, handed over a hundred-dollar bill and asked for the other plate. He was nothing if not cautious. Having examined it, he passed over another hundred.

"And there is ten for your expenses."

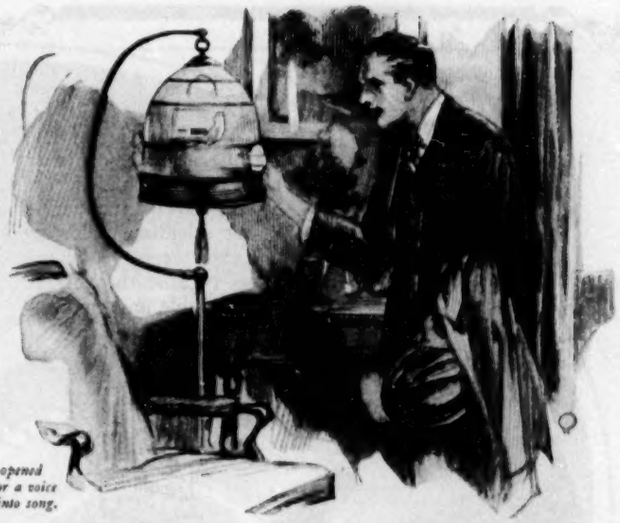
Until this moment Chester had never seen a hundred-dollar bill. Six hundred and thirty plus two hundred and ten was eight hundred and forty.

"Ha! Ha!" said Chester.

"Are you staying in New York?" asked the old man. Without knowing exactly how it happened, Chester found himself on the doorstep.

"No," said he, "I'm leaving."

A guardian angel whispered that it would be well to go round the block rather than to turn in the middle. Without mishap, he found himself sitting in the ferry; first once more, like a king.



As he opened the door a voice broke into song.

"Cheer up! Cheer! Cheer!"

Sang a high sweet voice, as he opened the door of his home that night

HE had gone home tired, discouraged, feeling that all the world was against him. But a little canary had been anxiously listening for his step, and the moment he opened the door a flute-like voice broke into song, saying as plain as words could:

"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer! Cheer!"



He was hopeful and courageous again.

How could he resist the greeting of his little feathered friend, with coat of shining gold and heart throbbing with love?

In a few moments his black mood had passed, and he was hopeful and courageous again, strong enough to face the world.

A song bird can bring you joy and color and music

No pet in your home brings more pleasure, and causes less trouble than a canary. Even his living quarters may add a distinctly decorative color note to your rooms if you will buy one of the new Hendryx bird homes.



Hendryx cages finished in duPont Duco are carried in stock in the following shades: Old Ivory, Etruscan Bronze, Pompeian Green, Naxis Green, Persian Silver, Ebony and Gold. Other shades can be procured on special order.

The health and beauty; even the singing of your bird depends upon the living quarters you provide for it. Be sure to buy a home marked Hendryx, for this name assures you of every requirement for the health and comfort of your bird.



House your bird guest in beauty and comfort.

The new Pyralin and Duco-finished bird homes are decorative

The beauty of even a canary is enhanced when it looks out of a lovely Pyralin or Duco-finished home. The different colors harmonize with any interior.

Bird stores, house furnishing, hardware or department stores, seed stores and florists almost all sell Hendryx bird homes. They are priced from $2.00 to $150.00—stands from $2.50 to $25.00.



In the Bird Store

"I'm so disappointed," the Littlest Bird confided to the Wise Old Bird. "That nice old man was going to take me home for his wife because she loves birds so much. But she would not let him because she said she would always feel that I was a prisoner. And she couldn't bear to see me living in a cage."

"Doesn't she know that we like our homes as much as she does her house? If she bought you a Hendryx home, you would be happier than any wild bird could be," said the Wise Old Bird.



REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"HENDRYX" BIRD CAGES

Since 1869

Write to the Andrew B. Hendryx Co., New Haven, Conn., for a complimentary copy of the interesting booklet, "The Feathered Philosopher," and what he taught about life, cheerfulness, human happiness and love.



The Professional Man

A CERTAIN air of dignity in the professional man inspires the confidence of his clients. He is particular in the selection of his attire. He wears Florsheim Shoes because they create a favorable impression.

Most Styles $10

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE CO.
Manufacturers
CHICAGO



The Easton
Style M-199

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

"Nothing hard about driving in New York," he declared. "There are no hills and no curves."

New Jersey and Pennsylvania were spread before his mind like a map. Though he had traveled little, he had heard a great deal about routes and he saw the road to Philadelphia, to Lancaster, to York. He saw the Sparrow Hawk and the Blue Moon and the pleasant lady at Lancaster and the old gentleman farther on. So excited was his imagination that he saw people making threatening gestures and a rope stretched across the road.

"Hackettstown and Easton for me," he said. "Then Bethlehem, Allentown and Harrisburg."

IV

AT FOUR o'clock in the afternoon Chester opened his eyes. He could not remember where or who he was. Sleep—what a heavenly sensation! He enjoyed it till half-past four, then he opened his eyes again. He was on a lounge in a kitchen and he could see a stove and a table and a chair. He could hear several different sounds; from without came the subdued voices of little children, from within came a subdued sobbing. The sobbing issued from the throat of a stout young woman who sat beside the table, her head on her arms. He could see her cheek stained red by weeping, her tousled hair, neglected in anguish of mind. There was a strange soreness on his breast and in terror he laid his hand upon it. The rolls of money were still there; apparently he had folded his arms and then reclined face downward. He smiled.

"Mary," said he, and was amazed to find that his voice was hoarse, "what are you crying about?"

Mary lifted her head; indignation struggled with grief and won the victory. Mary's tears dried in the flame of her wrath.

"I'm crying about you! Why should I deserve such a husband?"

"What have I done?"

"Done!" Words had been gathering on Mary's tongue. "Done! Yesterday, instead of staying in town and earning some money, you came home and got dressed up and went away in the car. You snatched the children's playthings and took them. You said you were going to sell them. You expected me to believe this wild story. You carried off the money you earned, though you know we have nothing. You didn't even take the children. You have no gas to take the children for a ride, yet you take a whole morning's earnings and go away. When I spoke to you, you laughed."

Chester sat up—Mary had hitherto ignored his nervous habit.

"'Ha! Ha!' you said," said Mary. "'Ha! Ha!'"

"Go on," said Chester, his face pale.

"I will go on. You didn't come for supper; you didn't come by night. What time you came I don't know. I know only this: That you drove up to the front door and hit the post. The post lays on the ground, and the corner of your car is dinged in, and the mud guard is knocked off, and you traveled at least four hundred miles. And here you laid almost all day. I couldn't waken you. Is this a decent way to act?"

Chester listened open-mouthed. The flood of speech filled his consciousness to the exclusion of all else.

"Here you laid all day, on the Fourth of July, the best day of the year, and we have no money—we have no money. If we had money for furniture, I could take lodgers. I could ——"

Involuntarily, Chester uttered a loud "Ha! Ha!" and Mary laid her head upon her arms. He felt again the same spot on his breast. He put his hand into one pocket and drew out the payment for three plates and into the opposite one and drew out the payment for four, and into the inner pocket of his coat and drew out the two hundred-dollar bills. Loosening them one from the other, he dropped them all on the table. They made an impressive pile.

He stepped round and laid his hand on Mary's shoulder.

"Let me be!" cried Mary, as though her heart were broken. "Let me be!"

"Look up," said Chester. He stood very straight; in spite of his pale skin and his unshaven cheeks, there was a new manliness about him. It seemed to him that he had done a wonderful thing and he was right; his journey had already become history, like the career of Ponzi or the descent of Attila the Hun. He pressed his hand to his lips, he would never again, he determined, utter that silly laugh. But he could not restrain himself, he laughed a queer repeated "Ha! Ha!" which sounded like the crow of a rooster.

"Look up, Mary," he said. "Here are your grandmother's plates."



Let These Famous Sluggers Improve Your Batting!

Learn from the experience of the greatest sluggers in baseball. Use the Louisville Slugger Bat. It will put more driving power behind your hits and increase your confidence. Used by 90% of all professionals. Autograph models, used by these twelve leading hitters, and many other models, at your dealer's.

THIS BOOK SENT free

Know the genuine Louisville Slugger Bat by the facsimile signature of the player burned in the barrel end, and by the Louisville Slugger oval trademark.

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Written especially for amateurs. Easy to understand and follow. Write today. HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO., Incorporated, Dept. P, Louisville, Ky.

LOUISVILLE SLUGGER BATS

LOUISVILLE SLUGGER HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO. LOUISVILLE, KY.

A lot of men have formed the habit of looking for the name of KNOX* before they buy a hat. And until someone comes along who makes a better hat than Knox, it's going to be a very difficult habit for them to overcome!

KNOX NEW YORK

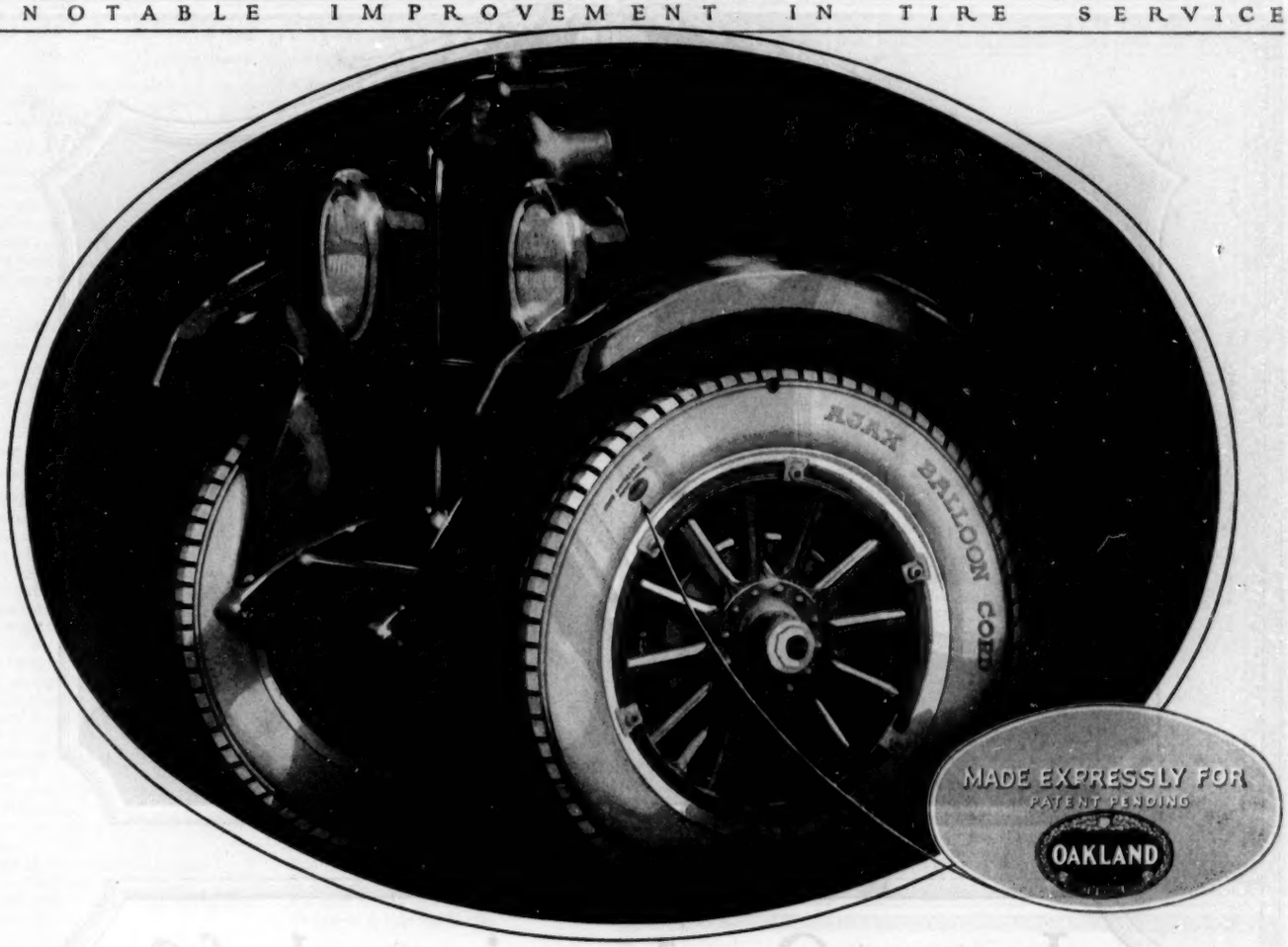
*The spring Knox "Fifth Avenue" model with a crown dented on the sides and a shallow rolled brim that can be worn snapped up or down is being shown in some interesting and becoming colors. Priced sensibly at eight dollars.



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A Deep-Woods Stream in Maine

A NOTABLE IMPROVEMENT IN TIRE SERVICE



Made Expressly for Oakland
Means Just This

"Winning and Holding Good Will" has come to mean more than an advertising slogan for the builders of Oakland Cars.

It is today admitted by the entire motor world to be a conservative statement of facts regarding Oakland Cars.

As builders of original tire equipment for Oakland Cars, the AJAX Rubber Company keenly appreciates the honor of playing a part in creating the universal good will Oakland enjoys today.

When purchasing an Oakland Motor Car equipped with AJAX Balloon Tires please note on the sidewalls of each tire the inscription "Made Expressly for Oakland." This is its meaning—

All facts which determine tire wear, such as size and weight of car—wheel base—size of wheels—brakes—have been carefully studied by the technical staffs of both the Oakland and AJAX Companies. And the AJAX Balloon Tires on your car are of the exact type and size to meet the particular conditions and serve you longest and best.

AJAX Balloon Tires Made Expressly for Oakland Motor Cars, may be obtained from any AJAX Franchise Dealer or from any Oakland Dealer in the United States

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INCORPORATED
Executive Offices: New York City: *Branches in All Principal Cities*

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AJAX BALLOONS



Instant-On—1 cap instead of 2

doubly convenient—twice as effective

TODAY, over 11,000,000 tires have just one cap—an Instant-On—instead of the old-fashioned separate valve cap and dust cap.

The Instant-On—combined dust-and-valve-cap—is the greatest tire convenience you ever saw. Just catch it on the valve stem with a turn or two—then push—a few more turns and it's on. Reverse the operation and it's off. Pliers are never necessary. The Instant-On can't possibly freeze or rust to the rim nut.

And besides being so convenient, the Instant-On prevents valve leaks. Its patented construction actually seals the tip of the valve stem and prevents the loss of air that's so destructive to tire mileage.

Such advantages have made Instant-On standard equipment on 31 leading makes of cars. If your car is not equipped, get Instant-Ons from any good dealer—five in a box, $1.00. If your dealer can't supply you, we will send a set postage free on receipt of price.

THE DILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY · *Cleveland, Ohio*

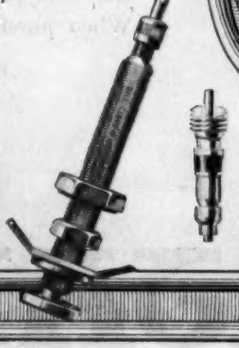
Manufactured in Canada by The Dill Mfg. Co., Canada, Ltd., Toronto

Dill valve parts are the product of a sincere desire to build the finest valve equipment that skill and careful workmanship can produce.



DILL

Standard Tire Valves and Valve Parts



SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 36)

Eating at tea rooms, ten or more—
Try to park in the public square—
But I will not stop at an antique store!

Traffic cops I will see afar,
And lay them out with a nasty glare.
Shock absorbers will smooth the jar
Of worn macadam you cannot bear.
Our engine will never need repair;
You can take me to mountains, sea or shore,
I can be joyful and happy there;
But I will not stop at an antique store!

L'ENVOI

Prints of Currier beyond compare
In dozens may hang at the cobwebbed door,
There may be clocks, or a comb-backed chair,
But I will not stop at an antique store!
—*Kenneth Underwood.*

Poetic Five-Finger Exercises

1—Unorthodox Smock Frocks

WILHELMINA MEANY has a
funny sort of smock frock
Which the other ladies living up and down
the block knock,
Calling it unsightly and a loud and garish
hodgepodge
In which all atrocities that you and I would
dodge lodge.
So I sought the studio where she among her
works lurks;
She was sitting in her smock and reading
Edmund Burke's works.
Wondering I gazed upon that paragon of
smock frocks,
Which was advantageously exhibiting her
sock clocks.
"Please," I said, "Miss Meany, though my
query may appear queer,
Did the inspiration come exclusively from
near-beer?
For the madhouse colors and designs
assembled pell-mell
Look a little boozy—sniff!—they surely have
a swell smell!"
"What care I," she answered, "if the
populace my smock mock!
Though it shocks the orthodox, I'll never
hock a smock frock!"

2—The Infelicity of Richard Tuttle

Mary Tuttle cares for knickknacks,
And it gives her dreadful shocks
That her coarse-grained husband, Dick, lacks
Taste, and all her knickknacks knocks.

He objects to foolish gewgaws,
Snorting when she proudly shows
Bits of tin and glass and blue gauze—
All his gold for gewgaws goes!

But he has to let her prattle,
And he dares make no rebuttal;
He would be, if he should tattle,
Titled "Tittle-tattle Tuttle!"
—*Morris Bishop.*

Chained!

I'M SORRY for poor William Jones;
I'm sorry, too, for Mrs. Jones.
They work themselves to skin and bones
Six days a week and Sundays too,
Week after week, the whole year through.

Vacations come, vacations go,
But no vacations do they know;
They'd love to take their car and roam,
But they're obliged to stay at home.
The heat is fierce, but they must bear it—
They can't go off and leave the parrot.

And there's poor Brown, across the
street,
He suffers anguish from the heat.
For years that man has longed to go
And spend a restful week or so
In some cool place beside the sea,
But such a thing can never be;
He yearns to take his family



DRAWN BY PAUL REILLY

The Way of the Transgresser is Hard—to Beat



Heralds of Law and Order

SMITH & WESSON

REVOLVERS

IN the van of the westward moving frontier, fifty and sixty years ago, came bronzed, clear-eyed men—pioneers building a greater nation.

And with them went Smith & Wesson Arms—symbols of the coming of law and protection for life and property—stabilizers of new communities, cementers of prosperity, builders of homes.

For nearly three-quarters of a century where Smith & Wesson arms have gone established law and order have come.

To-day, as always, Smith & Wesson arms, in communities and homes all over the country, are maintaining man's "inalienable rights" to peace and the preservation of property.

Improve your ability to protect what is your own. Practice marksmanship in your cellar. We tell you how to make a gallery. Write Dept. 23.

PROTECT YOUR HOME—LEARN TO SHOOT

SMITH & WESSON, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
Manufacturers of Superior Revolvers

Western Representatives
Andrew Carrigan Company, Rialto Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Seattle, Wash.

Why buy your ATWATER KENT RADIO in a Pooley Cabinet? Let Mr. Kent tell you—

"The Pooley Radio Cabinet is approved for Atwater Kent Radio because of the design and quality of Pooley cabinet work and because of the tone qualities of the Pooley built-in floating horn. Both meet the standards we set and maintain for Atwater Kent Receivers and Speakers."

(Signed) A. ATWATER KENT

THE built-in Pooley [patented] floating horn, with its pure and mellow tone, is made expressly for use with Atwater Kent Receivers, and in combination with the Atwater Kent reproducing unit ***the Pooley horn produces a volume, clarity and truth of tone surpassing anything radio science has yet developed.***

Hear this wonderful horn—see these beautiful cabinets before you select your radio.

POOLEY
RADIO CABINETS
with
ATWATER KENT
RADIO



The POOLEY COMPANY, 1640 Indiana Avenue, Philadelphia, U. S. A.



Just **MOLLÉ** *and Your Favorite Razor*

A QUICK application (with the finger tips) of cool, soothing Mollé over the beard:

—a few sweeping strokes of the favorite razor and the shave is finished:

—a clean, smooth, speedy shave that leaves such a delightful after feel of face comfort that lotions, balms or talcums are never needed.

Get a tube of Mollé today at the nearest druggist's, use according to the simple directions, and enjoy the luxury of this easier, better way to shave.

Giant Tube at Druggists' 50c

Pryde-Wynn Company, New Brighton, Pa.

P. S.—A sample tube will be sent you free for your name and address.



Action!

Whatever he wears, from the ground up, has to play the game, *man-fashion.* ¶ That's why you see so many Florsheim Brogues on every university campus. ¶ This one, for instance, is *The Frat.*

Most Styles $10

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE CO.
Manufacturers
CHICAGO

The Collegian



The FLORSHEIM SHOE

And flirter where it's cool and airy,
But they can't leave his wife's canary.

Ed Robinson's another nut;
Ed built a dandy little hut,
When he was single, up somewhere
Round Saranac; and he went there
On his vacations every year;
But since he married, so I hear,
He hasn't dared to go away,
Not even for a single day.
"Why, say," Ed says, "if I was gone,
Who'd run the sprinkler on the lawn?"

And so it is, all up the street;
They'll stay at home through all the heat
And patient swelter, sweat and smother
For one fool reason or another,
Chained to their homes by silly things
That like a spider bind their wings.
Here comes Bob Smith.
"Why, hello, Bob! What's that you say?
Go flirtering with you today?

"Now, Smith, I'd certainly like that;
This heat's enough to fry your fat;
Yes, sir, I'd go—
I'm game, you know—
But I must stick around the flat
And order liver for the cat."

—Lowell Otus Reese.

The Wrist Watch Takes a Dip

WHEN I gave Mildred a wrist watch for her birthday, her gratitude was touching. She said she would always cherish it and keep it by her, and I know she meant it. That night she took a bath with it on.

It cost $10.50 to have the watch drained and started running again. But as Mildred remarked, she was hardly used to it and accidents will happen.

Two weeks passed before the wrist watch took another tub. Mildred was properly contrite about it, and explained that she had become so used to the darling little thing that she had forgotten she had it on.

This time it took longer to fix the watch and it cost more. I had a little shelf for it built next to the bathtub, but somehow it submerged again on Mildred's wrist. Repairs, $31.75. I asked Mildred if she could not get into the habit of wondering what time it was just before she tubbed, but she said she never wondered until afterward and then her watch had stopped and she couldn't find out.

Fifty-two bucks was the damage for the wrist watch's stay in dry dock this time, and I uttered a solemn warning. Mildred was a trifle put out and demanded to know if I expected her to stop taking baths.

I have just heard a splash from the direction of the bathroom, a slight scream and a few fairly ladylike swear words. I know full well what has once more occurred.

So I am on my way downtown to buy Mildred a new wrist watch. The new one must have a Swiss-navy movement.

—Fairfax Downey.

Pronominal Lament

PITY the little
Relative pronoun,
Lonely and cast-down
Unloved pronoun.

Unlike his brothers,
No one to kiss him,
None to assist him
Or even to miss him.

Demonstratives have,
One can see at a glance,
A real splendid chance
In the world of finance.

Interrogatives may,
With a clever request,
Win an heiress,
And thus meet success.

Indefinites might
Get away with the goods,
As indefinites would
Whenever they could.

But alack and alas,
A poor relative never!
For what relative ever
Proved to be clever?

So pity the little
Relative pronoun,
Lonely and cast-down
Neglected pronoun.

—Philip Freund.

TESSIE MEETS THE HEIR

(Continued from Page 48)

who had twinkly eyes and lived somewhere west of Broadway. Oh, well! I expect some of us are born to call head waiters by their first names, and others to pass the gravy. We have our little comebacks though. Now and then we stick a thumb in the consommé, or brush the crumbs in their laps. And an hour later, as I blew two-fifty into a hot mud facial at M'selle Ryan's, I tested my thumb.

Also I let Mr. Phil Norton sit in the taxi twenty minutes while Aunt Maggie steams the shop wrinkles out of the bargain dinner frock that Altburger's Paris buyer had put me wise to only last week. And, passing over the remarks of Aunt Maggie, who's easy shocked, I must admit that, what there is of it, the new rag is a wow. I'd forgotten, too, that Mr. Phil had never seen me in anything but my black work costume. Not that he does anything so common as gawp, as he stands there with one hand on the taxi door, but his eyebrows lift some.

"Oh, I say, Miss Tessie!" says he. "I—I'd no idea, you know."

"Hadn't you?" says I. "You're usually full of 'em. What's wrong with the picture?"

"Wrong, my dear young lady!" says he. "But you—you're absolutely devastating."

"We're giving the block a treat anyway," says I. "Can't we get going?"

He begs pardon hasty and helps me in, but we'd got nearly to Fifth Avenue before he's himself again. He comes out of the spell with a chuckle.

"I was thinking about Schuyler," he explains. "Just before I left he called me on the phone and tried to make me let him off. He'd decided that he must go right back to the Springs and have it out with mother about Natalie. Couldn't stand another day away from his mermaid, and all that rot. I had to promise him he could go tomorrow."

"If he's got it that bad," says I, "we might as well call it a win for Miss Gruhley, hadn't we? I'd hate to have him glaring at me all the evening as if I was some kind of a blight."

"One glare from him," says Mr. Phil, "and we go to the mat over it. But he can't be quite such a moron."

"What's he like, this Schuyler boy?" I asks.

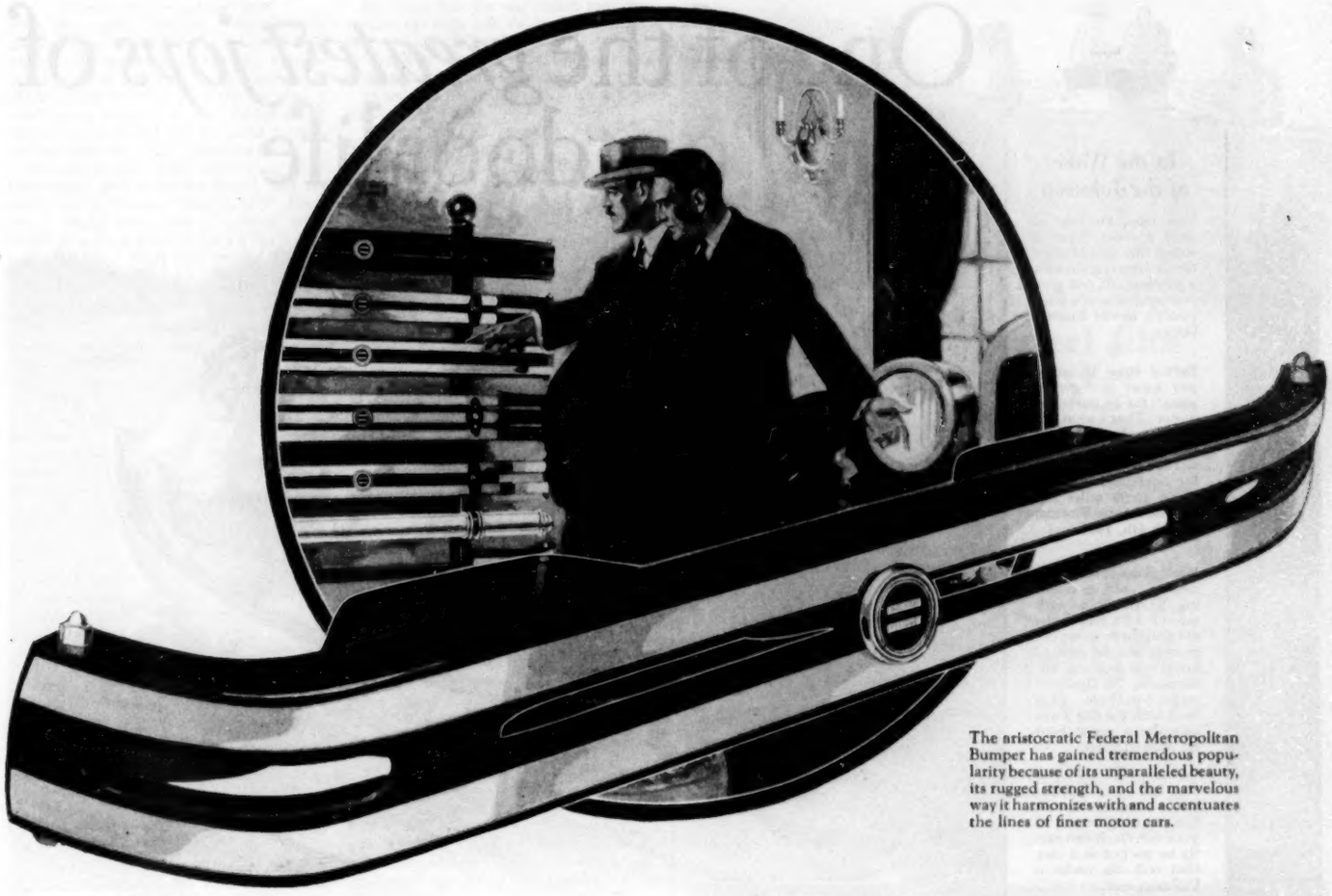
"Oh, he's all right when he's normal," says he. "Been petted and fussed over by mother a lot, of course, but he's stood it fairly well. I'm rather fond of him in the intervals when he's not obsessed by one of his silly love affairs. Then he's a nuisance."

"Why doesn't mother pick out the right girl and get him safely married?" I suggests.

Mr. Phil shakes his head. "Possibly if she could find an angel straight from heaven she would," says he. "Here we are at the club though. Just a moment while I call him out."

And when he appears I almost get a jolt. It's the handsome young stranger with the

(Continued on Page 205)



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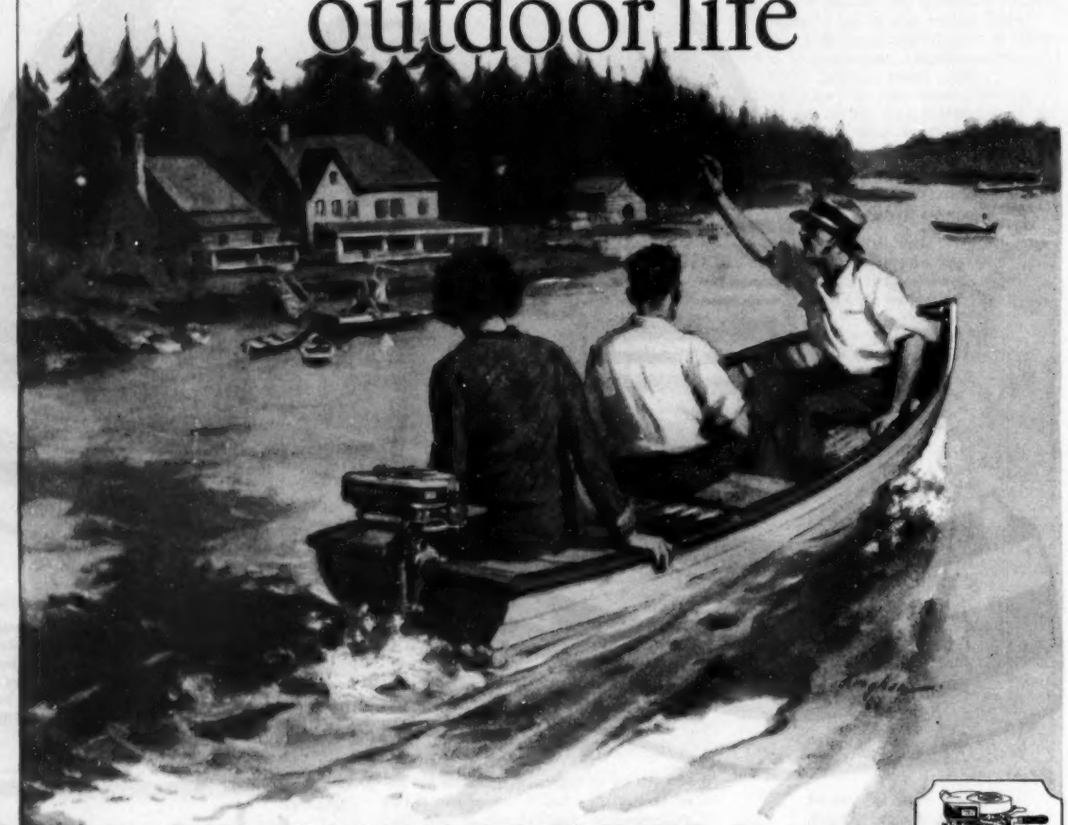
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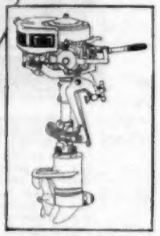
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(Continued from Page 202)

sober gray eyes. Perhaps I should have guessed he'd be the one who'd been asking for Mr. Phil so anxious. Anyway, here he is being towed reluctant to the taxi, and if Mame could see him in a dinner coat I don't know what she'd say. As for me, I waits, curious to see how he takes it when he finds who Mr. Phil's friend really is.

But say, he only bows polite when we're introduced, glances at me casual, and remarks unconvincing, "How jolly!" Honest, I might have been a dummy dress model in a show window for all the notice he took. And I don't mind saying it was a blow. Usually they take a second look, at least. But Schuyler, having gone through the motions, gazes bored out of the window. I counters with my best Park Avenue manner, calm and haughty, and does the clam act too. Which leaves Mr. Phil to carry on the sprightly chatter all by himself, filling in the gaps with a sly kick on Schuyler's shin and a murderous look now and then.

Even when we get up under the glass roof among the potted palms, and Schuyler's planted just across a little table from me, he sticks to the third-party rôle and stares aimless around the place, anywhere but at me.

By that time Mr. Phil is gritting his teeth and looking savage. About then the orchestra breaks into that "Hey! Hey!" thing and couples begin swarming onto the dancing surface.

"Awfully sorry, Miss Tessie," says Mr. Phil, "but I suppose I must order dinner. Besides, Schuyler's simply crazy for a dance with you. Eh, Schuyler?"

It was the assault on the shin though that brought him out of it.

"Wha-what?" says he, squirming. "Oh, absolutely! May I have the pleasure, Miss—er—ah ——"

"Tessie is the rest of it," says I. "Don't strain your mind though. I'll prompt you when you forget."

"Ah, yes! Thank you so much," says he, still kind of vague about where he is, but remembering to throw in polite remarks here and there whether they fitted or not. He might just as well have used a rubber stamp.

He starts fox-trotting the same way, like an automatic toy that's been half wound up. But he doesn't stay that way long. No. I'm not exactly clubfooted myself, and when I do the clinging-vine act and swing into the rhythm of a dance I'm apt to cut loose. I did then. Before we'd been around once he was taking notice. By the end of the number he'd come out of his coma and was stepping his best. As a pair we weren't so poor at it either. It was Schuyler, too, who starts clapping for an encore.

"I say, but you can dance though!" says he.

"There, there!" says I. "Be yourself and never mind the kind words. You're just filling in for Mr. Norton, you know."

That got him staring at me. "See here," says he, "haven't we met somewhere before?"

"That always was a good opening line," says I. "Go on. Which movie star is it I remind you of?"

He's not a ready josher though. The gray eyes stay sober and steady. "I really mean it, you know," says he. "Stupid of me not to remember, but I'm quite certain we—— Why, to be sure! At the Gloriana! You're the girl who wouldn't tell me about Phil."

"And who didn't tell him about you," I adds.

"Glad you didn't," says he. "I'd promised not to be a nuisance. But how—why—— What's the idea? Your being at the news stand, I mean?"

"Maybe that's my job," says I.

He's staring at me harder than ever.

"Oh, now you're making game of me," says he. "Why, you're altogether too—too——"

"Do we go on dancing?" I suggests. "We'll be getting bumped if we don't."

He drops into the side clinch again and catches the step, but his one-track mind is still working on the mystery.

"Besides," says he, "Phil told me he was entertaining a friend for dinner."

"Couldn't he be friendly with a newsstand girl?" I asks.

"It isn't like Phil," says he. "Oh, come! It was a trick, wasn't it?"

"Why don't you ask Mr. Phil?" says I.

"But I can't do that, you know," he protests. "Anyway, if you really do belong there, I can't blame him a bit. You're such a ——"

"I know," says I. "You told me before. I look almost intelligent."

"Please, Miss Tessie!" says he. "I'm sure I wasn't that crude. I'll admit I was somewhat upset at the time."

"Anything serious?" I asks.

He almost gets out of step and we near crashed into a fat party with a wilted collar who was being exercised by a flapper. "Sorry!" says Schuyler. "Serious? Well, I thought so. I suppose I still do, but somehow I ——"

"Then that's over," says I as the music stops. "Now you can be serious again."

"I'd rather not," says he. "Let's dance the next one instead."

"But the soup is being served," says I. "Looks like purée mongol, and I ——"

"Oh, hang the purée!" says Schuyler. "I want another fox trot with you."

"Oh, do you?" says I. "And I'm ready for soup. Besides, Mr. Phil may have something to say about who has the next dance."

He did, after Schuyler had put in his claim and I'd given Mr. Phil the block signal. "Worm!" says he. "Who do you think you are? We nourish ourselves first, and then I have the next with Miss Tessie."

"You're the host," growls Schuyler. "You ought to be polite."

"Shut up, you young cub," says Mr. Phil. "You may have the privilege of watching us. Or there's Sallie Edmunds over there with her mother. Go ask her."

"Bah!" says Schuyler, snapping a bread stick vicious.

But he had to sit there guarding the fillet of sole while Mr. Phil and I mingled with the trotters. It wasn't so poisonous either, having him for a partner, and he gets almost as enthusiastic as Schuyler did. Knows how to hold you, too, for close-harmony stepping.

"You're a wonderful girl, Tessie," he whispers in my ear.

"At throwing the switch for young Romeos like Schuyler?" says I. "But that's simple."

"In other ways," says he.

"Oh, yes," says I. "At the stand. Mame says a customer stops for a morning paper and before he can get away I've wished two thirty-five-cent magazines on him and maybe a box of de luxe mixture. But Schuyler likes my dancing."

"Oh, hang Schuyler!" says Mr. Phil. "He's a pest, that youth. I shall send him back to the club as soon as he finishes his dinner."

"But I haven't had half a chance to make him forget Miss Gruhley," I protests. "That's the idea of the party, isn't it?"

"It was," he admits. "But there's no sense in overdoing the thing. Who do you suppose he's thinking about now? Look at him!"

"Yes, he does seem to be glaring at your back," says I. "He's rather a nice boy, at that. And to make the cure complete I think I ought to twinkle for him once or twice. You see, I want to win that bet."

"I suppose you do," grumbles Mr. Phil.

So Schuyler and I had the third. He told me I was wonderful too. "I'd like to know about you and old Phil though," he adds.

"Old Phil?" says I.

"He's thirty-five," says Schuyler, "and he's had a lot of affairs."

"How interesting!" says I. "He does look mysterious and dangerous."

"Huh!" says Schuyler. "Because he's always buzzing around with some grass widow or flapper! I call it plain sappy."



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"You hate having affairs, don't you?" says I.

"His sort, yes," says Schuyler. "And I'd hate to think you were mixed up with Phil Norton."

"Why?" I asks.

"Because I—I like you a lot, Miss Tessie," says he.

"Kind of sudden, isn't it?" says I. "And what about Natalie, the swimming champ?"

"Eh?" says he, stopping in the middle of the floor.

"Get in step, please," says I. "They'll think we're having a spat."

"Old Phil must have told you about her," says he, starting on again. "I don't know how I got into that. Yes, I do too. It was because mother warned me to stay away from her. Honest, I hadn't noticed the girl until mother told me I mustn't. Then of course I did. She's always doing that, mother is—telling me to stay away from this girl or that."

"And you're always falling for 'em, are you?" I asks.

"Well, that makes it more fun to play around with 'em," says he. "But why should Phil tell you all that stuff?"

"Why shouldn't he?" says I.

"Oh!" says he, as if I'd slapped him, or something. "It's that way, is it? All right. But I want to say this, Tessie: From now on he's going to have a lot of opposition. I don't know quite who you are, and I don't care, but you and I are ——" He ends with a groan, and then adds: "Good heavens! Mother!"

"Really!" says I. "Where?"

"With Phil," says he. "Natalie must have come home and mother dashed up here in another panic. Probably called up Phil's man and located us. Now I am in for it."

"How?" says I.

"You'll soon know," says he. "What she'll say when she sees you I'd rather not imagine. Look! She's putting old Phil through the third degree now. I say, Tessie; I can't allow it. Let's go to another table."

"Let's not," says I. "I hate running away from things. Besides, I have an idea I'd like to meet your mother. She doesn't look very fierce; rather a dear, I should say."

"Oh, she is a dear—at times," says he. "But not in this mood. However, you may be right. We might as well get it over with. Come."

One of these faded beauties, Mrs. T. Lanning Burke is; an ash blonde that has come to the henna-wash stage and chin-reducing treatments. She still has the soft pansy eyes and pouting lips, even if her bust measure isn't what it once was. And she sits waiting for us with her fingers gripping a pink ostrich-feather fan.

Yet she holds up a well-bloomed cheek for Schuyler to kiss and waits for him to exclaim, "Why, mother! How perfectly bully!"

"You dear, dear boy!" says she, patting his shoulder. "And now ——" With which she turns to me.

"Oh, yes!" says Schuyler. "Mother, this is—er—Miss Tessie."

"Miss Tessie!" says she, lifting her touched-up eyebrows.

"A friend of Phil's," explains Schuyler.

"So Philip has told me," says she, "but nothing more."

"Shouldn't that be enough, mother?" asks Schuyler.

"But I don't remember having seen or heard of a Miss Tessie before," says she. "I find you dancing and dining with her. Is—is there something mysterious about this—this young person?"

"Mother!" protests Schuyler.

"I'm sorry," she goes on, "but it is quite natural for a mother to wish to know something about a ——"

"Why not ask me?" I puts in.

That nearly has her gasping, but she recovers, straightens up and gives me as chilly a stare as the pansy eyes can work up. "If I must, then," says she. "Just who are you, Miss Tessie?"

"Me?" says I. "Why, there's no mystery about me. I run the news and candy stand at the Gloriana."

"Oh!" says she. "Oh!" And crack went two ivory spreaders of the ostrich fan.

"Quite so," says Mr. Phil, grinning confidential at me.

She has ironed the pout from her lips, her renovated chin is firm, and the pansy eyes are only slits—Mrs. Burke's face set for battle, I take it. And she looks me over like I was something the butler had brought in by mistake.

"A news-stand girl!" says she. Then she turns to Mr. Phil. "Oh, Philip, how could you? With my Schuyler too!"

He takes it cool, with a hunch of his shoulders. "Suppose we don't go into the matter of my choice of friends," he suggests.

"When I find them in my son's arms, I must," says she.

"Now, mother!" protests Schuyler.

"But I saw with my own eyes," says she. "The way you looked at her, the looks she gave you. Philip's friend, indeed! And I insist on knowing why this young person should ——"

"I don't blame you a bit, Mrs. Burke," I breaks in. "I was vamping him, if you must know, and I was getting away with it. Easy too. But, if it'll soothe your mind any, the whole act was framed."

"Framed?" says she, staring vague.

"I was doing it as a job," says I. "I expect to be paid for it, if that makes it any clearer. And the big idea was to get Schuyler's mind off the delicatessen queen, Miss Gruhley. That's all there was to it. Honest."

Which gets Schuyler starey-eyed. "Tessie!" he gasps. "You—you don't mean that. You can't."

"Ask Mr. Phil," says I.

I didn't know whether that would please him or not, but by the smile he gives me I guess it does. He nods. "When you have known Miss Tessie as long as I have," says he, "you will understand that any statement of hers may be relied on. The plot of the piece, such as it is, is mine. Schuyler seemed to be on the verge of doing something rather more foolish than usual, and I asked Miss Tessie to help me—er—yank him back from the verge. I believe she has."

"That being the case," says I, "suppose we call it a day."

I was gathering up my wrap and vanity case for a quick exit, when the next thing I know I'm being hugged by Mrs. Burke. "You dear, dear child," says she. "So sorry I misunderstood. Thank you so much."

And as Mr. Phil trails out to put me in a taxi I glances back to see Schuyler biting his under lip while mother patted him on the arm.

"You win, Tessie," whispers Mr. Phil. "And you are a wonderful girl."

"Ye-e-es?" says I, giving him the twinkle I'd been saving up. "That makes it almost unanimous then; between you and Schuyler, I mean."

"From now on," says he, "you have my permission to forget Schuyler, wholly and completely."

That was my original plan too. But somehow I doubt if it's going to work out. He is a nice boy, you know. I may not see him again, but I may remember those sober gray eyes and the tricky smile. Of course, while Mr. Phil is around, I may not. It wasn't such a slow dinner party anyway.

And next morning the first thing Mame asks as she comes in is, "Well, what happened, Tess?"

"Why," says I, "I had a perfectly swell dinner, and I met the heir."

"Did you twinkle for him?" says Mame.

"I didn't have to," says I. "But I wasted one on somebody else."

"Huh!" says Mame. "I bet it wasn't wasted, at that."

She's wrong, of course, but I almost wish she was right. If she was though, and Schuyler boy should —— Say, where am I getting to? I expect my best play is to remember that I'm hard-boiled.



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Any woman when she goes to an A B C Dealer can have any type of washing machine she wants to buy. She can take her choice of washing machines from $99 up to $180 and she can know that they are all good. Any A B C Dealer will either show them to her in his stock or in his catalog. She can know that all these machines are made up to the A B C Standard which is recognized everywhere as the highest standard of washing machine workmanship in the world.

And, finally, she will know that any one of these machines will run and keep on running year after year without any worrying on her part, cleansing thoroughly all of the household washing from the lightest to the heaviest pieces.

And no one knows better than the woman herself how much this means.

Perhaps this is why Altorfer Brothers Company (A B C) have become the real leaders in American Washing Machines. Perhaps this is also why on February 20th we were able to release the announcement that new dealers had switched over to the famous A B C Line to the extent of three million dollars for the first fifteen days of February; and why we are now able to add to that announcement another million dollars worth of business in more new dealers as of date of this writing.

* * * *

There is a world of difference between a business that makes some washing machine "specialty" to sell when, where and as it can and a business that maintains the standard of a great National Institution ready at all times to supply the washing machine demands of the women of an entire continent.

THE MAYOR OF FLAMINGO

(Continued from Page 31)

A suggestion of surprise moved in the face.

"Pardon, sir? Do anything? The captain has sent to Key West. Mr. Newnham is not disturbed. Mr. Newnham is never disturbed. Will you join him, sir?"

"Presently, presently." Mr. Pinsher had something on his mind. "Er—steward, you couldn't get me a glass of milk, and perhaps a cracker, could you?"

Renewed, Mr. Pinsher walked aft. The white untidy petals of his host's hair rose against the last lights of the sunset. Mr. Newnham was drinking Mr. Pinsher's highball. Mr. Pinsher cleared his throat.

"It seems to me," he said firmly, "that there would be something we could be doing about this, instead of lolling about here."

His host's right eye swiveled toward him around the rim of the glass. The ice in the bottom slipped downward. Mr. Newnham looked at Mr. Pinsher with both eyes.

"Who the devil are you?" he said.

Mr. Pinsher looked all about the horizon. There was no suggestion anywhere of a telephone or a police alarm or even a Subway station that would lead back to a desirable residential section, easily adjacent to Central Park. He looked his host firmly in the eye.

"You're drunk," he said. "How could you expect to remember?"

Mr. Newnham frowned prodigiously for a moment, and then smiled.

"Quite right, m'dear fella, quite right. Don't mind admitting it. Glory in it. Nothing better to do. Matter of fac', man to man, why isn't a reef in the Florida Keys jus's good a place to get drunk on's any, matter of fac'?"

"So these are the Florida Keys, are they?" Mr. Pinsher looked around him with his buccaneer heart thumping. "Then this must be the Spanish Main, eh? Well, well! Well, well, well!"

"Don't go on that way," Mr. Newnham said peevishly, ringing the steward's bell, "well-welling all over the place. Why can't you be stuck on a reef like—like a gentleman? Time for 'nother drink. When I wrote you to come with me, di'n't I d'stinkly state you weren't to go pacing up 'n' down all the time like that? You're excellent logician, Montgomery, but you mustn't pace. Makes me nervous. Steward, I been waiting a whole hour for just one li'l' highball."

"Mr. Newnham," Mr. Pinsher began resolutely, "it is time you knew that I am not the man you think. My name is not Montgomery. It is Pinsher—Leroy Pinsher. I have to tell you that ——"

"There you go again, arguing and pacing. Have a drink. Only thing to do—stuck on a key. Key to the situation, Dusenberry, I 'sure you. Ha-ha!"

"I don't care for any, thank you," Mr. Pinsher said stiffly. "Somebody on this ship has to have a clear head."

Mr. Newnham's eye caught his over his glass.

"Oh, you go 'way!" he said, and drank.

Mr. Pinsher retired forward to pace out unobserved his growing excitement. Overhead, in the immense dark dome of the sky, pale green and faintly gilt stars were lighting up softly, and from the edge of the sea a whole glittering flight of them started as he watched. Aft, the deck lights were turned on to make a yellow splendor of Mr. Newnham's drinking. Dinner was served there later, of which Mr. Pinsher ate largely.

During dinner the tide rose, chuckling about the sides of the yacht. But she did not rise with it, and presently the captain came aft to report a leak in some technical part of her anatomy, through which the water was pouring. The crew was moving what they could to the deck. There was no danger at all, he said. Only there would be more delay in getting her afloat.

"'Sall right, captain," Mr. Newnham said graciously. "What more pleasant? We're goin' to sit here, m' friend Mr. Pottle and m'self, and solve the riddle of the universe. Jus' the night for it. Meet m' friend Mr. Pottle. Differs from me in a lifetime of the clos'st int'macy only in —— Oh, I say, how's the piano?"

The steward reported that the piano was two feet deep in water, and Mr. Newnham promptly splashed below, with his clothes on, to play it. Mr. Pinsher looked on with a growing distaste in his eyes. The man was positively disorderly. What a way to spend one's first night on the Spanish Main!

"Listen here, steward," he said, as that one passed, "what land was that off there? I saw it at sunset."

"That would be Cape Sable, I dare say. Last bit of Florida, sir."

Mr. Pinsher looked longingly through the dark.

"Is there a town there?"

"Not rightly a town, sir. A few houses—very primitive. Before the railroad was put through to Key West they thought it might make a city. Flamingo, they call it. But the railroad went by way of Long Key and changed all that."

"Steward," Mr. Pinsher said suddenly, in a voice that to him sounded deep and dangerous, "I'd like to go ashore."

"Ashore, sir?" the steward's glance was attentive, not incredulous.

Mr. Pinsher thought swiftly what remarkable training he must have had to have reached that calm.

"Yes, I—I'd like to get ashore. Stop there a while perhaps. Study the—ah—the simple ways of a primitive people. Restful, you know."

"You'd like to leave directly, sir? I'm afraid there's only the dinghy. The launch has gone to Key West."

Seated in the stern of the small rowboat, clutching his brief case and the wallet that contained what money he had on earth, with a yacht a jeweled pattern on the dark behind him, from which Mr. Newnham's music followed with something absurdly free and exultant in it, Mr. Pinsher tingled with a feeling of high destiny. Before him the soft plunge and drip of the oars went steadily. He was really standing, six feet tall, in the bow, head bared, eyes piercingly directed forward, grasping, in place of a brief case, a great shadowy banner to be flung out, imperially silken, in sunlight, over a new world.

In sunlight, Mr. Pinsher raised himself on one elbow, instantly awake, blinking in the white radiance. The gray shell of house where he lay seemed fairly burst into, windows, doors and cracks, by the furious assault of that sun. The light was like a great assured reality in which Mr. Pinsher breathed deeply, listening to the flowing silence of the wind. When he got up from the folded blanket on the floor to stand upon the threshold with delight, it was as if the yacht, his last night's landing, everything that went before that, had been swept away.

Before him, as he gazed, ran the sea, lime green and swift, struck with glancing lights where the wind ran landward, ruffling the clumps of trees on the beach. Overhead the sky was one immense, inviolate pearl. There a bird slimmer than an eagle hung and poised and looped in the fresh silver of the wind. East and west, the thin white line of beach curved between the sea and the green and painted country. The land stretched vastly to the sun, brooding in an enchanted silence.

Still staring, Mr. Pinsher stepped out on the shaky porch to look at the other shacks of Flamingo, scattered like kicked packing boxes on their stilts, facing the sea. He recognized the next one. A tall man there, all legs and a lantern, last night had said he could sleep in this one. Two-Gun Gumbs, his name was. Behind the Gumbs house a deep open cistern was half full of startlingly blue-green water. No one seemed to be



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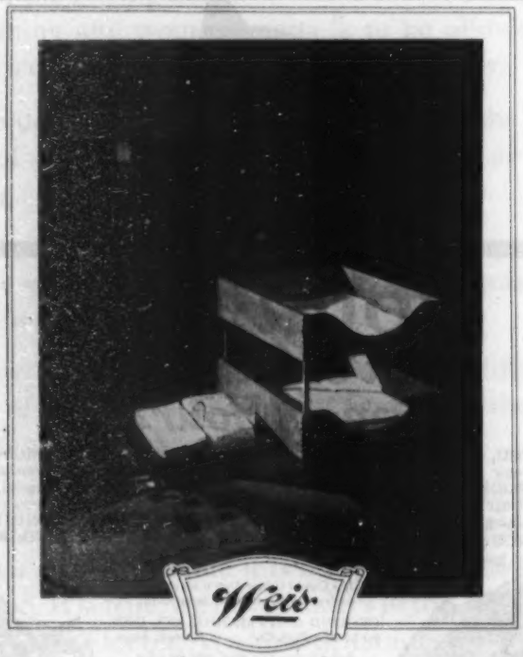
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about. He saw a man fishing far out on the water in a small boat. Three pelicans sailed by, and some sea gulls, flashing. He turned and got a towel out of his brief case, and with that sense of firm delight sustaining him, stepped gingerly down the rotting boards that had been steps and turned westward along a faint path to a farther stretch of white shell beach.

Scrubbing himself dry presently under a tree, he stood and let the wind blow silkily about his glowing skin. The water had been fresh and swift and stinging. What a country! Lord, what a country—untouched as the sky, new as the sea! He walked back on his toes, ramping, every inch an explorer and a pioneer, but ravenous.

He stood, hesitating and glowing, at the foot of the ten or twelve steps which mounted to Two-Gun Gumbs' front door. A battered automobile, with the spiral springs of the back seat naked in full sunlight, stood near by as if it had died and been forgotten there. Within the shrouding mosquito netting of the Gumbs' porch there were masculine voices and a sense of stir. Mr. Pinsher mounted and rapped, standing between the grinning alligator skulls. There came an instant silence within. He thought suddenly of all those doors he had waited before, all those years, but not one of them, he thought exultantly, had been like this—alligator skulls —— A man came softly to the door, put his nose close to the netting and squinted out. Mr. Pinsher put his nose close to the netting and peered in. To his shock, he saw that the man held a rifle.

"I—I beg pardon," he said hastily, "but I'm Mr. Pinsher. I came last night. Possibly Mr. Gumbs didn't mention it. Is he in now?"

The man with the rifle moved back and vanished silently within the open door of the house, leaving Mr. Pinsher peering. A woman stared at him from the window on the porch and disappeared. Two men, a tall one and a short one, lounged out and stared. Mr. Pinsher withdrew his gaze and teetered on his toes. There was a suppressed murmur of voices and then the man Gumbs came to the screen and stared. Mr. Pinsher could see his lank body and his eyes, near together in a sallow face with an uncertain faded beard. The eyes were a tinny blue.

"Good morning," Mr. Pinsher said with great cordiality. "Splendid morning, isn't it? I slept remarkably well. Very kind of you to let me use the house, I'm sure. I just came over to inquire if your good wife would let me buy a cup of coffee, or if you could tell me where ——"

The man turned and walked into the house. The two lounging ones went on staring. One of them reached out a long arm and moved something jarringly, and the knowledge of that gun tingled along Mr. Pinsher's spine. He would have liked to be able to say "Well, I think I won't wait, thank you" and walk off with superiority and decision. For a long moment the thrill of his adventure was stripped down to a sudden ugly discomfort. There was no place else to go. These men might attack him. Under its beauty, this country was suddenly appallingly sinister. And yet he could see quite clearly that he would have to stick it out somehow. Then the man Gumbs was back, unhooking the screen door.

"C'm in," he said, and Mr. Pinsher scraped through the opening. Inside, he took off his hat and looked brightly at Gumbs and the two staring fellows. "Thank you very much," he said. "I'm much obliged, I'm sure. I find I have my appetite right with me this morning." But really he was trying not to stare too rudely at the tall young man's head. He was a hulking, limber sort, good-looking enough in a wild way except that down his forehead to the eyebrows ran a great healed cleft that was dented into the very skull. Mr. Pinsher tried to keep his eyes from it by looking at the shorter man, but there was nothing at all about him—bleached hair, bristly chin, vague eyes, empty gums except for two huge teeth—to keep his eyes from that forehead. All three men wore only stained trousers held up by suspenders over untidy shirts, and there was about them a staring silence that held something furtive and waiting. If Mr. Pinsher had not smelled boiling coffee they would have given him the shivers.

He moved into the house at the man Gumbs' heels and sat down at a table covered with worn oilcloth. The two men closed in on him silently by the doorway. To avoid that dented forehead Mr. Pinsher looked around the bare room—cot bed, two rockers, fishing tackle, two rifles. Through an open door into a shedlike kitchen he saw the woman working at an oil stove. There was another door, almost closed, that shuddered slightly as he looked at it. He was aware that someone was watching him through the crack.

"I think I'd like to rent that house of you, Mr. Gumbs," he began expansively. "Beautiful country you have here—beautiful. Ah-h!" Mr. Pinsher stood up and inhaled deeply, for here came the coffeepot in the hand of Mrs. Gumbs, whose limp percale dress flapped upon bare heels. Mr. Pinsher's suave gesture stopped her short before the pot had quite reached the table. Her sunken brown eyes had the effect of turning painfully toward him in a scared face.

"This is indeed neighborly of you, Mrs. Gumbs," he said, bowed and sat down again, so that she managed to get the coffee poured into a handleless cup. She shoved a can of condensed milk at him and glanced once at Gumbs. Mr. Pinsher smiled up at her valiantly.

"You want I sh'd fry you up a turtle steak?" she drawled.

"Turtle steak? Well, well, that makes me feel quite a traveler. Yes, thank you, I'd like very much to try it. I'm from New York, you see," he said to the men at the door, "and you don't find turtle steaks on every corner there, I can tell you. I don't know's I ever ate turtle steak before in my life."

It seemed to him that somehow the tension in the atmosphere was a little easier. The short one with the teeth seemed struck by that into a perfect flood of speech.

"From N'York, ah?"

"Never was out of New York in my life before," Mr. Pinsher said genially, realizing the coffee was better swallowed whole than chewed. "Came down in that yacht stuck on a reef out there. Decided to come ashore; and now I'm here, darned if I don't think I'll settle. How about renting that house, Mr. Gumbs? I'd like to fix it up a bit."

Gumbs' face showed the merest flash of interest.

"'Tain't rightly mine," he said. "Belongs to Charlie Sands' widder in Key West. They lived here till he got drowned in a harricane. Reckon you could buy hit off her for fifty dollars." He seemed to hesitate a moment, scanning Mr. Pinsher's innocent countenance carefully. Then in a burst of confidence he said, "I and Spike and Clarence here figger on goin' to Key West this afternoon. If you want I should see Mis' Sands for you ——"

Mr. Pinsher beamed at Gumbs, he beamed at Mrs. Gumbs bringing in the steak in all its crisp brownness.

He even beamed at the widening crack in the door.

"Well, well," he said, "that's fine! That's great! I'll certainly be obliged to you. I'll enjoy fixing it up. Mend the step. Maybe you could pick me up some furniture. I could have a garden. Flowers ought to do well here, I should think, and vegetables. Seems to me I saw a garden down the road a ways. Looked like green corn. That would be—well, that would be great."

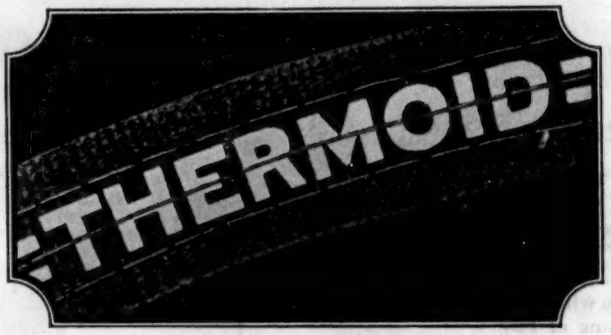
He chewed rapturously upon the savory steak. Gumbs leaned his weight on the other foot and observed a knot hole in the floor.

"That warn't no green corn," he said slowly, while the two others watched Mr. Pinsher with their earlier intensity.

(Continued on Page 213)

An Improved Thermoid Brake Lining

At Greatly Reduced List Prices to the Car Owner



The New All-Weather Lining

AFTER months of laboratory experiment and more months of testing under actual service, we announce to the motoring public a new and better Thermoid Brake Lining. It is the same long-lived, dependable Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining you have always known, plus an *all-weather* quality never before achieved in any lining.

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Improved factory methods and increased volume have enabled us to offer the motorist this improved lining—recognized to be the very best obtainable—**at a 37 per cent.** lower list price. Heretofore the car owner has been accustomed to pay the same price regardless of how good or how poor the lining installed. The broadcasting of the new Thermoid list prices to the car owner is intended to clear up this unfair and unfortunate situation.

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"For Short Stops and Long Service"

This guarantee is our promise to keep your Sweeper-Vac new for life

You will never need to buy another cleaner



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– the Cleaner with the VAC-MOP

The M. S. Wright Company has been making vacuum cleaners longer than any other company now in business. The factory, at Worcester, Mass., occupies over four acres of floor space.

(Continued from Page 210)

"No?" said Mr. Pinsher, all interest. "I'm not very familiar with growing vegetables."

"That there were a patch of sugar cane," Gumbs said to his left toe.

"Sugar cane? Dear me, how interesting!" said Mr. Pinsher, bright with pleasure. "Well, well, travel is instructive, isn't it? Of course I've heard of sugar cane. So you make sugar here, do you? I wouldn't have said ——"

"No, sir," Gumbs dragged a slow glance up to Mr. Pinsher's face, where his tin-colored eyes seemed startlingly to narrow and fasten. "No, sir, we don't aim to make no sugar." It was as if the three were expecting Mr. Pinsher to say or do something, he couldn't think what. His mind had wandered from sugar cane back to the delights of actual proprietorship.

"I don't suppose there'd be any woman I could get to come over and clean up for me occasionally, is there—Mrs. Gumbs, or somebody?" he reflected aloud.

Mrs. Gumbs, leaning in the kitchen doorway, looked over at Gumbs, who must have communicated with her silently, for she padded to the other door and pulled it open.

"Uanna," she said, "y' pappy says hit's all right to come out now."

Mr. Pinsher's curiosity about that door had been mounting. Now, with a feeling that life was every moment growing more and more colorful, he saw emerge the bleached-haired, barefooted figure of Uanna Gumbs. She wore a faded cotton garment like her mother's, and she sidled out of the door with an effect of sly modesty, considering the bold, gold, unmitigated stare of her eyes. The full force of those eyes, in spite of the hair straggling over them like a terrier's, caught Mr. Pinsher with his fork half raised to his mouth, left his mouth open. He was getting used to being stared at, but this was different. It was as if she stared not to understand him but because she had already made up her mind about him. There was an untamed, possessive light in those eyes, brown and touched brilliantly with glitter, like polished goldstone. Her face was a narrow triangle, tanned a smooth biscuit color, with a small wet mouth gathered sullenly under her eyes' stare. Her body, under the thin cotton, was slight and bony, but vigorous. Mr. Pinsher, getting on again with the steak, gazed at her ruminantly. Nothing you'd call pretty, he figured, but something sharp about her, something you'd notice anywhere. That sharpness disconcerted him. He stretched his legs and smoothed his mustache to resume consciously the manner of the gentleman adventurer, the world traveler, and spoke to her suavely.

"So this is the young woman. Well, that's very nice, I'm sure. Think you could do some scrubbing for me occasionally? How are you as a cook?"

"All right," she said, in a queer husky sort of voice that made her seem so much more formidable a personality that Mr. Pinsher looked at her again. "If pap says so."

"I certainly hope you'll have no objection, Mr. Gumbs," Mr. Pinsher said, shoving back his chair. "I don't think I'll be a bad neighbor. Of course if this were New York, I could give you references." His large gesture put the thing squarely between men of the world. "I'll give you the money for a first payment on the house if you will undertake that errand for me."

It was as if that last idea brought them all completely out of their state of curiously suspended animation. An hour or so later, Mr. Pinsher, completely warmed, stood to watch the departure of the Gumbs motorboat, a big tublike affair with a stained canvas awning. He did not phrase to himself that the actual transfer of money had completed the process of warming up the community. It seemed to him merely that this town of Flamingo was filled with the most delightfully pleasant and interesting characters. There was the young fellow they called Spike, for instance. Already Mr. Pinsher was used to his dreadful dented forehead. Now he watched him admiringly, treading the shaky planks of the wharf like a cat, a great straw-covered demijohn on one shoulder, which he lowered over the side of the boat in one long supple curve. Equally the short individual with two teeth was no longer a blank flattened against a wall, but Clarence, the owner of the Flamingo automobile; Clarence, the funniest man on Cape Sable. His face was a brown gutta-percha mask which he could twist and squeeze about in the most exquisitely comic manner. His eyes were jetty black over the huge half moon of his mouth, and the five children of Flamingo never took their gaze from him. Clarence took two hands to a demijohn, but his capers as he staggered along the plank brought shrieks from the delighted children, broad grins from the watching adults and hearty laughter from Mr. Pinsher.

Uanna Gumbs, at his left elbow, explained that Clarence kind of couldn't talk good, but he'd give anybody the stitches. Clarence winked a bright eye and pretended to fall off the plank with a contortion which broke so many of the laws of equilibrium that all Flamingo shrieked again. Mr. Pinsher loudly declared that Clarence should be on the stage.

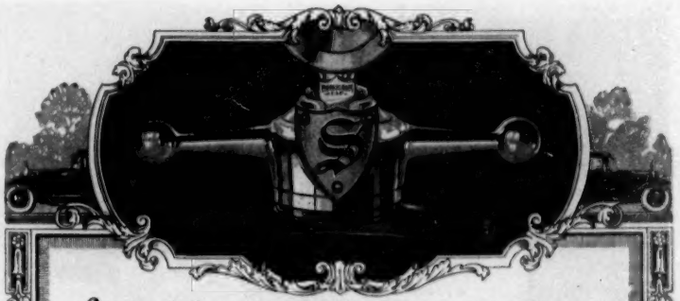
"Pap and they thought you's a prohibitioner," she said as Spike magnificently lowered the last demijohn and the boat, in a series of slow explosions, prepared to depart. "But mam says you wasn't because you didn't know enough. She says you didn't even know they made rum of sugar cane. But I said you did. Anybody'd know that. You did, didn't you?"

Mr. Pinsher stared down at her, thrills again running up his spine. Rum! Cane! Of course they made rum of it. The coast of the Spanish Main. Rum runners! He did not exactly approve, but anyway his cheeks reddened with excitement.

"Oh, Gumbs," he said at the last moment, leaning over the gunwale, "unless you've got all this promised, I wish you'd deliver a demijohn to that black yacht on the reef with my compliments to Mr. Newnham. He may be there a long time. I'll fix it up with you."

It was the happy, the perfect gesture. Two-Gun smiled, a long, ragged smile, and nodded violently. Spike slapped him on the back. Clarence grimaced frightfully. Mr. Pinsher walked back grandly to his house when the boat was only a far arrow in the lime-green south, feeling that his day had been well spent.

Toward nightfall he paced for a while up and down the worn sandy way between the houses and the sea, his hands locked behind him, observing his town with a sparkling and benignant eye. Behind the houses the plain ran flat in the westering light to the dark northern rampart of jungle, and it was filled with peace. Uanna Gumbs came to walk beside him with a distinct air of proprietorship, pointing out matters of interest. She said that that way, and a hundred miles north still, the highway ran to Miami. Mr. Pinsher preferred rather to think of the distant drift of white specks she said were herons. The gentle sea sounded pleasantly in his ears. He observed the Rogers' cows, two meek brown-and-white little beasts the size of large dogs, evidently the pride of the region, with less enthusiasm than the amazing birds still flying overhead, a flight so free and airy, so looping and weaving and far turning that it gave him a great lift of emotion to watch. Uanna said they were frigate birds and that the drinking-water cistern behind Mr. Pinsher's house ought to be cleaned out and mended. She said the sugar-cane patch belonged to her father and Spike, but they didn't make much more rum of it than this lot. She said her father went fishing mostly, and some sponging, and she asked Mr. Pinsher if he were very rich. Just then, not thinking of the small hoard in his pocket, he felt very rich indeed, in the salt wind, gazing out over the soft-colored sea and the tinted country, crunching firmly in his stride the crisp



Watch for MONOGRAM Caps

Look for MONOGRAM Radiator Caps on the cars you pass

THE MONOGRAM Radiator Cap is the mark of distinction which removes your car from the everyday crowd and places it among the thoroughbreds of the highway. Eyes feast and envy while you ride behind this distinctive Cap.

If sturdy, simple beauty appeals to you, then the Standard MONOGRAM Bar Cap (illustrated above) with its jewel-like sparkle is just the thing. If you prefer you may have it in Royal Onyx design with tips of rarest imported multi-hued Pedrara Onyx. And if a cap suggestive of the smooth, gliding, graceful speed of a bird is what you want, then there's the MONOGRAM Wing Cap.

Every MONOGRAM Radiator Cap is easy filling (nothing to unscrew); is self-locking, protecting both cap and temperature meter from theft and injury. As an added feature, it carries your initial or fraternal emblem across its face.

MONOGRAM Cap prices range from $4.00 for the Standard Junior model to $10.00 for the Senior Royal Onyx model. MONOGRAM Onyx Locking Gear Shift Ball, $2.50. MONOGRAM Onyx Illuminated Gear Shift Ball, $5.00.

Refuse imitations—look for the name MONOGRAM on the filling cap latch. MONOGRAM Caps fit all standard cars.

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LOCKING GEAR SHIFT BALL
MONOGRAM ORIGINAL SELF LOCKING RADIATOR CAP
ILLUMINATED GEAR SHIFT BALL



The Club Man

THERE'S an atmosphere at the Club that seems to gather around a group of men who know the right thing. If you happen to glance down, you'll usually find Florsheim Shoes strongly in the majority.

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white coralline earth, knowing himself at last a free citizen of an unimaginable land. In a last burst of confidence the girl Uanna informed him that her papa was the most looked up to man in Flamingo because once in Pensacola he had killed a man. He replied vaguely even to that amazing statement, glancing at the gray shacks, watching a man cross the road with oars and two great yellow-and-silver fish, or a woman come to her porch door with a broom, or a child playing with a conch shell in the unkempt grass. It was just like living in a book.

So pacing he felt himself somehow to have flowered cleanly from every trace of his old being. The past was gone and his thoughts had no future. Dimly he savored the loveliness of the moment itself as a subtle sort of immortality. He watched the purple shadows lengthen over the long bright land. The crystal light grew limpid and more soft. The silvery gray of the houses turned a faint pure lilac. The west was one boiling crater of gold and gilt and copper, and all around the horizon great cloud heads stood silent over the sea, while the air trembled to rose color and the sea moved shimmering with no foam.

Mr. Pinsher had no idea when the girl Uanna left him. The frigate birds had gone out of the sky. The children climbed up their own porch steps. The two small cows stepped softly homeward for their milking. Mr. Pinsher saw a lamp, in a glow of pale lemon color, lighted in the Gumbs house. There was nothing in this world he wanted but a cup of tea.

Some time after he had gone to bed on the mattress Mrs. Gumbs loaned him, he woke from his first light slumber and smiled to himself. What was it that extraordinary girl had said to him? That she had decided to marry him instead of Spike? Still smiling, he turned over and went to sleep.

Yet in two months more Mr. Pinsher had learned not to smile at that. He was well established in his house. The saltweeds were turning scarlet and tawny along the floor of the world. The drinking water in the cisterns was lowered in sign that they needed rain. The men of Flamingo went fishing, and often Mr. Pinsher with them, and made money by it. The days lengthened and the summer trade winds boomed in from the sea, and still Mr. Pinsher learned not to smile at that remark. He walked home, a tidy figure in his mended Palm Beach suit, afternoons after his sea bath, turning this latest problem over and over in his mind. Bigamy was, indeed, no smiling matter. Yet with Uanna's bold, gold, possessive eyes fixed firmly upon him, staring him out of countenance, announcing that they were going to get married, Mr. Pinsher realized that he was sharply up against it.

Of course he realized perfectly, breaking into a gentle sweat as he did so, that he had made a great mistake not to have stated loudly and in the first place that he was married. By all the laws of decency he should have done so, and yet he was not the man to go around imagining that impetuous young females were falling in love with him. He had not the figure for it. Why didn't she go and marry Spike, as she was supposed to? Mr. Pinsher had had plenty in having had one wife. He was suspicious of all these women who knew exactly what they wanted. Uanna, sweeping out his house every morning with hard pouncings of her broom, had grown to look at him just the way his wife used to. He resented it bitterly as one in paradise would resent a blister on the heel. And besides, even if he never went anywhere and nobody much ever knew about it, he supposed that bigamy was still a crime in the state of Florida.

He flapped irritably at a stray mosquito with his towel. Of course, he ought to come right out flat and tell Uanna he wouldn't marry her because he was married already. By George, the next time she started anything he would! The difficulty was that he had never yet quite forgotten the moment when he had stood at the Gumbs front door and been suddenly frightened. It was like his satisfaction with this strange and enchanted country. It was ringed about with fear of the unknown. Two-Gun's very name held a sinister significance. It was public knowledge that Two-Gun had shot a man. Up in Pensacola there was a warrant for his arrest, but nobody had ever dared to come down here for him. Two-Gun boasted of it openly and became a leader in the community on that account. It was no part of Mr. Pinsher's earlier visions that the radiant island princess should turn out to be a ramping housewife with a hard gold eye for a malleable husband and, for father, a lank brooding person with a lurid past that might any moment become his present. When Two-Gun gnawed his lip, or when Uanna looked at him that way, with that sort of wildness behind that awful sort of firmness—well, Mr. Pinsher was scared stiff; that's what it amounted to. Even the deposed Spike gloomily agreed that Mr. Pinsher would have to marry Uanna.

He walked stiffly past the Gumbs house, head averted, on his way to and from the Rogers' for his nightly pint of milk. If Uanna shrieked at him to come in to supper he was going to say he had some stone crabs to eat up. And if she offered to come and eat them with him, he was going to pretend not to hear. It wasn't respectable, the way she was always wanting to dash into his house. He had got to washing up his own dishes, just so that he could tell her she need not come over. That hard unwinking gaze of hers gave him the fidgets.

Tonight, after he had bolted the remnants of the stone crabs that Spike had brought him, and scalded himself with his tea, after he had washed his dishes and his one dish towel and hung it on its string by the back door, he stood looking around him pridefully in the lamplight. The place looked better than if a dozen women had flounced around it. He loved that room. It contained to his eye everything that a man needed for a perfect home—a cot, an oil stove, a wooden rocking-chair and two soap-box ones; a table that was a sink when the washbasin was on it, or an ornament to any home, with the lamp lighted and two Key West newspapers for evidences of culture. In the corner his fishing tackle stood as knowingly as that of any citizen of Flamingo. There was even a touch of the most ultra æstheticism, a shelf holding an array of shells and strange bits of coral picked up on the beach. He was staring at these tonight, when a light sound of feet swishing through dry grass and a soft footfall on his bottom step made him start. He went to the screen door and peered out and down upon the ascending head of Two-Gun Gumbs.

"'Evening, Mr. Gumbs; 'evening. Get back from Key West all right? Come in and have a chair. How much are they paying a pound for turtle?"

Two-Gun entered silently and with a general effect of sourness. He handed Mr. Pinsher three parcels in brown paper, first glancing around the room from under his heavy eyebrows. At Mr. Pinsher's cordial request he pulled the rocking-chair out of the yellow circle of lamplight and sat half in shadow, his long legs rearing the chair backward, his tinny gaze withdrawn and brooding. Mr. Pinsher kept up a brave clatter of conversation while he unwrapped the packages, stepping back and forth between the table and a shelf to place there two lamp chimneys, a pound of what Flamingo called white bacon, three cans of New York baked beans and two bars of soap. He stopped talking when he folded up the brown paper because its crackling satisfactorily filled the silence, and finally because he could not think of anything else to say. He sat down at last on one of the soap boxes and stared at Two-Gun, gritting his jaw so that his cheek bones moved slightly.

Outside, the warm dusk pressed closely against the screened doors and windows, shutting the two men in by the lamp. Mr. Pinsher thought suddenly of that black outer vast, pitch-black miles of jungle and

(Continued on Page 217)



★ If your house is built with *only* wood, plaster, brick, concrete, etc., it will leak heat.

Is it *ever* wise to build a *heat-leaking* house?

"*Never*—no excuse left," say the authorities. Insulation is now practical—80,000 Celotex houses prove heat-leaking unnecessary.

FIVE years ago houses that were not piped for water, wired for electricity, without heating systems were out-of-date.

Five years from now there will be a higher standard—houses must not leak heat. Yet all buildings of ordinary construction do leak heat through solid walls and roofs.

"Heat-leaking" simply means that the usual building materials, alone, do not hold furnace heat inside the house in winter and do not keep the sun's heat out in summer.

When it was not practical to prevent heat-leaking, nothing was done.

Now it is practical. Over 80,000 homes already built prove that heat-leaking is unnecessary. Building men are warning people that in five years, heat-leaking houses will be shunned—hard to sell—hard to rent—hard to borrow money on.

How to prevent heat-leaking

Celotex Insulating Lumber is made to resist the passage of heat—to shut out wind and moisture—to deaden sound. Celotex is manufactured from tough cane fibre. It comes in broad, strong boards 4 feet wide; 8 to 12 feet long; 7/16th of an inch thick; weighs 60 pounds per hundred square feet.

In walls, roof and ceilings Celotex keeps houses warm as toast in zero weather; refreshingly cool on sweltering summer days and nights.

All year 'round it prevents dampness and draughty floors. Think of the protection that gives to precious health!

If you have ever lived where every footfall echoed and every closing door could be heard all over the house, you will know how much Celotex quiet can mean.

And year after year, Celotex saves about one-third of your fuel bill. The proper use of Celotex enables you to put in a less expensive heating plant and smaller radiators.

Little or no extra cost

Unlike ordinary insulation, Celotex is not an extra item in the building. It serves as sheathing, adding nothing to the final cost. Under plaster it costs a trifle more—but consider the advantages it gives.

① As sheathing, Celotex supplies the insulation needed back of brick, wood or stucco exteriors. Here it replaces the rough boards formerly used, gives greater strength to the house walls and in addition makes building paper unnecessary.

② On inside walls plaster is applied directly to the surface of Celotex. This eliminates the use of lath, and forms much stronger, insulated walls, free from lath marks.

③ Celotex is used for interior and exterior finish. It may be left in its attractive natural tan color or stained, stenciled or painted in any way.

④ Celotex eliminates the necessity for deadening felt. Sound does not pass through it readily.

⑤ Celotex does away with any extra insulation. It gives heat-stopping value, equal to the best.

For old houses, too

You can enjoy a big measure of Celotex comfort in the house you now live in. Simply line your attic and basement with Celotex. That helps and costs but little.

Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about Celotex. All lumber dealers can supply it. Leaders in these lines advise its use.

Meanwhile, send for the free Celotex Building Book. It explains fully this great improvement in building. Mail the coupon below.

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LOOK AHEAD!

Some day you may want money on your house. And leading authorities agree that it will be hard to rent, sell or mortgage a heat-leaking house five years from now.

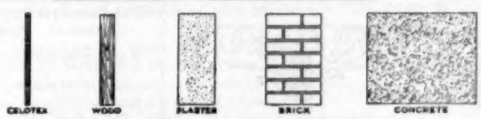
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★ ***Relative heat-stopping values***

Cross-sections show why Celotex is needed as insulation back of wood, brick, plaster and concrete . . . As a heat-stop, Celotex is 3 times as effective as wood; 8 times, plasterboard; 12 times, brick; 25 times, concrete.



These sections are of equal insulation value

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Please send the Celotex Building Book.

Name .....

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S. E. P.—4-24-26

7 points about LONGVIEW Washington

The New Industrial City of the Pacific Northwest



1 The Beauties of Longview

MILES of boulevards bordered with grass, trees and flowers; a crystal lake which is part of a million-dollar gift to the city by one of Longview's benefactors; a civic center park of surpassing beauty; a park equipped for automobile tourists; pretty lawns everywhere; the mighty Columbia River; mountains with innumerable places of scenic grandeur in every direction.



2 The Climate of Longview

NO EXTREMES of temperature; near by an ocean current which warms in winter and cools in summer; sleep under blankets in July; the grass always green and flowers nearly the year around; the latitude the same as Southern France; a city of out-out-door life—zestful, healthful, restful; the vicinity, a sportsman's paradise.



3 The Architecture of Longview

A CITY of beauty in its architecture—*permanent*—built in harmony and for utility; every structure new. Pride is real in Longview—every building and its setting reflects it. Visitors marvel at the public buildings—railway station, library, school, hotels and hospital.

4 Community Life In Longview

CLEAN, moral; its government non-partisan—an independent American city, its people loyal to their town; splendid schools, community church, Y. M. C. A., theaters, Chamber of Commerce, baseball park, golf, tennis, social clubs for men, women and children.



5 The Location of Longview

ON THE Columbia River, half-way between Portland and the Pacific Ocean—the ocean only 50 miles away; served by rail by the Northern Pacific, Union Pacific, Great Northern and Longview, Portland & Northern. Columbia River docks, 3,000 feet long, accommodate the largest ocean freighters. (On a recent day, four freighters were loading—two for Japan, one for Australia, one for New York.) Two famous paved highways bring automobile tourists to Longview—Pacific Highway and Columbia River Highway. Ocean Beach Highway, now building, will give another connection with the ocean.



6 Opportunities In Longview

MANUFACTURING plants of The Long-Bell Lumber Company, largest in the world, are at Longview. The Weyerhaeuser Timber Company is building large lumber plants here, which, when complete, will make Longview's lumber output the largest at any single point in the world. (75 per cent of the manufacturing cost of lumber goes for labor. This means huge payrolls and large population from this industry alone.) The proximity of vast and varied timber is attracting other wood-working industries, and pulp wood the paper industries. Standard Oil Company operates here the only marine fueling station between Portland and the ocean. Soil of marvelous richness, never-failing blue grass and water are bringing the farmer and dairyman and fisheries, fruit and vegetable growing, the canner.



7 Investments In Longview

THREE years ago, the site of Longview was a valley of farms. Today, without a "boom," or the use of boom methods, Longview is a growing, thriving city of 10,818 (Polk Directory Company listing.) Longview's unexcelled assets are: Strategic location in relation to limitless, untouched resources; transportation advantages; the vast territory it can serve; its climate; its expertly planned arrangement; its fine living conditions which are attracting good people. These advantages offer genuine opportunity to persons who seek a place for industry, who seek property investment, who seek an ideal place in which to live.

The Longview Company

Longview, Washington

WHEN YOU GO WEST SEE LONGVIEW—THE MOST TALKED ABOUT CITY IN AMERICA. ASK ANY RAILROAD REPRESENTATIVE ABOUT THE LOW SUMMER RATES AND STOP-OVER PRIVILEGES AT LONGVIEW.

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Name .....

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(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

(Continued from Page 214)

swamp and jungle northward, with the lonely thread of the road going seventy miles before there were other people but these. The shadow of Two-Gun was enormous on the wall. Mr. Pinsher's throat was dry.

Two-Gun went on waggling his jawbone in the silence. At last, without moving his eyes or changing a muscle of his face, he said in a low drawl, "I hear you and Uanna's aimin' to get married."

Now, if ever, Mr. Pinsher should have spoken. Now, if never before, it was the part of a brave and honest gentleman to say stoutly, "Mr. Gumbs, I regret, sir, that you have been misled in that belief. If anything in my conduct has led Miss Uanna to believe that my feelings toward her were anything but of the most sincerely disinterested regard, I can only say I wish deeply to apologize, I'm sure. Happy as it would make anyone who nourishes in his bosom the feelings of a true man to receive the hand of your daughter in the bond of wedlock, I can only say with regret, I am not him. Mr. Gumbs, I have already the honor to be a husband. My wife, sir, resides in New York, where her residence, easily adjacent to Central Park, is well known as one of the most select boarding places. Circumstances which the feelings of a gentleman ought not to require me to enlarge upon which forbade our continuing a harmonious existence together. Yet, sir, Mr. Gumbs, I would not be unmindful of her who—of her whom ——"

Mr. Pinsher, sitting very upright upon his soap box, with his lips moving slightly, seemed to himself to be saying these well-rehearsed words in an orotund and manly voice. His blue eyes were earnest and expressive with them. And yet, as he hesitated at the last, he realized, with a sickly sinking sensation where the crabs were, that Two-Gun was waiting impassively, having heard not one word because not one word had been said. He shut his eyes tight and took a long breath. His lips simply refused to speak.

Two-Gun Gumbs' jaw ceased to agitate itself. His gaze began to crawl, like some horrid insect, up Mr. Pinsher's right leg. Mr. Pinsher waited, frozen. In another moment Two-Gun would speak again. He did.

"Ain't you?" he whispered hollowly, resting his glance upon Mr. Pinsher's right knee.

Mr. Pinsher swallowed. He wet his lips. "Yes," he heard his own lips utter. He cringed to his very soul, seeing himself forever committed to bigamy and to Uanna Gumbs.

Two-Gun got up leisurely from the rocking-chair, stumped to the door and stood looking out.

"Goin' to Key West again next week," he said. "Uanna figures it would be a good time."

Mr. Pinsher croaked "Yes" again, like a rusty hinge. He sat dully upon his soap box.

"Well," said Two-Gun, with—for him—a perfect burst of geniality, "it looks like hit would rain." And Mr. Pinsher heard his feet clumping downstairs.

Lying stonily in his cot that night, staring into the dark, Mr. Pinsher was not conscious of his surroundings until something, rustling, scudded across his floor. A door banged. When he sat up vaguely he was pounced upon by a great flood of cold moist air. It lifted his hair and winnowed the sheet over him. Outside, far off, as he listened, he heard over the roused sea the advancing footsteps of the rain.

Mr. Pinsher leaped up to shut his windows, stepping upon the blowing brown paper. He pulled down the windows in the full current of wind which ran about his sides under his thin nightshirt. He floundered to the door to shut it, and as he did so the first rain drummed across the hard surface of the land, struck thunderously upon his roof, smote his face with its harsh wet. With the door shut, he stood to hear it go booming off across the flat country. Even as he listened, another downpour came hissing in from sea and struck the earth with the softened swish of water upon wetness.

He went to bed again and huddled under his one quilt to listen to the continuous assault and passing of the heavy gusts. Both eyes were screwed tight to force oblivion. But the change and tumult in the air had excited him. His blood ran strongly. His heart pumped. He thought upon the crime of bigamy. He thought upon the crime of murder. And suddenly one eye opened and stared into the dark. Apparently murder was not a crime in Flamingo, because its punishment was not enforced. But suppose somebody did. The other eye came open. What would happen to Two-Gun Gumbs then? In the exuberance of that totally new idea he got up and stood thinking, thinking tremendously. The agitation outside was a mere whisper to the revolution that was taking place within.

Deliberately, feeling considerably like Cæsar himself in his nightgown, Mr. Pinsher relighted his lamp. He frowned and looked about him. The blown brown paper was still on the floor. He picked it up, smoothed it out and tore off a generous square of it, rummaged on the shelf for a pencil, drew up a soap box with an implacable gesture, stared sternly into the flame of the lamp, and wrote. He wrote as follows:

"To the Sheriff of Pensacola, Florida.

"*Dear Sir:* I am writing to you in the cause of order and justice. In this communnity there is a man by the name of Two-(2)Gun Gums, or Gumbs, who I learn is wanted in Pensacola for the crime of murder he has gone Scott free because this place is difficult to get at. I do not want to do anything underhanded but I believe this man is a dangerous charicter and a dettriment to his community, and if you will send me the nesessary papers and make me a deputy sheriff or whatever is legal I will do what I and some others here can to arrest this man and deliver him to you where you say if there is any reward you can have it as I want to only take a stand for law and order. Address me Genl. Delivery, Florida City, Fla.

"And oblige, yours truly,

"MR. LEROY PINSHER."

When Mr. Pinsher had reread that for the third time he turned out the lamp, went to bed and slept immediately, solemnly, as one committed to his destiny.

Early in the gray morning, in an interval between gusts, Mr. Pinsher scuttled over to the second house at the other end of the row, where Clarence was already struggling to put up the top on his automobile, pushed from its shelter under the house. Mr. Pinsher borrowed an envelope and addressed it, committing the same to Clarence's wondering hand for mailing. Clarence would also watch out for any mail for him and would ask no questions. Mr. Pinsher was thereupon pleased to accept Clarence's mother's kind invitation to fish and grits. Old Mrs. Armbrister, with a bent back and a face like a nutcracker, had still an admiring bright eye for Mr. Pinsher's company manners.

In his own house again, he found Uanna sweeping up, ready with a hatchet look for this new idea of having breakfast at Mrs. Armbrister's. But this morning Mr. Pinsher was not taking any of that. His mind was with his letter, already as good as mailed. The sense of destiny is a great stabilizer.

"I shan't want any dishes washed this morning, thank you," Mr. Pinsher said to her. "You better get home now before it rains real hard."

Uanna eyed him, as if she had suddenly remembered the presence of the tender passion.

"Pap told me you was wanting we should go to Key West next week together," she said, and a faint pink slipped under the tan of her narrow face and she smiled, curiously shy, if possessively still. Mr. Pinsher turned his eyes slowly toward her shaggy hair, her bright eyes of a little terrier, her



Mothers' Day

MAY 9

THE thoughtfulness of remembering is the richest gift you can lay at the feet of your mother, or the woman who now mothers you or yours. On Mothers' Day, Sunday, May 9th, will *she* be among those remembered?

Would you like, this year, to give candy of supreme quality, in a Mothers' Day wrapper, and with special remembrance cards? You'll find the exquisite Mothers' Day Puritan package at your dealer's—or we'll send it postpaid on receipt of $1.50, or post it C. O. D.

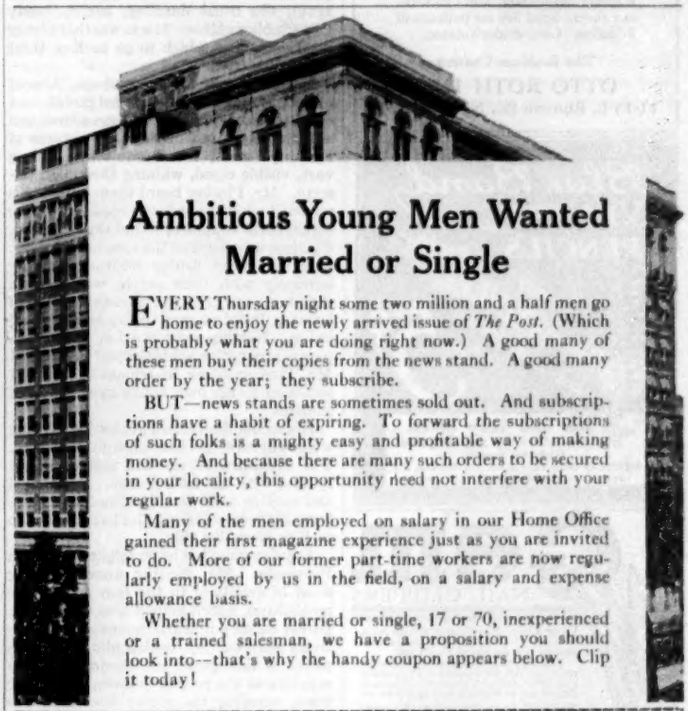
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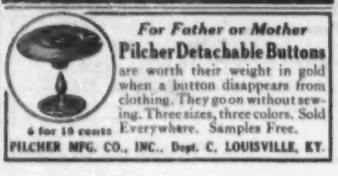
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sloppy cotton dress. Gazing at her across the chasm of his recent action, the flush was a not unpleasant phenomenon, to be observed remotely. With her hair combed and any sort of decent dress, the child might not be impossible. He picked up a newspaper and sat down.

"If this rain keeps up," he said, "I haven't the slightest intention of going to Key West, not the slightest. And by the way, couldn't you try combing your hair now and then?"

The flush on Uanna's cheek turned an angry red. The broom dropped from her hand with a clatter and she walked out of the house and slammed the door. Mr. Pinsher had one awful moment of panic. Now he had done it! Two-Gun would probably be right over. But the rain intervened, descending suddenly as if all the buckets in heaven had been overturned. No true citizen of Flamingo would dream of going out in a rain like that. Besides, should a man who was already practically a deputy sheriff of Pensacola be frightened by a mere—a mere murderer? Mr. Pinsher cleared his throat and stiffened his neck. He should most decidedly judge not.

So, but for lengthening intervals of sun, for three or four days, it rained—rained until the dried land was soaked and sodden. The cisterns overflowed. Looking out from time to time with a boyish delight in the commotion in the landscape, Mr. Pinsher saw the sea a muddy green, boiling with whitecaps. It struck viciously with bursts of spray along the beaches, and daily it crept inward, a shining flood, over the wet land toward the houses, stained dark with wet, which already had use for their high stilts.

At the end of three or four days the sun shone out suddenly with a startling new blaze of brightness. The morning trades blew steadily, drying out the air as if it had been a washed sheet. The sea calmed. Only the puddles were left, colored white with mud. The whitish mud of the road glazed and crackled. It was good weather again, the usual dazzling, sunlit, heady Cape Sable weather. It was weather plenty good enough in which to go to Key West and get married.

But then came the mosquitoes. Almost overnight, out of every undried puddle, out of the soaked miles of low grassland and sodden jungle, out of the open cisterns of Flamingo itself, the mosquitoes lifted, a vast, visible cloud, whining their high falsetto. Mr. Pinsher heard them outside his screened windows and was appalled by the actual shrill volume of sound they emitted. Children were kept on the screened porches. Men who went fishing returned walking hurriedly with their catch, wiping from their faces and arms the blackening layer of insects. It did no good to flap and slap and swing. Netting over the hat and newspapers around the ankles helped a little, but Mr. Pinsher chose to remain in prudent seclusion in his own house over a pail of smudge.

His tender flesh raised in burning, itching welts wherever he had encountered them. The brilliance of the sun seemed fairly spotted with the dark plague. But ridged and swollen as he was, in it he found comfort. Nobody could get him to move a step to Key West like this.

Any day now that letter might come from Pensacola. Mr. Pinsher knew a rising flood of gratitude to the rain and to the mosquitoes, which helped him wait for it. He sat on his porch afternoons with a positively sensuous joy, contemplating the expanse of lime-green sea shimmering into sapphire at the perfect horizon, feeling the wind, smelling the sunny breath of the grass, basking in all the flow and silence and shine of that unbelievable coast. Unshadowed by any Gumbs, he was convinced this place had a great future. Refusing to worry over the uncertain and possibly dangerous details of the arrest which must precede any such removal, he gave himself to long, luxurious thoughts of himself as first citizen of the noble city of Flamingo as it might be, a city which he saw populous and dignified, shining in the sun. To a vast concourse of respectful heads, on the occasion of its fifth anniversary, he would be saying: "That devoted little band of early pioneers, among which, fellow citizens of the great city of Flamingo, I am happy to count myself, would never have come through those terrible early hardships if as one man we had not sternly fixed our eyes upon the vision which brought us together, the vision of this city, which today is known all over this broad land of ours as a center of progress and civilization, a city of—a city of——" Mr. Pinsher fixed his eyes sternly upon Spike's boat just dropping sail at the wharf. If he waved a towel, Spike would bring him a red snapper for supper, thus saving him the doubly painful experience of venturing among the mosquitoes and enduring the gaze of Uanna from the Gumbs porch. There was no necessity for undue exposure. Uanna had been very stiff with him recently.

Yet she had combed her hair. On that memorable evening when the lights of Clarence's car had come scuttling across the plain through the twilight, and Mr. Pinsher had ventured forth to see if there was any mail, he noticed her staring at him from her porch. The combed hair was sleek on each side her head and it made her look younger and more wistful.

"Poor child," thought Mr. Pinsher, "how fond she is of me, to be sure."

But the letter was in Clarence's pocket, officially marked. Mr. Pinsher took it gravely.

"I shall want you presently, Clarence, at my house. I have something to discuss with all the men of Flamingo. And you might—ah—bring your gun."

Clarence indicated with a grimace of curiosity that as long as his supper wasn't ready he might as well go right now. Mr. Pinsher agreed, and stopped for a moment at the other porches. At the Gumbses, Mr. Pinsher called to Uanna that he wanted to see her father over at his house right away.

He lighted his own lamp solemnly and gazed around into the solemn faces of the men of Flamingo. There were two Rogerses and a Rogers boy, and two Martins and Spike and Clarence and himself. With the exception of himself, somewhat of the same look pervaded all of them, the deep-burned mark of the sun, faded eyes, lank shoulders and long legs, since a fish diet does not make for excess fat, and gnarled hands a little uncertain without oar or rifle or fish line to engage them. Mr. Pinsher liked them almost passionately. Seven, not counting the boy—seven to one. He swallowed hastily in his throat as he heard Two-Gun Gumbs coming slowly up the steps. Surely he would listen to reason and not force them to use—ah—force. As Two-Gun slouched suspiciously through the doorway, empty-handed, throwing a quick glance from face to face under lowered brows, over his narrow, hangdog nose Mr. Pinsher cleared his throat and ripped open the letter. He had better glance at it, perhaps. "My dear Mr. Pinsher," he read, and looked up again. They were waiting for him to speak.

"Gentleman," he said, "ah—fellow citizens, I have asked you to get together here tonight because I have a serious matter to discuss with you all." He found he was beginning to tremble a little, and he dropped his eyes again to the letter to reassure himself, knowing he had gained their slightly blank attention. In just what phrases did one go about to make an arrest? He skimmed down the letter to the last long sentence. There his glance fixed suddenly, brought up violently short.

His nostrils pinched. He went back and reread the entire letter. A greenish light seemed to play over his expression. He folded the letter slowly, slowly put it back on the table. When he looked up his glance circled hastily among those patiently gleaming eyeballs. He looked once at Two-Gun Gumbs, sitting a little apart, as became the local killer.

But from that look suddenly Mr. Pinsher seemed to inflate. The greenish pallor became a hearty pink flush. He changed his



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weight, stuck out his chest, coughed once and said, "Pardon me, I was saying, gentlemen and fellow citizens of Flamingo, although the most recent comer among you, I have been privileged perhaps as much as any to feel the inspiration and the promise of this beautiful place. It seems to me, gentlemen, that we should take steps to bring Flamingo into the era of progress and prosperity which is sweeping all Florida. We should not let any grass grow under our feet in taking steps to put Flamingo on the map. Today Flamingo is not on the map. And why is Flamingo not on the map? Because, gentlemen, it is not yet an incorporated town. It must be an incorporated town before it can grow into a great and glorious city. I have asked you to come here to-night to say to you, let us incorporate. Let us take those necessary steps in civic improvement which will make all Florida sit up and take notice." Mr. Pinsher was rosy with the enthusiasm of his own eloquence and something else that gleamed secretly within his eyes. "We should have a better water supply, we should have sidewalks, above all we should have a campaign of mosquito eradication." He gesticulated lavishly in the general direction of hundreds of swampy acres. "Better sanitation, better housing, a chamber of commerce. We should fix our eyes sternly upon the great vision of what Flamingo can be—a populous and progressive city."

Mr. Pinsher saw that he had made a deep impression. One by one he drew out their halting expressions of approval. Cunningly he fed the kindled flame of imagination in their eyes. It was voted that Flamingo should be incorporated as a town just as soon as Mr. Pinsher should find out how to do it, if it didn't cost too much. But it was Clarence the voluble, Clarence whose mobile face had rippled with delight at every orotund phrase, who put the climax on the affair and presented Mr. Pinsher with his crown of glory.

"If Flamingo gits to be a town," he piped up at the last, "you suah is goin' to git yoseff elected mayor, Mr. Pinsher."

All the men, shaking hands solemnly with Mr. Pinsher at the door, muttered their assent to this.

All but Two-Gun Gumbs. He stood where he had sat, morose, unmoved, sneering faintly. Mr. Pinsher tapped him smartly on the arm, just as he was slouching out the door.

"A word with you, Gumbs," he said, and Two-Gun's look came as high as Mr. Pinsher's chest with surprise at the unaccustomed crispness.

Mr. Pinsher turned back to the lamplight, picked up the letter and tapped it reflectively. He and Two-Gun were alone in a silence broken only by the tiny insatiable whining of mosquitoes outside the screen.

"I have a letter here from the sheriff of Pensacola, Gumbs," he said suddenly. "I don't mind telling you I wrote him when you seemed so anxious for me to marry your daughter. I didn't want to speak of this before the others. I'm not one to go around hurting the reputation of my neighbors. You have a certain standing in this community, Gumbs, and I want you to support my—ah—plans for the future of Flamingo, if they are so kind as to want me for—ah—for mayor. The contents of this letter will be kept strictly between us. The sheriff of Pensacola writes me, Gumbs, that if you have given the impression around here that you are wanted in Pensacola for murder, that impression is incorrect. He says you never had the nerve even to point a gun at anybody. He says you were run out of there ten years ago by a man to whom you owed money, and far from being wanted in Pensacola, that city is a better place for your continued absence."

Gumbs made no sound or sign, lankly standing on the edge of the shadow. But it seemed to Mr. Pinsher that he diminished a little in size.

"These are harsh words, Gumbs," Mr. Pinsher went on expansively. "I shall not repeat them. You have a future in Flamingo. The question of my marriage with Miss Gumbs is, of course, quite closed." Mr. Pinsher's hand stole to his mustache, which he curled jauntily upward. He remembered the tender flush upon the face of the girl Uanna. "If, however, Gumbs, by any chance the present Mrs. Pinsher should care to make our separation legal, I am willing to say that your interesting daughter has an excellent possibility of becoming—ah—the first mayoress of Flamingo. That is all, I think. Good night, Gumbs. We must have another meeting soon. Look out for the step. Good night." And Mr. Pinsher returned smilingly to his lamp, murmuring with a gracious gesture of his arm, "His Honor, the mayor of Flamingo."



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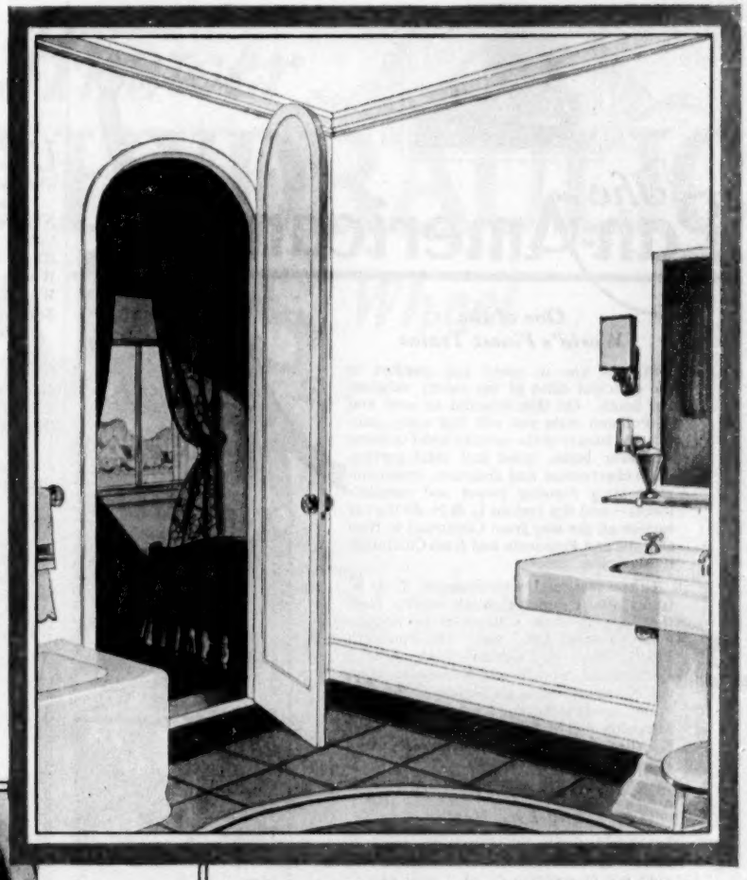
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The most expensive enamel is not more handsome—yet Barreled Sunlight costs much less and requires fewer coats.

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Anyone can apply Barreled Sunlight smoothly —without leaving brush-marks.

* * *

THOUSANDS of the finest homes now prefer Barreled Sunlight for painting walls and woodwork. It means bathrooms white, clean and washable from floor to ceiling—kitchen walls spotless and inviting—woodwork from which smudges and fingermarks can be wiped with a damp cloth!

Even the largest users of paint find Barreled Sunlight's superior qualities an actual economy. There is a saving in the labor cost of application, because Barreled Sunlight, containing no varnish, is easy to apply with brush or spray—and it covers remarkably. Once on the walls, washing takes the place of frequent, costly repainting.

Barreled Sunlight is sold in cans from ½ pint to 5 gallons, and in 55-gallon and 30-gallon steel drums. Where more than one coat is required, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat first.

See directions in coupon below for obtaining further information or a sample can.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
Factory and Main Offices
16-C DUDLEY STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.
New York—350 Madison Ave. Chicago—659 Washington Blvd.
San Francisco—156 Eddy Street Philadelphia—1003 Bailey Bldg.
Distributors in all principal cities Dealers everywhere



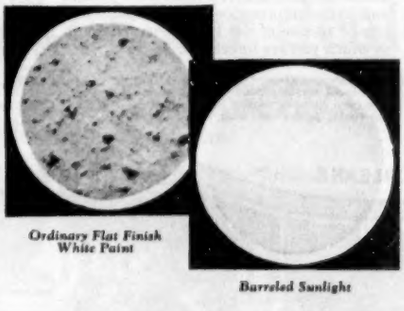
If you prefer a tint—here's an easy way

By simply adding colors-in-oil to Barreled Sunlight white, you can obtain exactly the tint you want to match any scheme of interior decoration. Ask your dealer about the new Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors, in handy tubes. These colors are almost liquid, blending easily and quickly with Barreled Sunlight. In quantities of 5 gallons or over we tint to order at the factory, without extra charge.

EVERYWHERE *people are using Barreled Sunlight instead of ordinary white paints and more expensive enamels. It gives walls and woodwork a beautiful, satin-smooth, lasting whiteness*—washable as tile.

THE MICROSCOPE TELLS YOU WHY BARRELED SUNLIGHT IS EASY TO KEEP CLEAN

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, unbroken and non-porous. It resists dirt and washes like tile.



Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint

Barreled Sunlight

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
16-C Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.

Please send me literature on the use of Barreled Sunlight in—

Check ☐ Homes ☐ Institutions ☐ Commercial Buildings ☐ Industrial Plants

Enclosed also find ten cents for a sample can of Barreled Sunlight to be mailed postpaid.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Barreled Sunlight

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WASHING REMOVES THE DIRT BUT NOT THE PAINT



The Pan-American

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LOUISVILLE

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BIRMINGHAM

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MOBILE







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This Railroad offers no land for sale and cannot undertake to find employment for those interested in the Southland, but it is prepared to furnish instructive and authentic information about the agricultural, the industrial and the tourist's attractions of this great land of present and permanent opportunities.

Write today to R. D. Pusey, General Passenger Agent, Louisville & Nashville Railroad, Room 300, Ninth St. and Broadway, Louisville, Kentucky, for descriptive booklet and further information about any particular city or section of the L. & N.-served South in which you are interested.

Photographs show:—men's shower; dining car; maid service; valet service; observation car; enjoying radio; ladies' lounging room; parlor car; club car.

L&N

(LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R.R.)

The Otter Slide

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

UP WHERE the waters of Saddleback Fountain
Gleamed in the crater of Saddleback Mountain
Nigik the Otter lived happy and cool,
Catching the trout of the silvery pool.
Hungrily watched through the bowery chinks
Wague the Fox and Pizimo the Lynx;
Wague the Fox, that carnivorous plotter,
Schemed the destruction of Nigik the Otter.

Greedy Pizimo and Wague the sly
Dug out the dam of the lake of the sky;
Wildly the waters of Saddleback Fountain
Gushed down the gully of Saddleback Mountain,
Draining the basin as dry as a blotter.
Great was the peril of Nigik the Otter!

Fast as he could from those demons of slaughter
Floundered the Otter, whose refuge is water;
After him over the slithery rocks
Bounded Pizimo and Wague the Fox.
Swift on the hill were the feet of the two;
What was a web-footed Otter to do?

Nigik sat down on his haunches and slid;
Nigik the Otter toboggoned, he did!

Down through the gorges and over the ledges,
Skimming the bowlders with moss-padded edges,
Down with a rush that no hummock could slacken,
Over the Indian pipe and the bracken,
Down with incredible divings and lurches,
Under the hemlocks, the balsams, the birches,
Twinkle-leaf poplars and aspens a-quiver,
Down to the ripple of Saddleback River,
Down, at a pace that grew hotter and hotter,
Coasting to safety came Nigik the Otter.

Still on the mountain a ribbon of brown
Shows you where Nigik the Otter slid down.
Still where the flow of the river is deep,
Still where the bank of the river is steep,
Otters and otter kits, joyously gliding,
Plunge to the pool where the square-tails are hiding,
Singing their father's escape from the plotter,
Boasting the coasting of Nigik the Otter.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Five Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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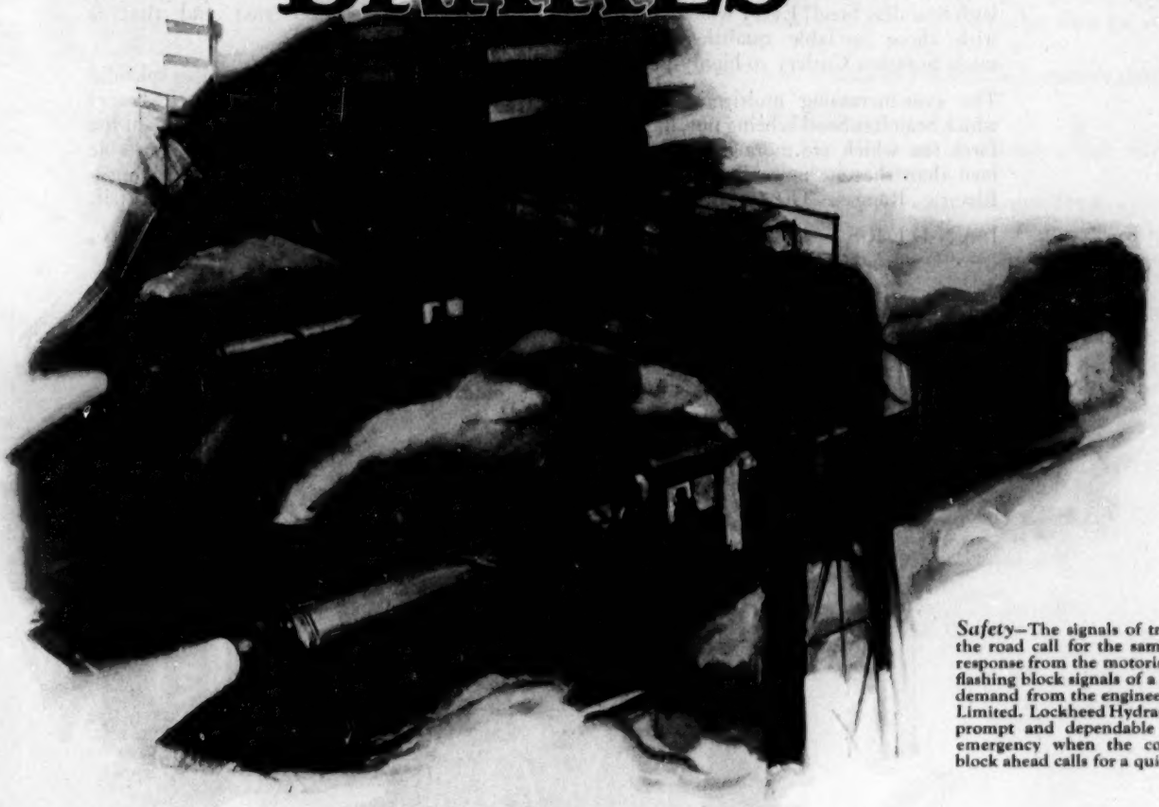
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LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC
Four BRAKES *Wheel*



Safety—The signals of traffic on the road call for the same quick response from the motorist as the flashing block signals of a railroad demand from the engineer of the Limited. Lockheed Hydraulics are prompt and dependable in any emergency when the congested block ahead calls for a quick stop.

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Nation-wide special service on Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes is at your command in strategically located cities through the Wagner Electric Corporation. Each of these service centers carries a complete stock of Lockheed parts, and is equipped with men and machinery that assure expert service.

HYDRAULIC BRAKE COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

—and the oven is lined with STAINLESS STEEL —*so easy to keep clean*—

OF course she's delighted—who wouldn't be. A new range with every convenience for which a woman could wish—a beauty of line and finish that is a constant joy—clean, uniform, electric heat, and—most important of all—a large oven that's lined with Stainless Steel! Every woman is familiar with those enviable qualities that have made Stainless Cutlery so highly prized.

The ever-increasing multitude of uses to which Stainless Steel is being put, has brought forth few which are more important to women than the one now offered in Universal Electric Ranges. The oven, hitherto the hardest part of a range to keep clean, is now one of the easiest. Now you have an oven lining that is practically everlasting—that will be as free from rust or corrosion or scale in twenty years as it is the day you buy it——an oven that you can keep spotlessly clean—that will never rust and that is practically indestructible.

Do you want to know more about this splendid range with its many exclusive features? Let the Universal dealer near you explain the many new ideas embodied in this remarkable range with the Stainless Steel Oven Lining—or write for a booklet that tells all about it.

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This extra large oven is entirely lined with Stainless Steel—top, bottom, back, sides and front—a perfectly welded lining that can always be cleaned in a jiffy and without the slightest trouble—no enamel to chip—no spots to rust—no refinishing of oven lining ever necessary. Stainless Steel is the perfect indestructible oven lining, now introduced by Universal.

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Always Easy to Clean

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the importance of good, wholesome food;

the economy that saves cost without sacrifice of quality.

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She puts a case of Pet Milk on her pantry shelf.

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that it serves in place of double cream—it whips.

Send for our free book "You can save on your milk bill." It shows how Pet Milk on your pantry shelf will give you better food, at lower cost, with greater convenience.

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Do not confuse Pet Milk with milk preserved with sugar. In Pet Milk nothing is added to the pure milk.

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How bakers make your bread . . . . today

. . . *the same care—the same ingredients you would use at home*

WHAT are the ingredients your baker of today puts into his bread?

Just the same *you* would use to mix your dough. Whole milk, granulated sugar, table salt, pure shortening, flour. Nothing different.

But what *brands* of ingredients does he use?

Again—the same as you yourself would choose. Brands that are on your own kitchen shelves. Brands nationally advertised—of *known* quality.

Now—what about the mixing and baking?

In this, your modern baker does not work alone. He has joined forces with the scientific world—with men and women who are devoting their lives to the study of your needs in food.

All guesswork is eliminated. His methods and formulas—his "rising time" and oven heat—are the result of countless experiments—checked and rechecked by thousands of dietitians, biological chemists and trained bakery engineers.

You cannot eat too much of the good wholesome bread your baker serves you today. The healthy growth of children demands it. Grown-ups need it more than any other food to supply their daily energy—3 times a day.

• • •

More than 15,000 bakers use Gold Medal Flour. Because it acts uniformly. In all their baking.

At least 50% of baking success depends upon the way a flour acts in the oven. But the average flour may not always act the same. Because—although the same chemically—it may often differ in baking results.

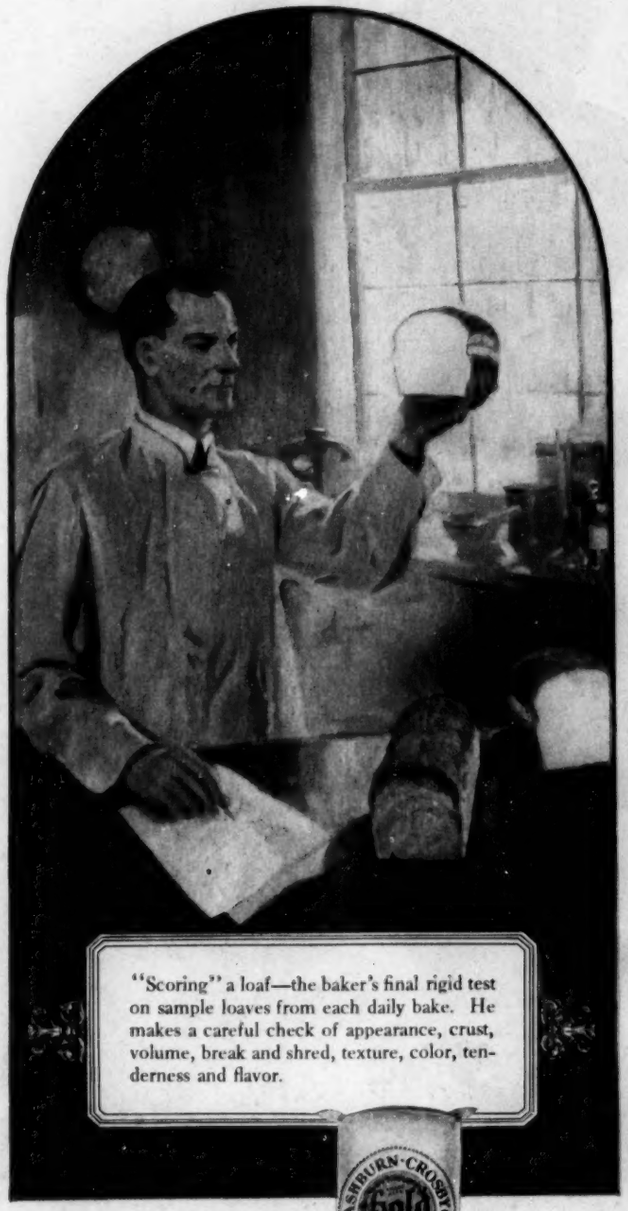
The one way a miller can tell how his flour will act is to bake with it himself. That is why we bake loaves from samples of each run of Gold Medal Flour at each mill. In one of our Test Bakeshops. And each must produce the same delicious and nourishing bread.

Thus bakers who use Gold Medal Flour are sure of serving you the same high quality of loaf each day. You cannot eat too much of such good wholesome bread.

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A special word to bakers

If you are not receiving the Gold Medal Bakers' Service write for details. This service is free. Many hundreds of bakers use it regularly. They are delighted with it. It is worth looking into. Write now.



"Scoring" a loaf—the baker's final rigid test on sample loaves from each daily bake. He makes a careful check of appearance, crust, volume, break and shred, texture, color, tenderness and flavor.



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